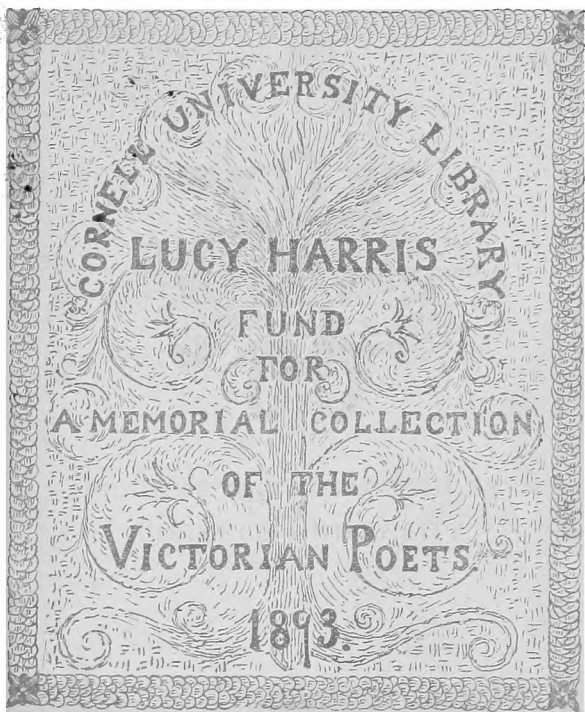




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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

Edward Vaughan Kenealy.

Τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

There came a Knight upon a steede of brass ;
And in his hande a brode mirrour of glass ;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked sword hanging,
And up he rideth to the hiè bord :
In at the halle, ne was there spoken word,
For marveile of this Knight him to behold.

CHAUCER.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

London:
ENGLISHMAN OFFICE.

1875.

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CAC

A.132636

Dedication.

To

Mrs. T. M. Ebans,

of

Portland House, Leicester,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

THE larger number of the compositions that follow, were written when I was a Student at the University, and a great proportion of them have been in print about twenty years ; resembling thus, in some sort, the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of Lord Coke. The Golden Mountains, which is an early manuscript, is now for the first time published.

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P O E M S.

Sonnets.

My summer task is ended—the sweet labour
Thou oft has heard me speak of, is complete :—
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,
Wild quips, and sportive thoughts, and fancies, meet
Here in this little book, that at thy feet
Like some meek suppliant lies. O Ladye fair !
If there be aught within this varied tome
Worthy to win one passing thought of thine,
Thou art the cause—thy songs of beauty rare,
The pleasant days passed in our happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,
Thy smiles—thy sweet fond talk, and angel heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine :—
These have inspired thy Poet's gentle art.

LATINE.

*Tantem igitur venit lapsis gratissima rebus,
 Et tottes votis hora petita meis ;
 Accipe quod Aulti mitto tibi pignus amoris,
 Carmina perpetui pignus amoris habe.
 Carmina missa tibi quæ carmina, quæque poetas,
 Diligis, et celebri carmine digna facis.
 Musarum studiis, studiis operata Minervæ,
 Æde tua colitur Phæbus amatque coli.
 Ecce timet, doctasque fores pulsare recusat,
 Tincta verecundas Musa rubore genas.
 Me cantare tuas juvat, O pulcherrima, laudes,
 Nympha nec Aoniis dignior ulla modis,
 Quod si quid merui de te bene, si quid amavi,
 Vice memor nostri, lux mea, vive memor.*



GERMANICÈ.

Jetzt ist mein Werk gethan, das süße Ziel
 Dir nicht ganz unbekannt, ist nun vollendet,
 Nur Spaß, und Scherz, geringes Musenspiel,
 Der Dichter Dir mit diesem Büchlein sendet,
 Veracht' es nicht, du wunderschöne Dame,
 Das vor den Füßen Dir als Opfer liegt
 Wenn nur ein Glanz von heller Geistesflamme,
 Deiner Anmerkung werth darin sich zeigt.
 Du hast sie angezündet—deiner Löhne
 Lieblicher Klang, die Wohnung auch so theuer
 Bedeckt mit Rosen, Lilien und Neben,
 Dein holdes Lächeln, Engels Herz, und schöne
 Freundliche Sprache—diese haben Feuer
 Glühender Dichterkunst mit oft gegeben.

HINDOSTANICÈ.

یختہ

موسمِ گرم کیا ہی کام کیا دنِ خوشی کے مرے تمام کیا
 فرحتیں جو کہ تمنے تھی دیکھی مجھپہ یک لخت سب حرام کیا
 خوش گُلُوئی نے تیرے ای گُلو جب سرِ سازِ آخرام کیا
 حالتِ رقص میں ہوے دف و نیء غلبہء بیخودی نے کام کیا
 مختصر شعر ہی یہ نذر تری یک نگاہ میں جسے تو رام کیا
 کچھ نزاکت کو اُسکی وہ پہنچے جو ترا دھیان صبح و شام کیا
 تو ہو جسکا سبب تو کیا ہی عجب شعر وہ گر جہان میں نام کیا
 شاخِ گل دیکھ تیری قامت کو سر جھکا شرم سے سلام کیا
 سن جبر تیری غانچہ دھنی کی گل نے دامن ہوا پہ رام کیا
 حرفِ خوبی میں تیری گرجرات وصف گو نے خیالِ خام کیا
 واصفا کیوں نہو تری ہمت مدحِ لیڈی فلدِ دوام کیا

تمام



ALTERA VERSIO HINDOSTANICĒ.

غزل

صل-گرما اور فراق یار ہی بستر گُل مجھکو فرش خار ہی
 ہر کے شکوے کہان لک میں کروں زندگی سے اب تو دل بیزار ہی
 نمہء جانسوز سے تیرے صنم نیء کا سینہ دف کا دل افکار ہی
 اس قدموں کے ترے ہی جو بیاض اس میں خوبیکا ترے گفتار ہی
 پسند آوے تجھے اس میں سے کچھ تو تو بندہ عشق کا حقدار ہی
 رے پا تک خوبیان جو تجھ میں ہیں رشک باغ و غیرت گلزار ہی
 ہی ہی اس نظم کا میرے سبب ذکر تیرا ہی مجھے درکار ہی
 اعرون سے کب بہلا ہووے ادا وصف تیرا جس طرح درکار ہی

وصف من لیدی ولد کے واصفا

نظم تیرا شکرین گفتار ہی



HIBERNICĒ.

Tá críoc leam zínó Samra—an oir íaoctar
 Zhmjc bo clof leat raim—tá noif réiz hom
 Canram a mícló, do tráit-riob ir tábor
 Fíadon Raia, zíní náó, ir oí máná
 Zhí ran mbez leabar ro, móm do tríoizéó
 Zo ríjal az eacairt ort;—O Rízean zlé

Ἄλλὰ τὰ δὸν δεῦρ' ἠὲ γὰρ ἠβέβηται
 ἢ τὴν ῥῆσιν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀπαιτίας
 ἢ τὴν ῥῆσιν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀπαιτίας
 Να λαετὰς ταύτης, κατὰ τὸ ἀπαιτίας
 ἢ τὴν ῥῆσιν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀπαιτίας
 Δὸ ζῆλον, τὸ δὸν δὸν δὸν δὸν
 Δὸ ζῆλον, τὸ δὸν δὸν δὸν δὸν
 ἢ τὴν ῥῆσιν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀπαιτίας



TERTIA VERSIO HINDOSTANICĒ.

غزل

فصل گرما نے فصل وصل صنم	کر دیا وای یہہ ستم ہی سا
میں نے اکثر کیئے ہیں تجھ سے بیان	ہجر میں جو کہ مچھپہ گذرے ا
دال نغمے نے نیء کے سینے میں چھید	کیا مطرب نے دف کا دل بر
دیکھ چھوٹی کتاب وء جو تیرے	پاس قدموں کے ہی دھری ای ہ
گر مناسب تیرے صفت کے ہو	آسمین جو کچھ کیا ہی میں نے ا
تو تو رکھتا ہوں میں یہہ استحقاق	کہ رہوں عشق سے تیرے با
تو ہی اس نظم کا سبب ہے میرے	ذکر میں تیرے دل رہے خ
شاخ گل نے جو دیکھا قد کو ترے	کیا تسلیم وونہین ہو کر خد
سنبل و گل کھلے ہیں گلشن میں	کھاتے ہیں تیرے زلف و رخ کی ق
حق تیرے خوبیوں کے ای دلبر	شاعروں کو بنا دئیے اب
صف لیڈی فلد کا ای واصف	عمریہ گر کرین تو پہر بھی ہی

~~~~~

ساخت گرما عیش وصل من تمام  
 شکوه هازان با تو میدارم مدام  
 آتش شوق سماع نغمرات  
 در دف و نی برفکنده اضطرار  
 این کتاب مختصر چون یلتجے  
 زیرا قدامت که میدارد مقام  
 در خور وصف تو گر باشد دران  
 نظم معنی سخن را انتظام  
 پس رسد او را که در تحصیل عشق  
 بگذراند در خیالت صبح و شام  
 باعث نظم توئی ای مر لقا  
 تا که در خدمت نمودم اهتمام  
 سبزه و گل محو خط و عارضت  
 سرو با رفتار تو ماند از خرام  
 جمله محبوبی و خوبیهای تو  
 کی در آید شاعران را در کلام  
 واصفا وصف مہ لیدی فلد  
 خوب گفتی در به سفتی والسلام

## Poets.

Poets are Phaëthons, with burning dreams  
Of beauty, such as blooms not on this earth ;  
Of music, such as breathes not, but in heaven ;  
Of sunbright splendours, clothed in fadeless light ;  
Of virgins moulded from the rainbow rays,  
All purity, and loveliness, and calm.  
And in these dreams they live in other spheres,  
And fly on wings from star to golden star,  
And float suspended over seas of pearl,  
Or, wrapt in thought, by lonely mountain streams,  
Hear in the spirit, echoes of such songs,  
As only those in Paradise can wake ;  
So, with these grand imaginings inspired,  
They go among mankind, and seek to guide  
Their fiery steeds and chariot flashing through  
The Empyræan of their thoughts sublime ;  
But, dazzled by their own exalted visions,  
They err—they wander—they despair—are lost,  
And hurled in thunder from their way august,  
And die of broken hearts, unwept, unpitied,  
Save only by the Children of the Sun.

---

*Stanzas on revisiting Trinity College, after  
long Absence.*

I.

ONCE more within these olden storied walls,  
 So dearly loved from boyhood's happy days,  
 With eager bound my glowing footstep falls,  
 With eyes suffused in joy around I gaze ;—  
 Once more I live, and move, and walk, and breathe  
 Within the dear remembered cloistered aisles,  
 Whose warm though silent welcomings enwreath  
 My heart with raptures and my face with smiles ;—  
 Once more I pause o'er each remembered scene,  
 In my soul's soul in brightest hues enshrined,—  
 The pillared porch—the smooth and dewy green—  
 The stately halls—the trees with ivy twined—  
 The breathing busts—the books—the silence—all  
 Back to my heart its best and happiest hours recall.

II.

Here in the sunny summer of my youth  
 My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams  
 Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth ;—  
 Here my heart lived on bright and glorious dreams  
 Caught from the Poet's or the Historian's page ;  
 Homer and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,  
 Plato's deep thoughts, and Pindar's epic rage,  
 The Aescræan bard, and Lucan's words of fire—  
 From morn till night, from night till morning came,  
 These and the stars my sole companions were,

Still burned my lamp with clear and vestal flame,  
Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare ;  
The Past was still before me, and its soul  
Shone with the splendour of some heaven-descended scroll,

## III.

And wooed me on to scale the starry steep  
Where Poesy—sweet Faërie Queen—sits throned ;  
Beneath her feet the fiery lightnings leap,  
But her fair brows with rainbows shine enzoned ;  
Round her the Muses sport the livelong day,  
The Graces, young and laughing, dance and sing,  
The bright-eyed Nymphs with rosy Cupids play ;  
Music wells forth from reed and shell and string ;  
Phantoms of sunshine formed—the Bards of old,  
Whose vernal thoughts make heaven of earth are there,  
While songs and hymns in strains of wonder told,  
Fill as with fragrance all the echoing air :  
These are thy glories—these, immortal Past !  
On these my heart was fixed, my longing looks were cast.

## IV.

The Wild, the Grand, the Beautiful, the True,  
Each an Enchantress with enchanted wand,  
Flung o'er my soul their spells, until it grew  
Entirely theirs, and sought no bliss beyond.  
Its only world became a world unknown,  
Of dreams fantasque and visions strange and quaint,  
Within whose skies eternal summer shone,  
And scenes that liveliest fancy scarce could paint ;

For Angels talk, and Angels smile,  
Like *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

How oft by moonlight have we strayed  
Beneath this Gothic roof of leaves,  
And gazed upon the distant glade,  
With frequent trees and saffron sheaves ;  
How oft in mellow nights in June  
We've rambled through the sleeping shade,  
While the soft rays of star and moon  
Round us like showers of silver played—  
It seemed some old cathedral pile,  
And *thou* the Saint of Mary's Aisle.

At times some flute's melodious sound  
Broke through the silence of the night,  
Careering round, and round, and round,  
Like a young seraph's airy flight,  
Filling our hearts with new delight ;  
Lending new visions to the scene  
Of Fauns and Nymphs in festal rite,  
And dancing o'er the moonlit green—  
Such antique dreams our hearts beguile,  
At night in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

O beauteous dreams of faërie time,  
Of tilt and tournay, knight and dame !  
Fain would I build the lofty rhyme,  
And give your praise to deathless fame.  
Fain would I chant the olden days  
Of Nymph and Oread, Bard and Faun ;

A wondrous wild embodiment it seem'd  
Of things transformed to beauty—Titan shapes,  
And Grecian deities, and seas that streamed  
Through silver isles, and foamed on golden capes ;  
Forests and Nymphs, and Fauns and Sylvens blent,  
With Gothic scenes and spells, tilt, magic tower, and tent.

## v.

And fabling Ovid, with soft eyes of fire,  
Was by my side and coloured many a thought ;  
And many a gay and many a fond desire  
Unto my soul Verona's minstrel brought.  
And Ariosto sang me curious strains  
Of magic castles built on marble heights,  
And gallant soldiers pricking o'er the plains,  
And mail-clad steeds and antique-armoured knights,  
And ladies chaste that roamed through forests wild,  
Pursued by giants and in dire despair,  
Until some brave and angel-guided Childe,  
Wafted perchance ten thousand miles through air,  
Appeared before their wondering eyes to prove  
His valorous arm in fight, and straightway fall in love.

## vi.

The magic of these old delicious songs,  
The hours of silent reverie and thought,  
The paradise-light that to past time belongs,  
Dreams of Romance and Beauty all enwrought,  
The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,  
The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,

The ancient trees with broad and leafy shade,  
The moon that clothed the halls in silver suit,  
The fire-winged stars, the solemn silent night,  
The lamps through many a latticed window seen,  
The deep-toned bell for morn and evening rite,  
The reverend gloom relieved by the moon's sheen—  
All these come back upon my soul, like strains  
Of native music heard on far and foreign plains ;

## VII.

Filling it deep with sadness and with gloom.  
Alas ! where are ye, dear past innocent hours ?  
The scythe of Time hath swept ye to the tomb ;  
Yet in my soul ye still survive, like flowers  
Round some sad mouldering shrine ; I sit and think  
Of sweet old times, familiar faces passed  
Away for ever ; friends, link after link,  
Methinks move on, in faithful memory glassed.  
Where are they now ? Some sleep in distant lands,  
Some slumber in the ocean ; some remain ;  
But the fond ties once twined by Friendship's hands  
Are snapped, and ne'er may re-unite again.  
Oh ! that once more I were a careless Boy,  
As when I first beheld these halls with pride and joy,

## VIII.

And wandered wild through portico and park,  
Emparadised in Fancy's purple clouds ;  
Heedless and happy ; dreaming not of dark  
Tartarean cloud, like that which now enshrouds



This visible orb ;—to boyhood's laughing eyes  
 The earth seems Eden ; every thing looks bright ;  
 Life, a glad journey to the golden skies :  
 To manhood, all seems black as blackest night.  
 Why are we here ? What power hath peopled earth ?  
 Why wend we in our pilgrimage of woe ?  
 Whence have our souls derived their fiery birth ?  
 Unto what bourne is fated man to go ?  
 Why clings he still to life ? Why hug the chain  
 That eats into his heart, and turns his joy to pain ?

## IX.

Alas ! we know not—must not hope to know.  
 The Future looms far off in mystery veiled :  
 Present and Past are ours—but like the bow  
 Of heaven, still far the future lies concealed,  
 Robed in enchanting colours, formed to fade  
 As the quick hour moves on. We live and die ;  
 In the same hour, cradle and grave are made ;  
 Monarch and slave in the same black earth life ;  
 And is *this* life ? For *this* was man designed ?  
 Was it for *this* the All-Powerful gave him store  
 Of hopes and thoughts sublime, and filled his mind  
 With longings after high and heavenly lore ?  
 A wise fine soul, a glory-loving heart ?—  
 No—'twas for mighty ends that thou shouldst play thy  
 part.

## X.

For mighty ends thy soul to earth was sent—  
 A mission grand and high, O Man, is thine !—



## XII.

Look on the pictured epics throned around—  
 Go to thy books, and study their career—  
 So shalt thou feel thy swelling spirit bound,  
 And cast aside, like chains, despair and fear ;  
 Learn from their thoughtful eyes and resolute brows  
 To nerve thy soul with stern resolve for fame ;  
 Heaven to the heart that works, due strength allows,  
 And crowns her toil with an undying name.

Burke, Berkeley, Flood, Burgh, Avonmore, and  
 Swift.—

Behold the men who shook or charmed their world :  
 Behold—revere—aspire—toil on—and lift  
 Thy soul to thoughts like theirs ; if haply hurled  
 From thine immortal flight by chance or fate,  
 Well hast thou clothed thy soul with noble thoughts  
 and great.

---

\* Their portraits are in the Theatre and Dining-hall.



## בת קל\*

A Voice of Mystic Beauty ever singeth  
 In gentle cadences of silver music,  
 Through the enchanted caverns of my being.  
 Is it a Siren from the sunny waters  
 That glides into those splendour-tinted caverns,  
 On billows green, transparent, sun-reflecting?  
 Is it a Spirit from the starry circles  
 Of fire, and light, and harmony, descending,  
 That in those echoing aisles her lute awaketh?  
 I see, methinks, a gleam of eyelids flashing  
 Hues softer than the evening star's sweet lustre—  
 Fair golden glimpses, breathing love and beauty.  
 I feel, methinks, the touch of snowy fingers,  
 Softly—like moonbeams—passing o'er my temples,  
 And the warm air of fragrant virgin breathings.  
 Silence enwraps my Spirit like a garment;  
 The starry Veil of Paradise enfolds it;  
 It is alone, and yet it is not lonely.  
 For faint and shadowy, like far distant echoes  
 Of song divine, with lyres and lutes entwining,  
 Is the loved presence of this Mystic Beauty.

---

\* Bet-ql, commonly called *Bath-Kol*, or *Kal*, the Daughter of Voice; mystically, the Daughter of Wisdom, who is the Voice of God. *Cal*, in Shanscreeet, means Wisdom; hence *καλος* and the Saxon *call*, Greek and Saxon being lineally derived from the Shanscreeet. The Chal-dæans and Cal or Cul-dees, were worshippers of Wisdom. *Cali* is an Indian Divinity, synonymous with Eternity, but by the ignorant called the Goddess of Death. *Kal*, קל in the Hebrew, means Light, Fire, active Energy, corresponding to the Shanscreeet *Viraj*.

### A Morning Walk.

Come—let us mount the Downs, and breathe the air  
 That murmurs o'er their slopes of fern and thyme ;  
 And in the silent wastes of spreading green,  
 Give ourselves up to thoughts too pure for earth,  
 Conversing there with Nature and her works,  
 Beautiful, ever living, ever new.

The sun is on the waters ; in the heaven  
 There is no cloud to speck the sapphire arch  
 That, like God's bright and guardian angel eye,  
 Beams over all his children ; here and there,  
 At distant intervals, a white bird flits  
 Over the violet sea : but peace divine  
 Is the prevailing feature of the hour,  
 That, crowned with sunshine, typifies Repose,  
 Lulled in a Paradise-dream of deepest bliss.  
 Waste not a moment looking in the glass—  
 Dally not over ribbands, lace, or gloves ;  
 But with thy hat, and scarlet cloak, and hair  
 Flowing as loose as woodbines on the breeze,  
 Or the wild hyacinth on Attic fields,  
 Let us ascend the winding way that leads  
 Into the depths of their sweet solitude ;  
 And bring no book with thee but Sakontala,  
 That orient jewel of most perfect song.

How pure this morning perfume !—the soft wind  
 Is laden with sweet odours ; like a breeze  
 Wafted from Paradise, it breathes its music  
 Into our being, and I long for wings

To bear me from the earth, and, like yon lark,  
 Soar upward, pouring out my prayer to God.  
 Stay for a moment—listen to his song :  
 How rich, how clear, how melting with delight,  
 The cheerful carol of a happy nature !  
 Over green fields and cottages he soars,  
 With eyes turned sunward, till aloft, aloft,  
 And out of sight he passes ; but his lay  
 Is still borne down to us, who stand and listen,  
 Warmed with the sympathy that from the bird  
 Passes into ourselves, as if we twain  
 Were one with him, his elders in the scale  
 Of being ; but in all things else alike—  
 In spirit, soul, and heart, the great trivamz  
 That constitute the all of organized life.

Look on this hedge-row, rich with many a bloom—  
 With star-like flowers, more delicate than snow.  
 How full of life the wonder-work of God !  
 What strange variety of being !—some  
 With wings as beautiful as eastern gems,  
 Others in armour, like the glittering emerald ;  
 Some golden-burnished, some of silvery beam,  
 And some of opal hues, enshrining light—  
 The many-coloured flashing rainbow light  
 That from the neck of queens bursts forth and awes  
 The empty crowd to silence. These small lives,  
 Which the base bumpkin crushes with a laugh,  
 Are images of the Father ; they, too, have  
 The same desires as man ; and some are pure  
 In their clear sphere of thought, and live on flowers ;

And some are fierce and cruel ; some are found  
 To dwell alone like monks ; some place their bliss  
 In love and innocent sport ; and some there be  
 Who ruthlessly regard their own dear selves,  
 And sacrifice all others to their passion,  
 Like any common statesman of our time.  
 This hedge-row is a microcosm, and if  
 We two could read, interpret, and well know  
 Its inner history, we should find but little  
 That differs from the daily life that runs  
 Its course amid our village and its flies,  
 Except that those are not so finely dressed  
 As the poor mites that populate the wild.

O Mab, thou Faërie Queen, that thou wert here,  
 To change us for an instant by thy spells  
 To insects in this wilderness of plants !  
 What glories should we see ; what groves and gardens—  
 What sweet parterres—what fragrant nooks and bowers,  
 More beautiful than Alladin ever raised,  
 Or Arab fancy painted in bright dream ;  
 Or, since that mighty Queen hath not appeared  
 Since gay Mercutio sang her dædal art,  
 And Shelley summoned her in splendid song,  
 Had we but a small lens to aid the eye,  
 What wonders we should view in every branch :  
 Glands brimming o'er like cups with golden juice,  
 Goblets of sunbright hue from which to quaff ;  
 Rafters of gold and silver ; pillars fair  
 As ivory carved ; and tents that spread their wings  
 Of ruby and of topaz, underneath

Whose cooling dome fountains of honey flow ;  
 Dove-coloured dawn, with white and gold yflowered,  
 Wakens those insects from their bowers of dream ;  
 And when the Evening Star, with golden ray,  
 Faintly illumes the gray of heaven, they sink  
 Into their leafy beds as soft as down.  
 And there are forests in whose wilds they stray  
 And sun themselves into delightful trance,  
 And chrysolite columns under dazzling thrones ;  
 And in these flowers of thyme are flagons filled  
 With amethystine dews, and cups that shine  
 Transparent as with diamond and pearl.  
 And here these happy mortals all day long  
 Banquet, and think God made the world for them.

Why should they not ?—To God's omnipotent eye,  
 The bee, the butterfly, the gold-winged moth,—  
 Nay, the poor earthworm delving through the mould,—  
 Are objects not uncared for : See how well  
 Their wants and pleasures are regarded by Him.  
 Why, I have looked upon a speck of life  
 No larger than the point upon a pin,  
 Have scanned it curiously and marked its beauty.  
 Its rapid motion, its pulsating heart,  
 Its quick perception of the things about it,  
 Its readiness to avoid what it should shun,  
 Its evident relish in its sense of being,  
 Its every faculty perfect to the end  
 For which the creature lived ; and I have asked  
 Myself this question :—In the Final Day,  
 When Cæsar stands before the thrones of Light



And points to oceans of red blood, let forth  
To float him proudly to the Capitol,  
Will not the Father of all Life exclaim ;  
More beauteous in my sight is yon poor insect,  
Which passed its days within a leaf, than thou  
Whose title to renown is based on death,  
Ruin, and misery, and fires, and graves ?

Here let us stand beside these cottages,  
Blooming with climbers, and before we reach  
The quiet village, let us cast our eyes  
Back to the sea, the ever-royal sea,  
Now flashing with a green transparent light  
More lovely than the delicate emerald tint  
That fringes round the rainbow. See the lines  
Of deep and dark leaf-green that streak its surface,  
Making the brighter colours shine more bright  
By contrast. On the shore the waves advance,  
Like warriors tossing high their snowy plumes,  
That glitter in the sunlight ; the sea breeze  
Is wafted hither, softened by the sun,  
And the sea boom is echoed in our ears.  
But on the waters not a sail is seen ;  
All is as lonely as the wilderness  
In Araby the desert ; but the solitude,  
Though vast and grand, is instinct with quick life,  
That shows itself in motion and in voice,  
Yea, and in soul ; for who that ever gazed  
Upon the sea, did not in thought confess  
And feel its mighty living influence,—  
Feel that it viewed him with majestic front,

As though a god it were with crown and throne  
Imperial, till his spirit bowed before  
The grandeur and divinity that effused  
Themselves from the great Presence ;—let us on,  
Or I shall look for ever on this Sea,  
Which interpenetrates mine inmost essence  
With spells that fix me as in magic dream.  
But ere we pass, delay a little moment ;  
Inhale the perfume of these rustic gardens,  
That with a paradise of sweets surrounds  
These humble homes of labour ; how they breathe  
Their gentle harmonies into the heart.  
The birds have here a colony of nests,  
And sooth they show their taste ; for here are flowers  
In front and all around of brilliant dyes,  
And fragrant odours, and a hive of bees  
Humming for ever, as from cup to cup  
They pass, like those gay drinkers of old time,  
Who with Anacreon crowned their brows with rose  
And myrtle, and on leafy beds reclined,  
Tasted a score of purple vintages  
To th' health of the fair nymphs who handed round  
The brimming silver in more silvery hands.  
Yes—those indeed were days of high romance ;  
The world was in its youth, and all was fair,  
And life was purpled o'er with classic thoughts ;  
And there were Nymphs, and Goddesses, and Sprites  
Of beauty and of love in every vale,  
And Naiads purple-zoned, with full black eyes  
Paling the splendour of the brightest stars.  
Greece, and its pearl-like isles of lute and song,

Were very epics, such as Homer hymned.  
 Could we but live among them!—but the hope  
 Is hopeless; though indeed we may in fancy  
 Wander amid those green enchanted bowers,  
 And see its soldiers and its women fair,  
 Whose lives and loves are writ in chronicles;  
 And as we saunter up this gentle hill,  
 Crowned with its fane, I'll tell thee an old tale  
 Which has this instant flashed across my mind—  
 A tale of love and faithfulness, and death.

When the Milesians took the isle of Naxos,  
 And heaped all cruelties upon the people,  
 A fair young Virgin named Polycrita  
 Fled to Apollo's altar in despair.  
 The general of the victors, Diognetus,  
 Saw her and loved, but did not dare pollute  
 The sanctuary. Oft he sent the Maid  
 A loving message, but she would not hear.  
 At last he forced his way into the shrine.  
 The Virgin said, *My heart I'll freely give  
 To thee for ever, if thou'lt vow a vow  
 To do as I desire.* The general swore,  
 So great the might of love. Then spake the Maid;  
*Betray the city to my brothers, who  
 Encamp outside the walls, and I will be  
 Thy loving wife.* Amazement struck him dumb;  
 But he consented, and the plot was laid.  
 And messages were sent unto her brothers,  
 To charge upon the city when they saw  
 A blazing torch uplifted from the Temple.

In feast and wine the conquering soldiers passed  
The riotous day. At night, when all was still,  
The torch was raised. The brothers saw, and went  
Against the city, and with vengeance burning  
Bore all before them the unconscious foe.  
In the confusion, Diognetus fell.  
Polycrita, who loved him for his faith  
To her, expired upon his corpse, and both  
Were buried in one tomb ; apart in life,  
In death they were conjoined. So ends the story.

Now pause we here a moment, ere we pass  
Along yon rising road, and lap our souls  
In meditation under this old tower  
With reverend ivy mantled, which has seen  
So many generations glide beneath  
Its Gothic portal : childhood, manhood, age,  
The happy-hearted virgin, the bright babe,  
The strong of limb, the feeble, gray-haired sire,  
Called by the Sabbath bell to kneel and pray,  
And offer up their simple thoughts to God.  
Over its flower-sprent turf the bees revolve ;  
The sunbeams play above the lowly graves ;  
And from yon garden breaks the sweet wild note  
Of birds, the innocent choristers of the dead.  
The place is solemn with a voiceless beauty ;  
A gentle melancholy wraps it round—  
A stillness, a repose, that like the Preacher,  
Ever and ever sayeth, All is vanity.  
And when I wander through it in the evening,  
When twilight wraps it in a silvery haze,

And only one faint star of light is seen  
High in the heaven, I feel as if the Shade  
Of Gray were near me, and that in my ear  
It whispered the sad Elegy of old,  
Whose plaintive music hath in many a heart  
Left such deep imprints, that where'er we roam,  
We still remember the loved lines of song,  
Which in our schoolboy days we learned by rote,  
Until they grew a portion of ourselves.  
Here, or in some sequestered wild churchyard,  
As lone, as lowly, and as far from towns,  
We also shall repose when all is done,  
And life's bright lamp hath suddenly gone out ;  
And over us, as now above these sleepers,  
The winds shall blow and summer sunbeams fall,  
And winter ice the grass with star-like gems,  
And wild flowers bud, and bees with buzzing wing  
Pursue their pleasant toil. The birds shall sing ;  
But we who sleep shall hear not their sweet song ;  
Nor shall the lightning dazzle, nor the voice  
Of thunders wake us. By our lone green beds  
The stranger and the villager shall stand,  
And look, and go his way ; nor think perchance  
That we once stood in life and strength and hope,  
Upon the very spot where his foot traced  
Its print upon the grass. Upon his brain  
No image shall there rest of you or me ;  
And these frail frames in which our spirits live  
Shall be as though they had not ever been,  
Blended with all the elements,—infused  
In air, in earth, in water, and in fire,

Never to reunite ;—for the bright soul,  
Which is a lucid spark from God himself,  
Will not again pollute itself with dust.  
What homilies are in these mouldering stones !  
What sermons in these gray time-worn records !  
What psalms, more speaking to the sensitive mind  
Than ever harpist sang, are in these frail  
Memorials reared by love or pious reverence,  
Over the remnants of their sires or sons ;  
Over the wife who shared with them their toils ;  
Over the babe whose eyes were their delight.  
This mound of turf, this rude and simple rail,  
Speaks to the heart more feelingly than brass  
Or marble, or the rich man's gaudy pomp,  
Blazoned with coats and crests and pedigrees,  
For Mephistopheles to mock at. Here,  
Or in some humble field like this, would I  
Myself desire to be consigned to dust,  
Beneath a hillock with the daisy fretted,  
A simple villager 'mid village folks.  
With only these, my name and time of death ;  
All else is foolishness ; all else is vain.  
Yet would I not be grieved to think that some,  
Warmed with the feeling for a Dreamer dead,  
Such as in blessèd youth I too have felt  
For the sun-soaring Spirits of sweet song,  
Some high-aspiring boy, some gentle girl,  
Would come and sprinkle flowers o'er my grave,  
Would fling a rose or violet on the turf,  
And say, Upon thy breast I cast this gem  
Of spring or summer, in a fond remembrance,

In token that thou hast a little place  
 Within my heart and dwellest in my thoughts.

Even as I muse, methinks I hear a Voice  
 Speak to my soul from yonder simple grave,  
 While the far-distant wave that on the shore  
 Breaks into fragments, symphonies the words ;  
*Thou shalt be even as we : thy strength, thy life,*  
*Shall fade, as fade fair rainbows in the even,*  
*And the glad thoughts in which thou dost indulge*  
*Shall pass like autumn leaves ; no more for thee,*  
*When thou shalt have crossed o'er the gloomy stream,*  
*Shall happy sunbeams smile, nor on thine eyes*  
*The starry lights that gild the arch of morn*  
*Shall gleam, nor thy sweet sorrowing look, O moon !*  
*The haunted forest, the flower-sprinkled plains*  
*Thou shalt not tread again, nor look aloft*  
*On the crystalline clouds that veil from sight*  
*Of human eye the paradise-thrones of God.*  
*O Son ! bear this in mind, nor let the earth,*  
*From which so speedily thy foot shall pass,*  
*Be aught to thee than what it is—a shadow*  
*That ever teems with unsubstantial shadows.*

\*             \*             \*             \*

Farewell, old tower ! fare ye well ye graves !  
 Ye have awakened thoughts within my soul  
 That are as balm to wounded wayfarers.  
 Gone are the hands that reared your holy walls,  
 And planted ivy round them ; gone the brain  
 That first planned out this modest shrine to God :  
 Their bones, their ashes, nay their very names

Have perished from the earth ; but thou art here,  
 A venerable record, bosomed deep  
 'Mid trees, and standing in a tranquil beauty,  
 Shedding a venerable grace and shadow  
 Over the sleepers. Long mayst thou abide  
 In storm and sunshine, in revolving years,  
 To open wide thy sabbath doors of peace,  
 And house the villagers who flock to hear  
 The lessons of their pastor, while they raise  
 Their untaught, simple hymns of hope and trust  
 To the Great Father, who disdains not any,  
 But hears the voice of faith, whether it comes  
 From temples garnisht rich with gold and gems,  
 Or lowly altars such as thine presents ;—  
 Hears it with equal ear, nor gives to one  
 That audience which it yields not unto all.

How softly breathes the wind amid these trees,  
 That overshade in parts this gentle hamlet.  
 We shall not meet with any on the Downs.  
 How sacred is their presence ! Never falls  
 My gaze upon a Tree that o'er the sward  
 Rises in blooming vigour, but I feel  
 Religious peace wrapping my soul around,  
 As if it were a living priest of Nature,  
 That spake to me of beauty and repose.  
 How picture-like yon Sycamore ! With what strength  
 Yon mighty Elm puts forth his brawny boughs !  
 How graceful is that Lilac ! Solemn awe  
 Seems clustered round yon Yew, that now has stood,  
 Perchance, for centuries, and has seen so many



Pass and repass in life's quick panorama.  
 How lustrously, in sunlight, shine their leaves,  
 With varying tints and many-twinkling lights !  
 How soft their musical whisper ! Round their trunks  
 Spring many wild flowers, gemming the thick grass ;  
 And unseen lyrists, warbling through the spray,  
 Make the air musical with silver sounds :  
 The dove bells forth her sweet and ringing coo—  
 The blackbird sings his rich and musical note—  
 The thrush and linnet waft their honey tones  
 Over the clear and crystalline expanse  
 Of morn's transparent, sunny, sparkling air.  
 In such a solitude of merry birds,  
 Amid phantasmal pictures born of the sun,  
 Lay Shakspeare when he dreamed of Ardennes' wood  
 And melancholy Jaques—that musier quaint.  
 In such a foliaged nook of shade and sun,  
 Lulled by the heavenly tone of lyres and lutes,  
 Spenser reclined at length ; and day by day,  
 From sibyl trees and sylvan Delphic dreams,  
 And strains and hymns by Poets only heard,  
 Encircled also by those mystic Shapes  
 Of light and splendour, loveliness and youth,  
 Such as Bards see in sovran thought inspired,  
 Drew the sweet lore that lives i' the Faërie Queene.

O poet-dreams, how dull and dark were life  
 On earth if ye were absent !—Man were then  
 A kind of beast, but one degree removed  
 From the four-footed creatures of the field,  
 In which the light of fancy burns not. Love,

With its high-coloured splendours, were unknown,  
 Or would be animal only. Ye upraise  
 The sons of mortals into far-off spheres,  
 And make them happy in ideal scenes.  
 They drain the Diamond Goblet of Djemsheed,\*  
 And wander in the halls of Chil-Minâr ;  
 They wear the Magic Ring of Suleymân,  
 And see the sparkling light of Samarcand ;  
 They gaze upon Iskander's fated Mirror,  
 Reading therein the Present, Past, and Future ;  
 And from the Cup, the Crystal, and the Ring,  
 Evoke such glorious pictures, visions, clouds,  
 As neither Conqueror, nor Sage, nor Shah,  
 Ever beheld in fair reality.

And now we pace along the cart-road path,  
 Rough with sharp flints, and breathe the fragrant breath  
 Of woodbine ; now we enter on the Downs—  
 Spreading before us like an ocean vast,  
 With waves gigantic ; swelling hills, deep vales,  
 In which are cottages that seem the home  
 Of mild content ; yet could we scan the souls  
 Of those who tenant them, what wild desires,  
 What vague ambitions, restless hopes and wishes,  
 As varying as the surface of the sea,  
 Should we discern. Such is mankind—a being  
 Whom Alexander's conquests cannot fill ;  
 Whom all the wealth and power of all the world

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\* The Goblet of Djemsheed, the Ring of Solomon, the Mirror of Alexander, are the three renowned and magical treasures of Oriental legend.

Never can satiate—for his infinite nature  
Desires the Infinite. So hath God ordained,  
When first He formed the spirit, and so willed  
That only *He* should satisfy its needs.  
How the free breeze blows freshly on our brows—  
How our minds revel in the boundless sense  
Of liberty that circles us. O Father,  
Gladly I thank Thee that my thoughts are free  
As this pure mountain air ; that I have bathed  
My spirit in the Truth revealed by Heaven,  
Renewing its virginity, and flinging  
Away for ever from its shining limbs  
The chains corroding which dull Custom binds  
About the splendid wanderer from the skies,  
Seeking to make it one with earth and night.

O ye surrounding hills, how beautiful,  
How full of pastoral loveliness ye are !  
The sky seems purer o'er your silent crests,  
That sleep in purple ; but your winding depths  
Bear many-coloured hues. The sheep and lambs,  
And meditative kine that on your heath  
Browse in luxurious ease ; the singing birds  
And humming bees that flash through silver air,  
Carry me far away, o'er land and wave,  
To ancient Arcady and bygone days—  
Hybla, Hymettus, Pindus, Enna's vale,  
When poets were but shepherds with their crooks,  
And Muses sought them in their sylvan haunts,  
And breathed into their pipes the songs of heaven ;  
And the fair Moon herself came down to Latmos,

To kiss Endymion's mouth of rosy flowers.  
Hence, also, am I wafted, as I gaze  
On yonder steep and heaven-kissing hill,  
Basking beneath the rosy-purple sky,  
To Taunus and the golden-coloured Rhine,  
And Drachenfels, and Bingen—that fair nook  
Embosomed in green hills of vines and trees.  
'Twas in a mood like this which now I feel—  
In such a moment, too, long years ago,  
When I had never tasted aught but bliss,  
I left green Bacharach, and climbed on high,  
Amid the warm and kindling roseate air,  
And stood upon the ruined tower, that like  
An eagle in his eyrie proudly stands  
Aloft, in high disdain of all below.  
Round me were many reliques of old time,  
Peopled with legend and the phantom host :  
Fairies, and Gnomes, and Spectres of the Past ;  
And mighty Shades that still cling round the shores :  
Cæsar, and Attila, and Charlemagne.  
Beneath me flowed the Rhine—a thread of gold,  
On which the sunbeams played ; the mountains round  
Were vernal with the vine, and wheresoe'er  
I cast my eye, were churches, castles, cots,  
Gardens and children, and the distant hum  
Of labour, vintage, laughter, and sweet song.  
But fairer than all these were thronging thoughts  
That round me curled in rosy, beaming clouds,  
And lent their life to all the landscape there,  
Making a Tempè in my raptured brain.  
Thus fled the hours, unnoticed, even as now ;

But I was all alone, with no fair form  
To share the Elysium of that happy hour,  
Or echo the wild music of my soul,  
As it is echoed now by thee, love, thee.

What have we here?—A bird's nest from its bower  
Plucked by some wayward Urchin : mark how well  
The wingèd little architect had made  
Its woven chamber, lined with moss, and hair,  
And down, so softly blended—a bird-boudoir,  
Such as my Lady Fashion—who, of all things,  
Studies her comfort most—might well have ordered  
Her sleek, sly cabinet-maker to inspect,  
And take a lesson from the country bird.  
And here's a broken egg, of pale sea-green,  
Flung on the road remorselessly—a life  
Wantonly sacrificed that might have made  
The forest musical, and charmed the ear  
Of many a villager, when underneath  
The spreading tree he rested from his toil,  
Or breathed his love-tale to the willing heart  
Of some young haymaker in ribbands trim—  
Love-secrets sweeter to the happy thought  
Than golden honey to the schoolboy's mouth.  
Poor mother-bird, I pity thee : this morn  
How rich in hope thou wert, and thou didst flutter,  
With all a mother's pride, over thy nest,  
And didst indulge in dreams ; but in a moment  
Thine airy castles were dissolved in air,  
And all thy love and labours were for nought.  
Where art thou now, thou little desolate one ?

Would I could find thee, and with gentle love  
 Console thee in thy sadness and despair.

Yonder's a flock of sheep and bleating lambs ;  
 Their shepherds marshal them with dogs and crook,  
 And drive them to their watering-place—a pond  
 Of chalk and lime, battened to hold the rains,  
 And form a fountain in this waste of heath.  
 The black-faced simpletons, with anxious eyes,  
 Gaze on us as we stay to view them pass.  
 With what fond love they look upon their young,  
 Whose tottering feet can scarcely help them on !  
 How gravely do these dogs with shaggy hair  
 Watch o'er the troop like captains : quick of eye  
 And foot they are, and with their arduous duty,  
 Methinks they blend a sort of rough regard,  
 As if they looked upon the silly sheep  
 As wayward children—to be rather pitied  
 Than blamed or barkt at ; for they mean no ill,  
 Howe'er they wander from the well-ranged troop,  
 But do so in mere female thoughtlessness.  
 A flock like this it was Don Quixote saw,  
 When in the leading ram his errant brain  
 Beheld the puissant Ali-Fanfaron,  
 Lord of vast Taprobana and its people ;  
 And in the opposite troop, that valiant chief,  
 The Garamantian king, Pentapolin,  
 Wending to deadly battle, for the love  
 Of that most beautiful and graceful lady  
 (Her name discreet Cervantes hath suppressed)  
 To whom Lord Ali offered throne and hand ;

But he a worshipper was of false Mahound ;  
And so Pentapolin, with Christian faith,  
Refused his proffered love ; and therefore they  
Rushed like two lions into deadly fight.

There is an ancient legend of fair Greece,  
Of one who met a flock of sheep and lambs  
In this wise, and who perished. I will tell it,  
If thou canst think of aught besides that glow  
Of dazzling pictures in this splendid scene—  
If thou canst summon back thy raptured thought  
From the all-sparkling radiance of this hour,  
To an old story of the antique times ;  
And thus, in simple phrase, methinks it ran :  
Young Hipparinus loved Leucippé, who  
Disdained his suit. He courted her a year,  
But could not win one sweet, approving smile :  
*Go forth, she says, and prove your strength of love,—*  
*Slay the fierce lion that the forest haunts.*  
He went, and slew the lion ; then Leucippé  
Loved Hipparinus. Blest, indeed, are they  
Who love and are beloved. The tyrant-king  
Who ruled the island where this happy pair  
Dwelt in delight, the virgin saw, and fired  
With passion, sought her modesty to spoil.  
Then Hipparinus rose and watched the king,  
And stabbed him to the heart. The monarch's guards  
Pursued the youth, who might have 'scaped their rage,  
But on the road he met a troop of shepherds,  
Driving their lambkins, which were tied together,  
And thus his progress stayed. The soldiers came,

And killed the youth. Leucippè died that day,  
But the good people of the island, freed  
From the despotic rule of that old king,  
Raised up two golden statues to the lovers,  
And passed a stern decree, that, from that time,  
No shepherds should their lambkins tie and drive  
Upon the public highways of that realm.  
Mark yonder cluster of green faërie rings :  
Methinks they held wild revels here last night,  
Under the silver circlet of the moon.  
How vivid is this emerald turf!—as if  
The little people, with their magic feet,  
Impressed it with new verdure as they tripped.  
Here we can fancy Oberon reclined—  
Here Queen Titania, with that pretty minx  
Cowslip, and Master Cobweb, and Peasblossom,  
And sprightly Robin Goodfellow, called Puck.  
What sports, what quips, what jollity and love,  
These silver-crested mushrooms witnessed then !  
They are the sole fair records of the feast ;  
And so I counsel thee to bring them home,  
And from their fragrant stems and glistening orbs  
Extract the juice, which, in the winter-time,  
Shall make us roam in fancy here once more,  
And I shall see thee, as I see thee now,  
Stooping to gather them with snow-white hand,  
Like a pomegranate flower, in scarlet leaf,  
Bending above the green. These magic rings,  
How dear to me they are!—and how they breathe  
Of poets past, and the wild minstrel notes



That charmed our forefathers in merrie England :  
Drummond and Drayton, Daniel, Jonson, Greene !  
They bear me back to Sherwood, and the sports,  
And lays, and legends, and chivalric games,  
That with the memory of our glorious Isle,  
Are intertwined for ever ; and I live  
Another and a happier sort of life  
In the brief moment of that waking dream.

Boundless and fair the prospect opens still.  
Here are no splendid flowers to form a wreath,  
For high-born dames that flaunt in tapestried rooms,  
But humble blossoms, not so finely bred  
As those in lordly gardens, yet not less  
The exquisite image of wise Nature's art :  
Cowslip and primrose, purple creeping-Jenny,  
Briony, pimpernel, white bindweed, fox-glove,  
Buglos and harebell, and the periwinkle,  
With dark blue eye, like some young laughing babe's,  
And wild forget-me-not. With buds like these,  
Curiously intertwined in richer flowers,  
As Pliny tells us, Glyceria of Sicyon,  
The beauteous nosegay-girl, sat all day long  
Enwreathing fancy chaplets for the fair,  
Blending their colours in a thousand lights,  
Each different from the other, with rare skill.  
And by her side young Pausias the painter  
Learned the true harmony of varied tints,  
And on his canvas copied her fresh wreaths,  
With such a fervent love of art and Glyceria—  
Blent into one great passion,—that no other

Could flower-paint like him, as no one else  
Could harmonise their opposite hues like her.  
And so they lived and loved, amid fresh flowers  
As fragrant as their hearts ; and life flowed on,  
Calmly and sweetly, like a stream that glides,  
With gentle pace, through sylvan solitudes,  
Passing from sunshine into quiet shade,  
And so from shade again to sunny light,  
Through drooping willows, roses, and wild thyme,  
And silver water-lilies ; hearing ever  
The lay of birds, the shepherd's plaintive pipe,  
The song and chorus of the evening feast,  
When all their labour ended for the day,  
The youths and maidens meet upon the mead,  
And sport beneath the mellow harvest-moon.

How fair, how rich, how honey-like these clumps  
Of golden gorse ! The bee finds here the wealth  
Of Hybla's self within their flashing cells ;  
The throstle sings amid their saffron shade ;  
The lark soars out of sight, as if he longed  
To bear his song close to the gates of heaven.  
These heather tufts are altars of perfume,  
That waft their fragrant breath, like prayers, around.  
Hark to the cuckoo's sweet and hidden note,  
Welling upon the enchanted lawns of air !  
Varied the lights on hill, and dale, and glen—  
From brightest emerald to the rich dark brown  
Of yonder field new ploughed. I never gaze  
Upon this spreading scene of sloping peaks  
And dark ravines, and Nature's holy presence,

Without a thought of Palestine, and Him  
Who, in the softest, yet the grandest tones  
That ever Man used to propound the Truth,  
Came from the Mountain, and, in heavenly speech,  
Taught the disciples words that to the hearts  
Of millions have borne peace, and which to earth  
Are glintings of the sacred light of God.

Oh! that the wand of Merlin now were mine,  
How suddenly I should people these broad Downs  
With pictures of the bygone classic days.  
I'd crown the hills that circle yonder vale  
With oak, and elm, and olive; on the sides  
Should thickets, formed of beech, and rose, and woodbine,  
In green luxuriance twine, beneath this sky,  
Lustrous with starry blue and silver-specked  
With cloudlets brighter than Olympus' snows.  
And it should be a forest fair and lone,  
For wood-delighting Fauns and Sylvans arch;  
And there should be a world of dreamy bowers,  
Fanned by soft winds that rustled through their leaves,  
Blending their delicate whispers with the voice  
Of bell-like music from a singing rill.  
There would I lie and muse, and from beneath  
The velvet shadows, see young Cupid trip,  
With rosy cheeks and laughing, bright blue eyes,  
Joy, like a sunbeam, brightening his fair brow;  
And gentle winds kissing his floating locks;  
His snowy pinions sparkle in the sun;  
His quiver, filled with beauty-wounding arrows,  
Shines on his polisht shoulders, while his bow,

As delicately rounded as the breasts  
Of Cytherea, is entwined with wreaths  
Fresh woven by Aglaïa's fair white hands.  
And now a shout of Bacchant revelry  
Is heard with laughter and delighted cries,  
And sounding cymbals, lapsing on the air.  
And see! a Nymphal train whose presence breathes  
Beauty, and love, and summer, with its flowers,  
Into the soul, and gives it heavenly youth ;  
Their chaplets, wreathed with ivy, vine, and rose,  
Glisten amid their bright ambrosial locks ;  
A fawnskin robe with careless grace is thrown  
Loosely across their ivory shoulders, and  
In their white hands a leafy thyrsus each  
Bears, which she waves delightedly on high.  
From their glad eyes flash splendour and desire ;  
Their rosy lips seem rosier still with wine.  
Where am I? oh! where am I? Do I dream?  
Is old Anacreon in my wand'ring thought,  
With his tall flagons crowned with mantling grape?  
Is it the music of some golden harp,  
Evoked by angels, or the faërie host,  
That swells along this heath? How sweet, how soft  
Its billowy whispers float upon the ear,  
Like the fond love of virgins first confest  
In woodland bowers beneath the evening star.  
I look upon the sea, that far away  
Sleeps in sunlighted splendours, still and calm,  
As some young Eastern bride, all youth and beauty,  
In a loose violet robe of gems and silver ;  
But from the sea that sweet sound cometh not :

No fair mermaiden breathes it from her cave  
Of glittering emerald, or from the crest  
Of some blue wave, while combing her dark locks,  
Warbles the love within her passionate soul.  
I look across these hills, but look in vain,  
To trace the source of that enchanting hymn :  
No fountain gushes forth in silvery stream,  
To tempt the Naiads to come here and sing  
To lyres or lutes ; no forest trees are here,  
Beneath whose foliage, on the moss or stone,  
A Dryad might recline, and, with sweet harplings,  
Lure the fair Sun-God to repress his steeds,  
Mistaking her for Daphnè, ere transformed.  
No crystal brook wafts melody as it flows—  
The melody which is its psalm to God,  
In thankfulness for its being. Whence then comes  
This music of the spheres ? I pause, and muse,  
And listen still, with eye and ear attent,  
Like one who, tremblingly alive with love  
That throbs in every vein, awaits the footstep  
Of her who is the Egeria of his heart.  
The spell is gone ! I find I did but dream !—  
It was not music, 'twas no harp of gold,  
But a divine and heaven-born echo heard  
Within the winding galleries of my soul,  
That in this moment feels imparadised  
By the delicious beauty that breathes round—  
The fragrant wind, the perfume-wafting thyme,  
The song of wild birds dancing in the air,  
The light of sunbeams, the bright flashing sea,  
The sweet transparent arch of blue above,

The boundless prospect, the serene repose,  
The solitude—the majesty of nature,  
And last of all, by thee, my spirit's soul,  
Who givest life, and melody, and thought.  
And every charm to the surrounding scene.

Yonder's the Dyke, and o'er the vast expanse  
The fruitful Weald of Sussex, crowned with spires,  
And villages, and church towers, and cots  
Embedded in deep woods, and vales, and gardens.  
The eye delighted, moves its glistening sphere.  
How splendid is the prospect! with what love,  
And awe, and gratitude, and thoughts sublime,  
It beautifies the soul. We grow too great  
For earth as we behold, and fling aside  
The miserable sense and care of self,  
And are exalted into greater breadth  
And grandeur, such as spirits feel when first  
They wing their way into the heavenly zones,  
And then, for the first moment, think and know  
Themselves to be indeed a part of God—  
So lofty, so august, their new-born splendour.  
Now glide we gently by this winding path,  
Into yon dingle, thick with shady boughs,  
And musical with birds of varied note;  
Down by the curving stream, so cool, so clear,  
With rushes, cuckoo flowers, and hart's-tongue fern,  
And water-mint, and Robin-run-i'-the-hedge;  
And stealing round this smooth and silver mere,  
On which two stately Swans of brightest snow  
Move like king's daughters changed by magic spells.

We stop and watch them. In their arching necks,  
Curved as a steed's of purest Arab blood,  
The line of beauty gleams ; their eyes are dark  
With fire suppressed ; their wings, like arum flowers,  
Are open to the wind, and as two galleys  
From marble Venice, with majestic pace  
They float upon the crystal. Here's their nest,  
And in 't five eggs. Lo ! even while we look  
Upon its osier woof, the mother Swan  
Hath sailed to land, and now she faces us,  
With Amazon front and swelling neck and plume,  
Let us away, and free her anxious heart  
From further care ; and leave her to her bright  
And happy dreamings in this sunlit scene,  
Leave her to her demesne of waters' nook  
In perfumed hills and by the verdant bank,  
And roofed by the blue heaven that shines o'er all.

And now, reclining on this couch of thyme,  
Read to me of that virgin of the East,  
The gentlest maid that ever shone in stars  
On poet's dazzled fancy—Sakontala.  
Carry me in tranced thought to Orient skies,  
And forests grander than the halls of kings,  
In which, amid the hermit-priests of heaven,  
That maiden pure as snows, or flowers, or light,  
Dwelled in the music of her thoughts divine.  
O loveliest vision of the Poet's soul,  
How often hast thou made me blest in fancy !  
How often has thine image soothed my heart,  
Wearied with all the littleness of the world,

And borne it backward to that golden age,  
 When Calidasa saw in Indian maidens  
 The living type from which he painted thee,  
 Thou fair ideal of all female beauty.\*  
 So flies the hour in happiness away,  
 And so our morning-walk is fitly crowned  
 With music at the end, and reveries  
 Rising like perfumes from the poet's page,  
 And wafted in thy soft and lute-like voice.



### The Story of the fair Blanaid.

The princely chief, Cuchullain,  
 Our chief renowned of old,  
 From frowning tower and fortress,  
 He calls his warriors bold :

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\* Goethe was one of the greatest admirers of Sakontala, and may be seen from the lines written in his Italian travels at Naples and from his well-known epigram :—

*Willt Du die Blüthe des frühen, die Früchte des späteren Jahres,  
 Willt Du, was reizt und entzückt, willst Du was sättigt und nährt,  
 Willt Du den Himmel, die Erde mit einem Namen begreifen,  
 Nenn ich, Sakontala, Dich, und so ist Alles gesagt.*

Wilt thou the blossoms of spring, and the fruits that are later in season,  
 Wilt thou have charms and delights, wilt thou have strength and support,  
 Wilt thou with one short word encompass the earth and the heaven ?  
 All is said, if I name only, Sakontala, thee.



From frowning tower and fortress,  
    With broadsword blue and shield,  
And lance and spear, athirst for blood,  
    They march into the field.

Many a hawk-eyed bowman,  
    And many a swordsman brave,  
Thronged where his flapping standards  
    Along the leasowes wave.  
His star-bright, flapping standards,  
    Like pillars tall were seen,  
The Yellow Lion rampant  
    Upon his field of green.  
And with these stout-limbed archers,  
    A cloud of spearmen came,  
With tufted beards and shaggy brows,  
    And deep dark eyes of flame.  
Then outspake brave Cuchullain—  
    “Ye Red-Branch Chieftains, hear,  
We’ve shared in many a battle-field,  
    And conquered far and near ;  
We’ve humbled many a haughty fort,  
    And many a captive led ;  
And side by side, o’er land and tide,  
    We’ve stoutly fought and sped.  
But now our spirit slumbers,  
    Our broadswords sleep in rust,  
Our polisht spears are blunted,  
    Our war-shirts mould in dust.  
The antlered deer and brown wolf  
    Too long have been our game ;

Once on a time the Red-Branch Knights  
Were fired with nobler aim.  
The game of war with foemen,  
The strife with gallant men,  
These be our ends ;—then up with me,  
And share such game agen.”

He spake—and from his stout thigh  
His broadsword blue he draws,  
Outbursts from all those chieftains round  
One shout of wild applause ;  
The listening vales re-echo  
The loud and glad hurrahs ;  
And on their blades those chieftains  
A hurried oath devise,  
To follow still their leader  
To deeds of great emprise.  
From rank to rank, like lightning,  
Flashed on one fierce accord ;  
They clashed upon their iron shields  
With brazen spear and sword.

Then spake once more Cuchullain :  
“ In Alba’s isle there stands  
A fortress strong and mighty,  
With spoil from many lands,  
Piled up with Asian plunder,  
And Afric’s choicest wealth,  
From olden times collected,  
By labour, force, or stealth ;  
With bright and priccess jewels  
From Orient empires brought,

And store of sparkling wonders  
     By magic hands enwrought :  
 Large drinking-cups of silver,  
     And golden cauldrons bright,  
 With shining rings, and linen coats,  
     Of scarlet and snow-white ;  
 Sleek dark-gray steeds of swiftness,  
     With aureate housings stoled ;  
 Bucklers, with equal portions mixed  
     Of silver and red gold ;  
 Broad-bladed spears and standards,  
     And swords for knightly thighs,  
 With daggers and war-axes,  
     Of temper, strength, and size.  
 But brighter still, and brighter,  
     And destined for our prize,  
 There dwells within this Castle's walls,  
     A maid of soft blue eyes—  
 Blanaid, the rarest Ladye  
     That heaven did e'er behold ;—  
 Be mine that rarest Ladye,  
     Be yours the wealth untold."

Loud shouted all those chieftains,  
     With fierce and glad assent ;  
 And soon the news was spread about,  
     Like fire from tent to tent.  
 And all those stout-limbed soldiers  
     Swore to the bargain made—  
 For them the wealthy fortress,  
     For him the fair Blanaid.

Now there was one—false Conrigh—  
A knight renowned was he,  
In battle-plain and lady's bower  
Gallant as knight could be.  
Fierce in the flaming conflict,  
With martial strength of nine ;  
His swelling soul of battle  
Shewed in his haughty eyne.  
But skilled in arts of magic,  
And wizard schemes of hell,  
He swore to win that Ladye fair  
By sorcery and spell.

He rose and left his Castle walls,  
And donned his robe of gray—  
A robe whose might, the stars of light  
Must bow to and obey.  
In his gray magic mantle,  
The Red-Branch camp he sought,  
In garb a common soldier,  
A conquering prince in thought.  
The Red-branch troop he found them,  
Upon the white sea-beach ;  
They hailed the stranger-soldier  
With welcome looks and speech.

They launched their hollow galleys,  
Their bending oars they plied,  
And night and day, with might and main,  
Rowed o'er the waters wide.

The waves rushed round their black prows,  
    The winds blew loud and long,  
And over the boiling billows,  
    They passed with shout and song.  
And now they reached that Fortress,  
    With mighty walls and towers ;  
Dark o'er its brows a threatening cloud  
    Of mist and tempest lowers.  
And in that rock-built fortress,  
    The Lord of that lone isle,  
Stood stoutly girt with wizard aid,  
    And serried rank and file.  
His Magi stood around him,  
    His armoured guards before,  
His flag waved stern defiance  
    To those who thronged his shore.  
Right in the fiery gateway  
    Whirls an enchanted wheel,  
Ten thousand dusk and shadowy shapes  
    Were round it seen to reel,  
Ten thousand dusk and shadowy shapes,  
    Of shapeless fire and cloud,  
And blazing fronts and flickering heads,  
    That hissed and screamed aloud.  
With jestings lewd and jeerings,  
    They taunt the Red-Branch Knights ;  
With peals of hideous laughter,  
    Sore mock the grinning sprites.  
The sun looked black and bloody  
    Down on the mailed array,

And like fierce wolves, the waters,  
Seemed gaping for their prey.  
In front the mocking Fortress,  
The swollen seas behind,  
Around them storm and darkness—  
What succour shall they find ?

Then outspake wily Conrigh,  
Disguised in robe of gray—  
“Methinks it were a deep disgrace  
From hence to turn away.  
Shame on the valiant warriors,  
If recreants from the fight ;  
Shame on the Red-branch Chieftains,  
If hence they take their flight.”

Then out spake brave Cuchullain—  
“Sir Churl, thy tongue is rude :  
How canst thou dare on valiant knights  
Thy tauntings vile intrude ?  
Get hence, get hence, thou brawler,  
Nor dare our deeds to scan ;  
Canst *thou* surprise this Fortress ?  
Wilt *thou* lead on the van ?”

Then answered wily Conrigh—  
“All this I swear to do ;  
The fort, though girt with fire and cloud,  
I'll lead our soldiers through ;  
The wheel that whirls with spectres  
Shall fall before my hand ;

The frowning cloud of darkness  
    Shall fly at my command ;  
The tower and all its treasures  
    Shall be—I swear it—thine ;  
The choice of all the jewels  
    Shall be—but swear it—mine !”

He swore by his Hand of Valour,  
    By his Arm of Might he swore ;  
He swore by the Winds of Heaven,  
    That sweep the mountains hoar ;  
By the silver Shield of the Moon,  
    By the Sun and the Sacred Fire,  
By the Ghosts of the Mighty Dead,  
    By the Ashes of his Sire.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain,  
    A mighty Oath he swore :  
“ By the viewless Winds and foaming Waves,  
    That dash on Alba’s shore ;  
By the circling Sun, and Moon, and Dew,  
    And all that men adore—  
The choice of all the jewels  
    In yon proud tower shall be,  
When taken by thy skilful hand,  
    Reserved alone for thee !”  
And all these valiant warriors  
    Assented to that oath  
Thus sworn, with due solemnity,  
    Of Heaven and Earth, by both.

Then up rose wily Conrigh,  
He donned his robe of gray,  
And like a Spirit of Evil,  
Full loud he laughed that day.  
He raised his magic clarion,  
And blew one mighty blast,  
Whereat the fierce and frowning towers  
Recoil with fear aghast—  
A rending blast like thunder,  
That sounded far and wide ;  
And the black clouds that veiled the heaven,  
In thunder-peals replied.  
Straight from the Fort the pale ghosts  
Passed like affrighted things,  
Away, and away, for ever and aye,  
They sailed on the tempest's wings.  
The wheel of fire no longer  
Revolved the gates before ;  
It screamed like a ghost in torture,  
And vanished for evermore.

Then outspake wily Conrigh—  
“ Ye Red-Branch Knights' advance !  
Give to the breeze your sunburst\* bright,  
And charge with sword and lance.”  
And onward still and onward,  
Right through the open gate,  
False Conrigh thundered onward,  
With pride and hope elate,

---

\* “Sunburst”—the name of a war-banner.



Like a hawk on a troop of small birds,  
False Conrigh led the van—  
Of all that bold and battailous troop,  
There flinched no single man ;  
And the deadly fight seemed over,  
Ere it had well began.

They met on the lofty ramparts,  
With shield, and sword, and spear,  
Those strong-armed men, with bull-like hearts,  
That knew no thought of fear.  
Loud clashed their brazen bucklers,  
Bright shone their broadswords blue,  
They heard no cries, they spared no man,  
But still they slew and slew.  
Like the fierce and rapid sledging  
Of smiths on the anvil broad,  
When blows descend like thunderbolts,  
Hurled by some angry god,  
Were the quick and heavy crashes  
Of sword on mail and bone—  
Were the shrill and hollow blendings  
Of war-shout and death groan,  
Till, as the dark-red tempest  
Some forest oak lays low,  
The Chief of all was seen to fall,  
'Neath Conrigh's slaughtering blow.

Then rose the shriek of women,  
Their arms the men threw down,  
And the babe grew white with shivering fright  
In the nook of its mother's gown.

The young and old they gave them  
Up to the ravenous blade ;  
For two whole hours those Chieftains  
A deadly slaughter made,  
They only spared one captive—  
The beautiful Blanaid.

Like a bright rainbow shining  
Aloft in southern skies ;  
Like a rich garden painted  
With flowers of softest dyes ;  
Like music in sweet Logh Lene,  
By skilful minstrel played—  
So looked that white-armed captive,  
The beautiful Blanaid.

Her branching gold-bright ringlets,  
Fell to her feet of snow,  
Her eyes shed tears of crystal,  
Her cheeks were wet with woe ;  
And over her heaving bosom,  
Her lily-white hands she placed,  
And gently, like a spirit of air,  
Before the Knights she paced.

Bent was her moon-like fore-head,  
Her rosy lips close set,  
She panted like a blackbird  
Toiled in a fowler's net.  
Sadly she gazed around her,  
Nor saw one friendly face ;

Ah, me ! for the modest maid,—  
 Gods shield her by their grace.

Oh ! weep, white-bosomed Ladye,  
 Weep for thy lonely fate—  
 A captive in a foreign land,  
 Fallen from a high estate ;  
 Weep for thy loving kindred,  
 That slumber round thee cold ;  
 Weep for the sweet days passed and gone,  
 The innocent days of old ;  
 Weep for the loving music ;  
 Weep for the dear old songs ;  
 Weep for thy little fawn slaughtered ;  
 Weep for thine own sad wrongs ;  
 Weep for the haunts of childhood,  
 Where thy tiny footsteps strayed.  
 Ah, me ! ah, me ! I pity thee,  
 Thou lonely-hearted maid.

Away, and over the ocean,  
 The Red-Branch Champions speed ;  
 A glorious capture theirs, I ween—  
 A bold and gallant deed !  
 And they bore away in their galleys  
 The ransom of ten kings.  
 Success attend their galleys,  
 That float on the wind's black wings !

Three hundred painted chariots,  
 Three hundred steeds of size,

Two chests of jewels, gathered all,  
    Beneath fair Orient skies ;  
Breast-plates, all rough with garnets,  
    And glittering like bright stars,  
With well-stitched leathern helmets,  
    Enwrought with golden bars ;  
Six hundred scarlet mantles,  
    Of hunting spears ten score,  
Stout hatchets of black basalt,  
    Full fifty pair and more ;  
Two hundred silver bucklers,  
    With red gold edged all round,  
And gems for ear and finger  
    In white bright silver bound ;  
Bracelets, and torques, and tunicks,  
    Lances with sharp stone heads,  
Blue-coloured swords, with ivory knobs,  
    And robes with golden threads ;  
Long ashen pikes that glittered,  
    Like moonbeams on the snows,  
And thin swan-feathered arrows,  
    With quivers and bent bows ;  
A hundred fire-eyed falcons,  
    Well-trained to cleave the air ;  
A hundred mares for breeding,  
    And rams with fleeces fair ;  
Spear-heads of dark gray granite,  
    Two hundred full they found,  
With flint heads for long arrows,  
    And many a deep-mouthed hound ;

A hundred gold-fringed cassocks,  
Ten brazen chandeliers,  
With five score strong and shining reins,  
And five score sharp blue spears ;  
And vast uncounted treasure,  
The wealth of many lands,  
Piled up within the Castle's walls  
By strong and skilful hands :  
The mighty Red-Branch Cheiftains,  
The flower of Innisfoyle,  
Bore in their ships from Alba's isle  
To Erie rich in spoil.  
But brighter still, and brighter  
Than gold or jewelled prize,  
The fair Blanaid, the stolen maid,  
With heaven in her soft eyes.

Away and over the ocean  
The curved black galleys sped,  
While wind and wave their thin keels drave,  
And fast as hawks they fled.  
And now they range the prizes,  
To choose as each one may,  
When outspake wily Conrigh,  
Clothed in his robe of gray.

“ Hear me, ye Red-Branch Cheiftains,  
Ye valiant warriors, hear ;  
And you, O great Cuchullain,  
Who sware an Oath of fear,  
Fallen is the mighty Fortress,  
And by *my* hand it fell ;

Here stand the gorgeous treasures,—  
 Here *I* who broke the spell.

“ And now, ye noble chieftains,  
 Remember what ye sware—  
 The richest jewel of my choice,  
 Is destined for *my* share.  
 By the Sun and Moon ye sware it,  
 By many an Awful Name,  
 By the viewless Winds and solemn Waves,  
 And by the Sacred Flame ;  
 And here, ye Red-Branch Chieftains,  
 The richest gem I claim.”

Out spake the Red-Branch Cheiftains,  
 Out spake Cuchullain wise—  
 “ Choose as thou wilt, O stranger Knight,  
 Be thine the choicest prize.”  
 Loud laughed the wily Conrigh,  
 He touched the blushing maid—  
 “ *This* is the rarest jewel,  
 The beautiful Blanaid !”

Red flushed the brave Cuchullain,  
 With still and stern surprise,  
 His fiery soul, like lightning forked,  
 Flashed from his midnight eyes.  
 And all his valiant warriors  
 Stood round about amaz'd ;

But silent stood false Conrigh,  
As on the maid he gazed.

Robed in the light of beauty,  
And red and white by turns,  
Her blushes seemed like roses,  
Budding o'er cold death-urns.  
She stood like some sad marble,  
By sculptor hands portrayed ;—  
Ah, me ! ah, me ! I fear for thee,  
Thou beautiful Blanaid.

And still beside the maiden,  
False Conrigh, gazing, stands,  
In his gray magic mantle,  
With still and folded hands.  
It was a sight of sadness,  
To see that silent pair—  
*She* like a spirit come from heaven,  
*He* like a fiend of air.

Then from the brave Cuchullain,  
These words like thunder burst—  
“Avaunt, and quit the maiden—  
Avaunt, thou vile accurst !  
Take all my richest treasures—  
Gold—jewels—armour, take ;  
All that thy false heart chooses :  
The maid thou shalt not take.”

Then outspake wily Conrigh—  
“O perjured prince, beware,

Before these Red-Branch Chieftains  
An Oath of dread you swear.  
And here I claim the maiden,  
To be my lawful prize ;  
Accurst of gods and men be he,  
Who now my claim denies.

And I will take the maiden  
From thee, false chief, perforce,"  
He said, and placed the maiden,  
Right on his coal-black horse.  
Away—away—Cuchullain  
Rushed from his lofty throne,  
But ere he reached the greensward,  
The fair Blanaid was gone.

East and west, and north and south,  
The Red-Branch Knights pursued,  
Through hill and vale, and lawn and dell,  
And sylvan solitude ;  
Through shadowy glens they wandered,  
And by the sounding shore ;  
Through the leafy gloom of the forests,  
In vales and caverns hoar.  
Night and day, and day and night,  
In sunshine, storm, and shade ;  
But never more those Chieftains brave  
Beheld the fair Blanaid.

Twelve Birds fly over the ocean—  
Twelve Birds with coal-black wings—



From the wild North Sea they are flying  
Hither like ominous things ;  
Hoarse and harsh are their screamings,  
Sharp and shrill they shriek,  
They mutter and croak like guilty souls,  
As they perch on a mountain's peak.

Then uprose brave Cuchullain,  
He drew his elk-horn bow,  
And the string whirred loud as the arrow  
Leapt at its wingèd foe.  
And the twelve strange Birds screeched wildly,  
As up in the air they rose ;  
But home to the heart went the arrow,  
And thick the life-blood flows.

Down to the earth the arrow,  
Fell with the stricken bird ;  
Never a single groan he gave,  
Never a wing he stirred.  
Horribly shrieked his comrades  
As they saw him tumble dead ;  
Up in the dark deep glens of the sky,  
With screams of woe they fled.

Then laughed the brave Cuchullain,  
As the strange Birds took their flight,  
Clanked on his back his quiver,  
While he followed them day and night—  
Day and night without ceasing,  
Wherever the strange Birds flew,

Till he passed twelve fertile counties,  
And in each a Bird he slew.  
And he rested in Momonia,  
In a forest of old Srabh Bhreen ;  
For three whole days the hero dwelt  
Alone in the wild wood green.

On the fourth day Cuchullain  
Rose from his sylvan lair,  
And whither and whither shall he go,  
In search of the absent Fair ?  
For twelve long months had he journeyed,  
Yet never the nymph had found :  
Oh ! lives she still on the happy earth ?  
Or sleeps in the cold black ground ?

By the sweet Fionghlas he wandered—  
That river as crystal clear—  
When he was aware of a soft sad voice,  
That rose from an arbour near—  
A voice like that heavenly music,  
Stole on his anxious ear :—  
And a harp's low gentle breathings  
Were wafted upon the wind ;  
And the song was a song of sorrow—  
The plaint of a moaning mind.

And it was a song of sorrow,  
The lay of a broken heart,  
Murmured to weeping music,  
Artless and void of art.

Murmured to weeping music,  
And blent with tears and sighs ;  
Murmured to weeping music,  
That drowned in grief the eyes.

Oh ! who is the gentle Damselle,  
That sings such a moving song ?  
Oh ! who is the craven traitor  
Hath done such Damselle wrong ?  
Out with thy brand, Cuchullain !  
Flesh well thy biting blade !  
The traitor he is false Conrigh,  
The dame is the fair Blanaid.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain,  
As he fell on his bended knee :  
“ O Ladye ! I am thine own true lord,  
Smile gently down on me,  
And fly with me from this traitor—  
And fly with me from thrall—  
And thou shall sit in my palace,  
And rule my chieftains all !”

Then spake the startled Damselle :  
“ Grant Heaven, thou dearest knight,  
That I were with thee on the saddle-tree,  
Equipped for a speedy flight !  
That I were away from false Conrigh,  
Whose love my soul detests”—  
The tears they fell from her sweet eyes  
Into her roseate breasts.

"Oh ! where is now my father ?  
 My mother that tended me,  
 When I was a little innocent babe,  
 And nursed upon her knee ?  
 And where are all my brothers—  
 My brothers that loved me well ?  
 And where are my gentle sisters ?—  
 All—all in the narrow cell !"  
 Down on the grass the Damselle fair,  
 In swoon of sadness fell.

Then outspake brave Cuchullain :  
 "Mine own beloved Blanaid,  
 Fly hence with me this moment,  
 Nor stand thou thus dismayed."  
 "No, no," quoth the Damselle, weeping,  
 "Not now bethink of flight,  
 'Twere vain to 'scape false Conrigh,  
 Clothed in his magic might.  
 But hearken, dear Cuchullain,  
 Heed well the words I say—  
 Gather thy forces far and wide,  
 And, on the thirtieth day,  
 Encamped in yonder forest,  
 Watch well the river clear,  
*When its stream runs white*, with main and might,  
 Charge, as thou hold'st me dear,  
 For I will lull false Conrigh  
 To sleep in that same hour ;  
 And I will hide his mantle gray,  
 And sword of demon power.

Ten thousand of thy chieftains  
Were vain against his charm :  
Ten thousand of thy chieftains  
Would melt before his arm.”  
She said—and then stood silent ;  
He kissed her lily-white hand,  
And went his way rejoicing  
To the King of all the land.

Thirty days have passed and gone,  
And brave Cuchullain lies,  
With a band of chosen Chieftains,  
Concealed from prying eyes.  
He lies in the oaken forest,  
In the trees and tall thick grass  
That grows in emerald richness,  
Beside the clear Fionghlas.

Thirty days have passed and gone,  
False Conrigh lies in sleep,  
And by his side the fair Blanaid  
Doth anxious vigil keep.  
She hath stolen his magic mantle,  
She hath stolen his magic sword,  
She pants for the happy moment  
That will bring her soul's adored.  
A little footpage then enters  
Softly on tiptoe ;  
And he gives her a golden token,—  
“Thine errand well I know.”  
She spake, and swiftly gliding,  
On the waters' brink she stood,

And over its bank she poured the milk,  
Till it whitened the clear cold flood ;  
And the Knight and his anxious Chieftains  
Leapt from the shaggy wood.  
On, like the rush of a tempest,  
The mighty warriors came—  
On, like the sweep of a tempest dark,  
With thunder girt and flame ;  
Into the sleeping palace  
Like some wild sea they roll ;  
Cuchullain took false Conrigh's life,  
The demons took his soul.

And now the brave Cuchullain,  
Hath carried his fair Blanaid  
To his own good moatèd fortress,  
And there the lovers stayed.  
In a rosy dream of gladness,  
Their happy moments flow—  
They heed not the coming evil,  
The dark impending blow.

Farcartnè, Conrigh's minstrel,  
An oath of dread he swore,  
That he would seek the Damselle  
Twelve times the island o'er.  
And if he found the Damselle,  
He swore that she should die ;  
Then muttered he low a wondrous spell,  
And there were sounds of joy in hell,  
And tears in heaven on high.

Six times o'er the green-faced island,  
The fierce Farcartnè passed ;  
Sharp and sure, wherever he went,  
His vengeful looks were cast.  
Six times he missed the Damselle,  
Yet never felt despair—  
He followed her like a vulture  
That sniffs the blood in the air.

Till, on a summer evening,  
In the rich and golden light,  
A gallant companie he spied,  
On Rinchin Beara's height ;  
A troop of fairest ladyes,  
With many a princely knight,  
And shining midst these ladies,  
As shines the queen-like moon,  
Stood fair Blanaid—the minstrel,  
Farcartnè, marked her soon.

Like a fair courteous minstrel,  
Farcartnè clomb the height—  
Like a fair and courteous minstrel  
He played for dame and knight.  
Slowly he moved to the Damselle,  
And lowly still he bowed—  
So moves to a star of splendour  
A thunder-laden cloud.

And now he stands beside her,  
And now he clasps her tight ;

The Damselle screamed as the minstrel  
 Leapt from the dizzy height.  
 The Damselle and the Minstrel,  
 They perished in that day ;  
 Their bodies are dashed to pieces,  
 Their souls are passed away !



### Lokman.

There is a tale in Arab chronicles,  
 Which, were I king, I would have carved on gold,  
 And set upon a pillar in my city,  
 To cure the ambitious of his hot disease.  
 And thus it runs : As Lokman sate one day  
 And worked at carpentry, the trade he lived by,  
 A host of Angels entered, and in words  
 Celestial blessed him, but he saw them not ;  
 And so he made no answer. Then arose  
 An Angel like a sunbeam, and thus spake :  
*We are the Messengers of God on high,  
 Who made the Universe and formed all creatures ;  
 And He hath sent us with this message hither,  
 To tell thee to lay by thy plane and saw,  
 And chisel, and go forth and govern men,  
 And be a king—God's viceroy upon earth.*  
 Then ceased the Angel, and the other Angels  
 Murmured divine assent, and filled the place



With heavenly radiance from their virgin eyes.  
 Lokman made answer thus in words of gold :  
*If God commands that I shall be a king,*  
*His high command must be indeed fulfilled,*  
*And He will give me grace to be a ruler*  
*Not all unworthy of the will of God ;*  
*And He will help me when I need his help,*  
*And He will give me wisdom, justice and strength.*  
*But if the liberty of choice be given*  
*To me to choose between a crown and plane,*  
*I would abide within this humble cell,*  
*And earn my bread by labour of my hands.*  
*This only do I ask of God, my Lord,*  
*To guide and guard me from all thought of sin ;*  
*For if I should offend Him, all the state*  
*And pomp of earth would be to me as nought.*  
 So Lokman spake, and all the Angels heard  
 And were delighted with the goodly speech.  
 God also heard its music high in heaven,  
 And smiled upon his throne, and bowed the head,  
 And gave to Lokman two celestial crowns,  
 Outdazzling all the diamond crowns on earth,  
 Knowledge and Wisdom, which so graced his soul,  
 That no man ever spake more beauteously  
 Than Lokman, son of Bâour, in his day.

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### Æschylus.

Oh ! for a glimpse of that great lion-soul  
 That fought at Marathon, that flashed its fire

At Salamis, and Plataea ! Glorious Greek,  
How shall I speak thy praise ? how shall my pen  
Put forth a picture of thy godlike nature ?  
We who, in this material age of Mammon,  
Find ourselves in the vortex, and are borne  
Along the whirlpool with surrounding straws,—  
Machine-made mortals, with our fiery spirits  
Quenched into nothingness by creeds and shams,  
And lying mysteries, and glozing priests,  
And riddles called religions—how shall we  
Conceive an image of thine inner essence,  
Which, lighted by celestial flame, put forth  
Its great oracular wisdom, raising man  
From the corruption of an idol-faith  
Which dragged him hell-ward, to the clear pure heights  
Of true divinity, such as Zeus or God  
(I care not how ye name Him) meant that man  
Alone should pace, until he reached the goal  
Olympic, where his soul should ever live ?  
Or, if I could in words portray his picture,  
How should I hope this puny, peddling age  
Would recognize its kingliness and might ?  
Or see in him aught else than Athens saw,  
When, nose-led by her priests, she dared to call  
This worshipper of God a God-denier ?  
Well—well—so be it. So it ever is :  
The hero-hearted by the stones are stoned,  
And so ascend to God, and leave to man  
His horrid fanes and falsehoods ; while the base  
Who truckle to the madness of the crowd,  
And make the many their right willing tools,

Are borne along on thrones of ivory,  
In clouds of incense, and applauding cheers,  
Until they drop into the dread Abyss—  
Their bodies in Westminster or St. Paul's,  
Their souls immortal with the Father of Lies.

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### The Children of Lir.

In the King's Ancient Palace,  
Are nuptial-feast and rite,  
The princes, lords, and chieftains,  
Fair dame and fiery knight.  
High swells the harp's proud music,  
And high the voice of song ;  
And pass the silver beakers tall,  
From hand to hand along.  
A hundred sweet-voiced minstrels,  
That strike the harp, sit round ;  
A hundred white-haired Magi,  
In sable garments gowned ;  
With men-at-arms and esquires,  
And mimes and pages gay,  
And stout surcoated Heralds,  
In green and gold array.  
And many a gladsome greeting,  
Salutes the well-matched pair—  
Lir and the Ladye Eva,  
The monarch's daughter fair.

Lir and the Ladye Eva—  
Six years are passed and gone,

And with them Lady Eva—  
Her days, alas ! are done.  
She died in the prime of beauty,  
As dies a summer flower ;  
She died, like the fleeting rainbow,  
The child of sun and shower.  
But ere, like flower and rainbow,  
The Lady Eva died,  
Four gentle babes of beauty  
Were born from her fair side ;  
And as upon her death-bed,  
With heart that well nigh brake,  
She lay, she called her sister,  
And sadly thus she spake :  
“ O sister, sweetest sister mine,  
A mournful death I die,  
My breath is wasting fast and fast,  
Take thou my latest sigh.  
I feel the long grass growing,  
In dews above my breast ;  
I feel my limbs descending down  
To earth, to take their rest.  
To morrow’s dawn may see me,  
As cold as coldest clay,  
From thee and from my children dear,  
My spirit far away.

“ But sister, sweetest sister,  
My babes I leave to thee,  
Be thou to them a mother kind,  
And treat them tenderly,

As I, if thou wert dying,  
And those thy children were,  
Would for thy sake defend them,  
So hold them in thy care.”  
Fair Eva kissed her children,  
With lips as cold as stone,  
She turned her face unto the wall,  
And made her dying moan.  
And Aifie in that moment,  
Made many a solemn vow,  
Of love and sweet affection,  
And pressed that clay cold brow.

Lir and the Ladye Aifie,  
A year being passed and gone,  
They sit in the Ancient Palace,  
That shines as once it shone :  
Princes, and knights, and minstrels,  
Magi and ladyes fair,  
And glittering robe and tunick,  
And nuptial feast are there ;  
Wine in the silver beakers,  
And light from golden lamps,  
And mail-clad men, and banners bright,  
The spoil of hostile camps ;  
And festive mirth and gladness,  
And the purple-blushing bowl,  
And soft stolen looks of fondness,  
That spake the inmost soul.  
And from his throne the monarch  
Descends and joins their hands,

And every heart with gladsomeness,  
And happy hope expands.

Ah, me, for the Ladye Aifie !

The sad and solemn vow,  
She made that dying mother,  
Is all forgotten now.

The mother she lies sleeping,  
All in the cold black earth,

The sister she sits smiling,  
All in her nuptial mirth ;

The mother is dead and buried,  
Her soul is with her sires,

The sister sits exulting,  
In songs from golden lyres.

And little she heeds that midnight,  
When at the dying bed,  
She vowed her promise solemn and sad,  
Before the still and dead.

And often, yea, and often  
The thin and weeping Shade  
Of Ladye Eva rose from earth,  
Her sister to upbraid.

“ Thou heedest not my children,  
Thou heedest not thy vow,”—  
And Ladye Aifie’s envious heart  
Is filled with madness now.

And still they grew in beauty,  
Like fair young forest trees,  
Which open their bright and vernant leaves,  
To dew and sun and breeze.

They grew in strength and beauty  
As day succeeded day,  
Like stars shining out of heaven,  
As twilight fades away.

Away in her magic chariot  
The Ladye Aifie flew,—  
Away, away on the rustling winds  
Like waves that round her blew.  
And with her she bare those gentle babes  
Far off from mortal view ;—  
O'er vales, in hills sequestered,  
Through forests dark and deep,  
To lone Lough Derg she bare the babes  
Wrapped in a mystic sleep.

She stood by the shining waters ;  
And waved her enchanted wand ;  
And her stole of darkest sorcery  
The Ladye Aifie donned.  
She stood by the shining waters,  
That trembled beneath her spell ;  
For the waters of earth and the shapeless winds  
Knew Ladye Aifie well.  
And she struck the sleeping children  
Each with her wand of might ;  
Four Swans she saw before her,  
Stately and purely white.  
Four Swans of snow-white beauty,  
That waved their musical wings ;

Each with a sweet soft human voice,  
That, oh so sadly sings !  
Like the wild and mournful sougning  
Of winds through churchyard graves—  
Like the deep and solemn moaning  
That bursts from the midnight waves,—  
Like the sad and sorrowful sighing,  
Of gusts that force their way  
Through the long and echoing cloisters,  
Of mouldering abbeyes gray,—  
Like the voice of waters falling  
Through lonely glens at night,—  
Like the keene of the wailing women  
That search the field of fight.

Alas for the Ladye Eva !  
In the narrow bed she sleeps ;  
And the sad and drooping cypress tree  
Over her dark grave weeps.  
The lonely birds of the woodland,  
Around it whirl in flight ;  
The winds with their sorrowful voices,  
Wail over her tomb at night.  
The clouds drop their dews above her,  
The thistle bends his head,  
And these are the sole companions  
That cling round the cold and dead.

Alas for the Ladye Eva !  
Her babes she loved so well,  
Transformed to Swans by magical art—  
Alas ! where shall they dwell ?



And will not God rise up, and break  
     The chain of that fearful spell ?  
 And still their musical weepings  
     Pour through the echoing air,  
 A world of the saddest sorrows,  
     Of deep and dark despair.  
 O Swans of the snow-white pinions !  
     I weep your sad mischance ;  
 My soul is dark and sorrowful,  
     Like one in a deadly trance.

Now years have passed nine hundred,  
     Since that eventful day,  
 And the Swans have fled from Moyle's brown stream,  
     To the shores of the clear Lough Neagh.  
 And plaintive are their weepings,  
     And wildly sweet their songs ;  
 And men repeat with sorrowful lips  
     The story of their wrongs.

And Lir and the agèd monarch  
     Have gone to the narrow bed ;  
 And thirty generations  
     Of that old race are dead.  
 The place in which they prided,  
     It knoweth them no more ;  
 They passed away like forest leaves,  
     Or the waves on the ocean shore—  
 The leaf that last year sprouted—  
     The wave that swelled to day,

In beauty and light alike are gone,  
And passed for ever and aye.  
So pass the generations  
Of peasants and of kings ;  
So fades away from this dream-like earth  
The light of mortal things.

Oh ! who is this white-haired Stranger,  
With solemn step and slow,  
With golden cross and mitre,  
And vestments pure as snow,  
And boys with bells of silver,  
And candles in the hand,  
With reverend tread advancing  
Along the pebbly strand ?

By the clear Lough Neagh he paces,—  
That tall and white-haired Man,  
And closely still those weeping Swans  
His eyes were seen to scan.  
And he raised his hands to heaven,  
And long devoutly prayed ;  
And thus to the Swans, with angel smile,  
The holy Stranger said :

“ O Swans of the snow-white pinions !  
Fly hither unto this place,  
For I have prayed to heaven for aid,  
To give ye the sign of grace.  
O Swans of the snow-white pinions  
Your hour of joy is nigh ;

Then hither unto this altar,  
I, Patrick, bid ye fly."

They came to the blessèd altar,  
And safely nestled there,  
And the Holy Man four crosses of gold  
Hung over their necks so fair.  
And he prayed to the Lord of Heaven  
To bless them evermore :—  
Their plumes fall off—their starry souls  
Through the crystal æther soar ;  
The Gates of Heaven are opened,—  
The Children enter in,  
To sit with the good for ever in bliss,  
Unstained by earthly sin.  
God grant that I, and all who hear,  
A like retreat may win.

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### The Golden Mountains.

The evening hour, the hour of silent spells,  
When all is holy calm in earth and heaven,  
And the sky like a vestal shines serene  
With loving eyes over the cradled sea.  
I linger in the green and forest glade ;  
The sun descends into the radiant West,  
Behind the purple masses darkly rich  
Of the cloud curtains which conceal his orb  
From longing mortals ; and as beam on beam

Darts from the lightning spheres of his bright eyes  
And paints the arching sky with opal tints,  
I feel my spirit borne away from earth  
Into the Golden Mountains of Delight,  
Into the forests, glens, ravines, and vales  
Where Angels dwell, where dwell the hosts of heaven.

Beautiful Mountains ! there shall be an hour  
When for the last time I shall see your peaks,  
Bathed in the sunset splendour, when those eyes  
That now, delighted, gaze upon your brightness  
Shall take their parting view of ye and earth,  
And ye shall shine, while I shall pass away  
From life, from love, from songs, from books, from flowers,  
And the green forest and the ocean stream,  
Yea, all that reconciled my soul to clay ;—  
Yet shall your memory dwell with me for ever,  
Whether I soar in starry flight on high,  
Or sink into the darkness ; radiant still ;  
Pictures of God himself, etched on the soul,  
Burning with light, and majesty, and love,  
Like all that flows from that omnipotent hand.

The bright and living emerald—  
How beautifully in the sun it shines ;  
Every wavelet filled with life ;  
With a steady joyous pulse.  
Ten thousand vivid beams,  
The sparkling glances of its joy,  
Rise into the crystal air,  
Kiss and bathe it in delight.

Muse, with the voice of beauty,  
Breathe thee into my spirit ;  
Let thy soul entwine itself in light,  
Around my beating brain.  
Come to me from yonder Mountains,  
Whose rose-peaks glitter above the blue ;  
Which even now receive the Sun  
In the winding of their splendid breasts.

So, on a sunset beautiful as this,  
Before the frowning walls of lofty Troy  
Achilles, in his tent, mused by the sea,  
His dark eyes burning with a fire suppress'd :  
Around him stretched the camp, his war steeds grazed  
Idly upon the dewy sward ; but he  
Was desolate and sad ; for even now  
Fair-cheeked Briseïs left his side, and went  
With slow strand-clinging step and lingering look,  
And eyes with tears suffused, and stifled sobs,  
For so the King of Men had given command.  
But he, all heedless of the splendid orb,  
Whose glories lingered o'er the dark sea-green  
And heedless of Patroclus—half his soul—  
Fed on dark thoughts that ate into his heart.  
Thoughts blended full with love, revenge, and hate.  
But his eyes followed still that Form beloved ;—  
Followed her, as her white and purple robe  
Grew less and less distinct amid the crowds  
Of wondering soldiers, chariots, steeds, and dust ;—  
Followed her till she waned amid the dusk,  
In distance lost amid the cloud of tents.

Then, when she vanished wholly—how his heart  
Burst in one passionate cry, that reached the depths  
Of boundless ocean, from whose echoing caves  
Thetis arose with silver-glancing feet  
Above the crystal wave, and soothed her son  
With the soft hand of love—a mother's love ;  
Charming away his rage with music tones,  
Melting his harp-like spirit into tears.

O magic picture of chivalric days,  
That on the classic page, live, move, and burn,  
Vivid with force immortal. Who shall say  
What changes o'er the earth, that single image  
Of him th' Invulnerable, and the Brave,  
The stern in wrath, the true in love and faith,  
Have wrought : what revolutions in the brain  
Of th' hero-born have been in flame worked out  
By the high contemplation of that form  
That stands alone, supreme, sublime, superb,  
In Homer's royal limnings ? Like two gods  
From heaven descended, each in shining mail,  
He and plume-tossing Hector rise before  
The dazzled thought ; we see them grandly stride  
Over the plain with brazen phalanx filled,  
And raise the battle cry ; and watch their swords  
Descend and flash like meteors ; shield meets shield,  
Horses and men are mingled : on the walls  
Of far-off Troy, the aged princes stand,  
And Helen shines amid them—beauty's queen.

Once in the Troad—on an eve like this,

Glowing with light as Homer's lines themselves,—  
With light, and purple depths, and wondrous flushes,—  
I stood beside the mound, that holds the bones  
Of Pthia's King—my dreams were of the past,  
My brain was wildered, and in visions old  
I wandered, as in ruins grand and holy,  
Or in a city of tombs,—whose phantoms start  
At every turn : phantoms of princely mien,  
And proudly solemn aspect. As I mused  
Methought from out that barrow, rose a Shade  
Majestic in its beauty ; like a god  
In youth and glory of its eyes and brow ;  
Sadly the Phantom smiled on me, and waved  
His mighty arm ; and pointed to the wound  
And arrow in his heel ; as if he felt  
More the base breach of knightly faith, and troth  
Even than the poisoned shaft that brought him death.  
Then to the distant hills he looked where once  
The towers of Troy arose—now a wild plain  
Of sheep and goats—disdain was in his eye,  
He smiled in scorn—and passed away : my heart  
Confessed his presence, and was still,—and still.

Lo ! the sweet-voiced Mountain Nymphs  
Glide along the flashing peaks,  
Or through woodland landscapes stray,  
Or beside the glimmering wave  
On the crocus banks reclining  
Watch the rose-leaves which they fling  
Like sweet thoughts upon the stream,  
From the grove of trees the birds  
Sing, and lap their souls in bliss.

Beautiful, like some orient land of light,  
 Imparadised in orient poet's dream,  
 All golden, all ethereal, rosy-clothed,  
 Bright orange, melting into azure faint  
 But clear as that which beams in childhood's eyes,  
 The Hesperian world of faërie thought is seen.  
 Crowning the dark-blue waters, that beneath  
 The peaks of pink, silver and saffron, roll.  
 And now the blue changes to darkest green  
 Crested with breaking waves, that gleam snow white  
 Upon their crests ; and now to purple-red  
 The Sun-God with a glance transforms the wastes.

Even as great Andes towering high to heaven  
 And diademed with silver crowns of light,  
 Fortresses huge, by hands Titanic raised,  
 The tall pyramidal clouds rise from the sea  
 Piling their vastnesses of jagged peak,  
 Minaret, dome, and dragon-formed fronts  
 Into one grand and gorgeous moving mass  
 That in its varying brightness, and its daze  
 Of myriad-melting colours puts to shame  
 That daughter of the Sun, Thaumantia named.

How grand, how beautiful the path of light,  
 That stretches its broad line o'er the blue wave  
 Extending from the splendid dazzling West  
 Up to the silver beach that at my feet  
 Is kissed by the sweet murmuring nymphal wave  
 Like golden waters rippling into gems.  
 Or like an avenue with diamonds paved,



And destined to be trodden by the feet  
Of airy Naiāds, is that beaming road.  
Could I but glide across its quivering crests—  
Oh ! could I flit upon its luminous ridge  
Of hyaline, and so, with Hermean flight  
Find myself bosomed in yon beckoning hills,  
Find myself lapped within their roseate glens,  
Find myself winged with air, or light as flame.  
O vernal Winds, can ye not waft my soul  
That white-winged boat, into the port it seeks ?  
There underneath the stars, the virgin choirs,  
With roses garlanded, the dance prolong,  
Till the white moon her glorious orb on high  
Unveils in all its brightest lamp-like glow.  
While others dream away in myrtle bowers,  
And hear the fabling Faunus on his pipe  
Breathe forth love-legends ; by their crystal founts  
The Graces sit, and to the rippling falls  
Add their sweet symphonies of song and laugh,  
While their dark eyes shine brighter in the dark  
As if they challenged the star-beaming heaven.

Again I look—and all is changed. Where now  
The colours of the rainbow blent, and heaven  
Seemed one kaleidoscope of changing prisms,  
An arch of sapphire crowns the glistening sea,  
A veil of blue, transparent, soft and clear,  
Such as the hand of God alone can paint ;  
Beneath its gentle spell the waters sleep,  
Their very breathing lulled into a song  
As musical as that which echo wakes,

When in the far-off hills,—so far remote  
That to the eye they seem to mix with air,—  
Some wild faint shepherd-melody pours forth  
Its trembling strains, and distant vales and glens  
Repeat the warble, and the birds of song  
Sit silent in the trees, with wonder filled  
At those new harmonies, so soft, so sweet—  
So the faint chime of waves steals on the ear,  
Its droning sweetness murmuring like the tone  
Of some loved voice that charms one into sleep.

How lovelily the mingled lines of sable  
And golden-hued vermillion melt and blend  
Into vales, lawns, fortresses, lakes and domes  
Of living beauty: what a dream-like peace,  
Calm, and sublime repose broods over all,  
Even as the Spirit o'er the Ocean moved  
When God commanded, and the world sprang forth.  
Oh! what divine, wondrous, ethereal shapes  
Of heaven-flashing brightness, live and breathe  
Within those Palaces of melting light,  
Enchanting, myriad-tinted, mingling ever  
Into a picture of surpassing forms.

Hark!—Hark! what melody—a voice of song,  
Beauteously intertwined with the flute's note,  
Glides o'er the waters; wakening in my soul  
Exquisite figures, that like lights and shades  
From lambent fires, flit o'er its opal depths;  
In rich and golden clouds methinks they move,  
And step as trippingly o'er their flashing crests.

As the Numidian crane of airy tread,  
Like diamond dew-drops twinkle their white feet,  
Or as the silver gushing of a brook  
That dances warbling over sand and pebble.  
And now again that magic music comes !  
Is it god Pan, disporting o'er the sea  
With his loved pipe ? I listen, and am lost  
In dream, in reverie, in a wild swoon ;  
And am for the moment as a living harp  
Or flute through which divinest echoes breathe,  
Or an Æolian lyre, the sport of winds,  
That wake it into wild, soft, dying strains,  
That know not Art, but utter tremulous sounds,  
As the rose-kissing Zephyrs touch the chords.

And now the winds sweep o'er the dark blue wave ;  
Their ridges roll in sinuous winding fold,  
As if a silvery serpent glid through each.  
Afar, afar, and yet afar I look,  
Until the azure line blends with the sky,  
Which seems to stoop and kiss and clasp it in ;  
While o'er the horizon rise the massive towers  
Of cloud, massed into mountains, grand, sublime,  
Broken, abrupt, with breaking toppling heights,  
Gigantic splendours piled of gold and gems  
That flash ten thousand colours ; while aloft,  
In the magnificent arch of span supreme,  
The softened beauty of gray light is seen,  
A light illumed by faintly-gleaming stars,  
Caught, as if we could catch a transient glimpse  
Of angels hurrying with the words of God,

To other spheres, to distant spirit-orbs ;  
Deeper and darker fall the curtain-shades ;  
Softer the winds breathe o'er the quivering floor  
Of hyaline, while still the mountain-chains  
Of vast colossal grandeur, glory, gloom,  
Tower o'er the far horizon, which beneath  
Their awful brows grow black. O silent Mountains,  
Would that I were within your bosoms deep :  
Would that I wandered by your silver Lakes.

Lo, as I gaze methinks I see the Titans,  
Gyges, Briareus, Cottus, forms of chaos,  
So vast, so terrible, so indistinct.  
These are the dwellers in those wondrous Halls,  
These are the kings of mighty form, for whom  
Those glorious structures rise high in the arch,  
Step after step of living fiery gold,  
Cloud upon cloud threatening the Thrones sublime.  
Lo ! where the hundred-handed pass in vapour  
With stride stupendous ; their colossal forms  
Equal the night in grandeur : pride and lust  
Of sway, flames out in glance and iron mien,  
Defiant of the Lightning-wielder. Thus  
In that great war they stood, when hot with rage,  
Forth from the dark in phalanx fierce they stepped,  
Each wielding in his iron hand a rock,  
Vast as a world, with which Olympus self  
They shook, and all its battlements sublime  
Quivered beneath the onslaught. So like mists  
Or clouds laden with thunders, in the fray  
The Olympians mingled with these Sons of Night ;

And lightning-bolts flashed through the trembling skies,  
And tempests rocked the spheres, and tumult raged,  
And all was horror, madness, hate, and fear,  
Till the Omnipotent from the vaulted sky  
Hurtled his fury, and in brazen bonds  
Bound them in Tartarus, and mount on mount  
Piled o'er their prostrate forms grim in defeat.

By waves like these, in such an hour and mood  
His gray eyes peering into boundless space  
Sate Newstead's Childe—while o'er the purple dashed  
His fearless barque, and spray from every surge  
Was wafted to that pale and dreamy cheek :  
And his tears mingled with the foaming blue.  
Sorrow enfolds his spirit ; pride and pain  
Contend within his heart ; and dark remorse.  
His wandering thoughts fly back to Annesley's hill  
And antique hall, and to that careless eye  
Which cast on him, beheld not aught to win  
Her maiden heart, that lavished all its love  
On a tall squire whose horse was all his care ;  
A lout in scarlet drapery, whose hound  
In Nature's order was a higher beast.  
How in the boundless beauty of that sea  
He laps his weary soul, as if it drank  
Content and resignation : till in dream  
Or trance of ecstasy all things of earth  
Become a vapour hardly worth a thought :  
The smile of woman but a passing ray,  
Seen and forgotten, in the mighty Sphere  
Of aims and hopes, in which the spirit soars,

Feeling itself a thing divine, a part  
Of God, and of the breathing Universe.

Now in a pyramid reversed, of fire  
The golden Sun, sinks into Oceans' lap  
While burns the heaven, with flame, transparent flame,  
Melting, as rainbow tints, mingle and melt,  
Into a saffron softness—now he's gone—  
And the tall masts stand out against the sky,  
And every rope is clear, distinct, defined,  
Against the delicate yellow western gleam ;  
And the huge waggon rolls along the fields,  
Its canvas no more glittering in the sun.

Thus as I looked, and lapped my soul in heaven,  
Bathing in Amrit Fountains of sweet thought,  
And winged as 'twere with wine o' the gods, I saw  
A Phantom beckoning to me from the Star  
Of Venus ; in the purple bright she shone  
As though the sun looked through her virgin form,  
And fairer than the fairest child of woman  
With her dove eyes she looked on me, and smiled.  
O gods, what love was in that magic glance  
Of morning roses ; what wild wandering pictures  
Passed through my brain, evoked by that sweet smile.  
I could not rest—my spirit was all flame ;  
I could not think—my heart, my brain were fire ;  
I soared away as if on eagle plumes  
Into the spheres—the starry-beaming lands  
Where that bewitching Phantom held her court.  
On—on—through skies, o'er clouds, through fiery mists,  
And amid gleaming lakes of light, I passed

Still, still enamoured, still with eyes upraised  
 To the blest Star, which was the happy home  
 Of the Enchantress.

As I wandered on  
 Dazzled by all around—a Rainbow gleamed ;  
 Her crown of jewels spanned the brow of eve  
 Making the beautiful more beauteous still ;  
 And from the radiant mist, a Nymph stepped forth,  
 With airy floating robe, and myrrh-like locks ;  
 And then I knew 'twas Iris—thus she spake.  
 Mortal ! what brings thee to these fields of air ?  
 Love, love, I answered—mighty restless love ;  
 Love for a dream—a phantom—a desire  
 I cannot speak—read, read my throbbing heart,  
 View on it printed as in light and flame  
 That image of my passion. Her I seek  
 Oh ! canst thou lift me to her ? In yon Sphere  
 Of Splendours she abides ; and from that Sphere  
 She looked on me.

My fainting faltering tongue  
 Could say no more : I trembled in the fear  
 Of an absorbing spell. The Nymph came near,  
 And raised and kissed me with her scarlet lips.  
 In yonder Golden Mountains, loved so long,  
 And contemplated often, we may find  
 The lost one whom thou lovest : come with me.  
 So on the rainbow arch we fled, and quick  
 Amid the sunset splendours of those peaks  
 I found myself ; and was again alone :  
 Iris had gone—she vanished like a star,  
 That is, and is not—then my heaven grew dark,

And though these golden glories were around  
In all their grandeur, and entrancing rays  
Still was I lonely—still I walked in night,  
For the bright Phantom was invisible yet.

In that delicious spell of light and love  
I had a Dream—a Vision of the Past,  
The storied splendid Dwellers of the skies,  
Borne in an element of fiery light  
And flowery chariots from æthereal heaven  
Flashed full before me.

I was in the Isle  
Panchaia named, an Isle in eastern seas  
Beauteous and fertile, rich with sacred groves  
Of laurel, myrtle, cypress, ilex, palm ;  
And fed with crystal fountains, which ran on  
Until they all in one bright whole converged  
Which the men called the Waters of the Sun.  
Methought I basked upon its shaded banks,  
The sun shone splendidly through rifts of trees,  
The climbing vine with purple bunches crowned,  
Formed a green canopy beneath whose arch  
Of vernant laughing leaf I lay at length,  
Likening the violet grapes to the dark eyes  
Of sportive maids that in the sunlight dance,  
Themselves as fair as sunbeams ; flowed the streams  
In music, and in music sang the birds ;  
Perfume was wafted on the wingèd winds,  
Beauty wrapped all things in her starry fold.

And first appeared the King of gods and men,



The thunder-bearing Zeus, his ægis-shield  
 Flashing forth lightnings ; on his brow sublime  
 Omnipotent majesty seemed throned in flame,  
 He walked—he rode in clouds ; with hand that grasped  
 The sceptre ; by his side an Eagle stood  
 With eye fire-breathing, and with talons fierce,  
 As though it clutched the world within its grip.  
 With Zeus was dark-haired Neptune, emerald crowned,  
 The bearer of the trident, robed in blue,  
 Borne in a chariot through the liquid air  
 Which many flashing dolphins drew, while round  
 Tritons and Nereids made sea-music sweet :  
 And the sail-fluttering ocean seemed to smile.  
 Pluto came next, drawn on his Steeds of Darkness,  
 With nostrils breathing terror ; on his brow  
 A crown that burned like fire, and in his eyes  
 A grandeur terrible that awed the soul  
 Into a silence deep and dark as death.  
 And as this mighty Triad passed in cloud  
 And thunder-mist, and meteor light that flashed  
 From East to West, from North to the far South,  
 A mystic spell bound down my soul in chains,  
 I longed to speak, but could not.

After these

Came stately Herè, Heaven's imperial Queen ;  
 Her ivory chariot by twin peacocks drawn,  
 That flashed eye-dazzling splendours ; she was crowned  
 With bright and starry flowers, as well beseemed  
 The bride of Zeus, and in her mien shone strength  
 And majesty and loveliness, as when

On Ida's summit, rich with dewy lote,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, and fresh grown herbs,  
 She lay enwreathed within a purple cloud  
 And Zeus was happy with her. Ares next  
 Impetuous, gold-helmed, armour-clothed was seen,  
 His tossing plume waved amply on the winds,  
 His spear like lightning death or terror flashed :  
 Near him was Pallas with her shining shield,  
 And crested bow and corslet grand with gold,  
 But in her plume an olive wreath was set,  
 And on her brow the heavenly stamp of mind,  
 For she alone of all the Immortal Gods  
 Was born from the great head and brain of Zeus,  
 Whereat he poured a shower of roses red  
 On Rhodes the sacred Island of the Sun.  
 With her was Hermes, beautiful and young,  
 Hat-winged and sandal-plumed, with mystic wand  
 Girt round by serpents ; Maïa's son by Zeus,  
 Brought forth in Arcady's sequestered hills,  
 And fed by Herè from her own fair breasts.  
 Whose drops have formed the Starry Way of Milk.  
 Celestial Messenger from gods to men,  
 Whose eloquent tongue the wandering planets sways.  
 Well I remember when the sun shone bright  
 Over the pastoral plains, that Maïa sought  
 The cooling stream ; she went into the wave,  
 Which clasped her round, and shone with double bright-  
                   ness  
 As though the moon were imaged on its glass,  
 But while she bathed, and heeded not her robes,  
 The infant Hermes plotting wily pranks

Crept on the beach and stole them : much perplext  
 Was beauteous Maïa when she knew the theft,  
 And saw the Pans sly peeping through the trees,  
 But Zeus concealed her in a rosy cloud,  
 And spake to Hermes, Boy restore the robes  
 Or I will send a wasp to sting thee ; so  
 The waggish urchin laughing much obeyed.

Now, as this wondrous Vision floated past,  
 Methought I was with Venus ; by her side  
 Was Cupid, and a choir of dazzling Nymphs,  
 And some were fair and golden as the dawn,  
 And some in dark-eyed starry splendour gleamed ;  
 So from the crowd advancing Venus came,  
 And spake, and made me drunken with her words.

VENUS.

Child of the Sun—for in thine eyes I read  
 Thy birth celestial,—how hast thou come hither ?  
 And why ?

POET.

I know not how I hither came,  
 Nor why—but in thy presence I am blest ;  
 Thine eyes, thy voice, all that is in and round thee  
 Are as ambrosia to my wearied heart.

VENUS.

These are the Golden Mountains ; art thou one  
 Of the Blest Children of this fair abode ?

## POET.

I know indeed they are the Golden Mountains :  
And long and ardently have I longed to soar  
Into their hidden beauties—but I am not  
A child of their Enchanted Caves, but one  
Who from the distant Earth has often gazed  
Upon them till I felt in thought inspired  
That I should some day pierce their magic depths,  
And bear back tidings to my own Dark Sphere  
Of the Divine and Beautiful and True,  
That in these mystic and enchanted hills  
Dwell, like the forest nymphs of ancient days,  
Secluded, but most lovely. I have given  
Frank answer unto all that thou hast asked,  
And now may I propose a question ?

## VENUS.

What

Thou wouldst propound I know. I am the Queen  
Whom gods and men call Venus ; come with me  
And I will lead, and teach thee as thou wilt.  
Thus Venus spake, and stretching her white hand,  
I bent and kissed it ; then like beams of light  
We passed into the Mountains. By my side  
She soared, and with her Cupid, while behind  
Followed the Nymphs ; a heavenly music breathed  
Its spells around us ; whence or how it came  
I knew not, but I felt it glide like love  
Through the enchanted caverns of my heart,  
And I was mad with rapture.

Oh ! what scenes

Of exquisite beauty rose before us now—  
 What epics in the landscape. Through the air  
 We moved, but with a slow delightful pace,  
 As if the spells of each succeeding scene  
 Charmed us with magic force to linger still  
 Amid their loveliness, and drink of all  
 The cups enchanted which they filled and held.

VENUS.

Look on this Forest beautiful and green ;—  
 A thousand trees of every blooming colour  
 Make up its perfect picture—these were once  
 Hesperian shepherds, handsome as Apollo,  
 When at the dawn he mounts his golden sell  
 And urges on his splendour-snorting Steeds.

LEIRIOPE.

How came they thus transformed from youths to trees ?

VENUS.

It happened thus. Diana and her nymphs  
 Feasted one day beside this silver stream,  
 And when the evening star flashed forth, they danced  
 In many-winding choirs, while song and lute  
 Resounded sweetly, and they skipped o'er ropes  
 Of many-coloured flowers which they plucked  
 And wreathed together while they sat at feast.  
 Thus like the dancing stars they moved in light,  
 And every planet in the heaven stood still

To gaze upon them. Certain shepherd boys  
Came from the hills, and filled with vain conceit,  
Declared that they could dance and play as well ;  
So they began, and with their rustic skill  
Essayed to rival Queen Diana's nymphs :  
The sylvans laughed, the Silens clapped their hands  
In merriment at their awkwardness, the Pans  
Ran from the hills and made both plains and hills  
Re-echo with their mockeries ; so the youths  
Became incensed, and with rude quip and gesture  
Provoked Diana and her huntress train,  
Till with a word she changed them into Trees,  
And these are they beneath whose leaves we sit.  
And theirs is the wild music of lament  
Heard in the night, when winds the echoes wake,  
And sigh amid the leaves whose rustling murmurs  
Steal through the heart and melt the eyes to tears.

Still it extends, and still—a wild of foliage,  
Verdure, and flowers, freshness, dews and streams,  
Hillocks and banks with fragrant thyme o'erspread  
And wells that trickle like a shepherd's song,  
Through vales of laurel, roses, citron, myrtle,  
Orange and almond trees, and eastern jasmine.  
Here are wild caves, fringed o'er with dittany,  
And underneath their shadows violets blue  
As heaven's own arch, clouding the crystal air  
With perfumes. Did I see a Nymph or Naiad  
Vanish within that cavern, by whose side  
A fountain sparkles in the beaming sun,  
Or was it fancy ? Is the sound I heard

This moment but the echo of her laugh,  
As in the cool recess she disappeared,  
Or the soft silver cadence of the well  
That sinks into its basin 'mid the flowers?  
O glancing Phantom, re-appear in light,  
Gladden mine eyes and soul, and from thine eyes  
Infuse ambrosia through my passionate heart.

Hail to thee, ancient Forest—hail, ye planes,  
Rising like Titans underneath the Sphere,  
With arms entwined, and trunks enlaced with grape trees,  
That shake their glorious clusters at the Sun,  
And mock him till he showers his kisses on them ;  
And they are many-coloured in their beauty,  
Like the young nymphs of some proud king's hareem,  
Who court his smile with their dark languishing eyes ;  
Here is a bunch as yellow as bright amber ;  
And here another coloured like the rose ;  
Here purple red, with the violet vies, and here  
The muscadine flings out her tempting face,  
And says, Give *me* the apple—I'm the fairest.  
Blest were the man who in a sylvan scene  
Like this could pass his dreamy life away,  
Lulled to repose by nightingales in spring ;  
With no ambition but to sit supreme  
In one loved heart, and ever at his side  
The spirit fair that owned that loving heart.

Here in this grot, enveloped deep in roses,  
That formed a canopy as purple-bright  
As mantles round the Sun-god when he sets

In the lap of Thetis, saw we that famed Satyr,  
 Which with his magic chisel from hard stone  
 Praxiteles softened into exquisite life,  
 Upon its mouth and o'er its eloquent face  
 A smile, half love, half mockery, flitted, played,  
 A sunbeam darting o'er the crystal sea.  
 Gently his horns grew up and seemed to butt,  
 But not as if in malice ; sport and archness  
 Shone like a lambent flame through every limb  
 Charmed at the sight, we stood, and linked our eyes  
 To the fair Splendour, when the violet-tressed  
 Deep-bosomed Ino stopped, and with a voice  
 Melting away in music spake us so.

## INO.

Wonder not at this marble here enshrined  
 As some rare gem ; when Greece and Beauty died ;  
 We brought it hither ; a memorial sweet  
 Of love and genius. Phryne owned it once,  
 And thus she got it from the passioned Sculptor,  
 Who prized it more than all his other works.

And then she told us, how as once he knelt  
 Before that Grace of softly-flowing words,  
 Praxiteles breathed out his burning soul,  
 And Phryne said, Give me that work of works,  
 Which thou dost prize the most. The Lover said,  
 Take it, and it is thine. But she replied,  
 I know not that which thou dost prize the most,  
 Choose thou for me. But he would not, but said  
 Again and yet again, Take what thou wilt,



And it is thine. Now Phryne went and viewed  
The sculptor's workshop, a long summer's day.  
Graces and Naiads, Fauns, and Cupids there  
Were mixed in dazzling groups; and hero-forms  
Such as the Greeks gave to their glorious gods,  
And goddesses that seemed on silver feet  
To dance or glide, like birds amid the air;  
So Phryne, puzzled much, knew not on which  
To lay her rose-like hand, and say, Be this  
The gift I choose. And much her Lover laughed,  
And teased her, and when she pouted kissed her mouth,  
Until the pretty pout dissolved away  
Into a smile, that like the starred zone  
On Cytherea's bosom flashed around  
The enchantment of most perfect loveliness;  
So the time fled, and still and still in doubt,  
Phryne remained without her Lover's gift,  
And he still kept the statue which he loved  
Of all, the most, the jewel of his gems,  
The Satyr smiling underneath his horns.  
And Phryne longed and longed, and sore perplexed,  
Knew not on which to lay her rose-like hand.

A morn or two had come and gone again,  
Praxiteles was in the bath; a slave  
Red-hot with haste, anxiety and fear,  
Rushed to the place, and with a voice that scarce  
Could make its message known, Up—up—away—  
Thy workshop is on fire, and ruin whelms  
Thy choicest treasures. Quick as lightning leaps  
Out of the cloud, Praxiteles sprang up,

And as he donned his robe, exclaimed, Away,  
Save—save my Satyr—fly—my Satyr save.  
Quick as the wind the slave was gone ; and quicker  
Than any wind Praxiteles fled after.  
They reached the workshop—all was calm and still,  
And when the sculptor, mad with joy, beheld  
His Satyr safe, and clasped it to his heart,  
And threatened death to him who thus had given  
A false alarm that made his blood run cold,  
Phryne stepped forth, and said, Be mine the blame :  
I thought I'd find what thou didst prize the most,  
And now I take it ; saying this she laid  
Her rose-like hand upon the Satyr's head,  
And laughed a silver-sweet celestial laugh  
That almost made the marbles start to life.  
And what could poor Praxiteles do but laugh  
And own himself outwitted ? So she bore  
The statue home ; and ever from that hour  
She kept it in the chamber she most loved.  
And when Greece died, and Beauty died with Greece,  
The nymphs that in these Golden Mountains dwell  
Saved it from hands profane, and placed it here  
Bowered in roses, as its fitting place.

How fair this poplar blooms above this fountain,  
Its light leaves flutter softly in the breeze,  
The waters kiss its smooth and silvery trunk,  
Here once in days gone by stood Dryope,  
Than whom no lovelier Nymph moved o'er the plains  
That lie at Æta's feet—and her the Dryads  
Loved and made playmate, teaching dance and song,

And hymn divine to the high Olympic gods.  
Apollo saw and loved her, and transformed  
Himself into a tortoise : slow he moved  
Amid the flowers, while the maidens danced  
Beneath the vesper stars. Fair Dryope  
First saw the creature, and with lily hand  
She raised him from the ground : the other Nymphs  
Flocked where she held the god enwrapped in shells,  
And so they played with him, and with his eyes  
Of fire protruding, and small reptile head,  
Amused themselves ; but Dryope took up  
The tortoise, and in her bosom placed him. Quick  
As thought he grew a serpent, whereat all  
The pale-cheeked Dryads fled ; and Dryope  
Was left alone with the all-powerful god.  
And thus was Amphissos in time brought forth,  
And he indeed was king of all that land,  
And built a temple to Apollo bright.  
But when sweet Dryope came to the fane,  
The Hamadryads, loving still the Nymph,  
Surrounded her, and made her as themselves ;  
And bore her off with them to forest groves  
And glades on which the richest sunlight falls ;  
But left this poplar where she last was seen,  
And caused this silver well to bathe its roots,  
And keep the tree perennially in bloom.  
And here it was that beautiful Cyrenè  
Her rose-bright mornings passed, with hound and spear  
Pursuing lions from the mountain wilds.  
Once in the combat with the king of beasts  
Apollo saw her ; like a queen she stood

One leg drawn back ; fire in her flashing eyes ;  
Her mouth like iron : while with brass-bound lance  
She held the tawny monster still at bay,  
Nor heeded the dread thunders of his roar.  
Apollo saw her and to Cheiron called,  
As he sat playing in a deep arched cave,  
Who came and said, This nymph of lovely eyes  
Is destined for thine arms, by Fate's decree :  
And thou shalt waft her in thy golden chariot  
Over the ocean to the gardens fair  
Of Zeus i' the Libyan land,—and she shall bear  
A son to thee, whom Hermes will conduct  
To the glad Seasons on their ivory thrones,  
And there on nectar and ambrosia fed  
He shall grow up in beauty, light, and strength,  
Immortal as thyself, his sire divine.  
Apollo heard, and in his splendid car  
Drawn by white swans conveyed Cyrenè bright  
Into the Libyan land, where Aphrodite  
The silver-footed daughter of the waves  
Received the lovers, and with rose and lily  
And fragrant-smelling violet and thyme  
Spread their sweet bridal couch beneath the stars.

## POET.

Oh ! what a lovely Lake—it sleeps in light,  
And tranquil beauty, circled round by hills,  
With sweetness evergreen : how sweet it were  
To dwell for ever by its shining beach  
And muse in sunlight, tossing leaves and flowers  
Upon its bosom, and in dreamy thought  
Watch as they floated like wild birds through air.

INO.

In sooth it is most beautiful ; the hand  
 Of Heaven methinks hath tended it, and nursed  
 Its budding loveliness ; and formed it thus  
 To charm the eye, and soul of all who see  
 This faërie vision : as we speak, our words  
 Are echoed through the hills and deep ravines,  
 Melting away in music, as though they  
 Themselves had spoken ; as though trees and streams  
 Were wondering who we were, and why we came  
 Into this nest sequestered. See the birds  
 Flutter around us, in their wild surprise ;—  
 Why we have broken on their solitude ?

VENUS.

This is the Lake where dwell the Tylweth Têg,  
 The fairest family in the Cambrian land ;  
 And here they dwell, within a Rock that lies  
 I' the centre of this shining silver ring.

POET.

I see no Rock, although my eyes have sought  
 To look upon it like the gem o' the ring.

VENUS.

Thou canst not now behold it ; it is hidden,  
 And must remain for ever wrapped from sight.

INO.

But how is this ?

VENUS.

Hearken, and thou shalt know.  
 In the sweet days of summer long ago

The Tylweth Têg, were wont at certain times  
To open wide this Rock to all who dared  
To venture o'er the Lake and enter in.  
And blest indeed were they who did adventure,  
For passing through a Grotto they beheld  
The loveliest garden on the sphere of man,  
Flowers and fruits, and golden-singing birds,  
And lakes and music—all that could delight  
Eye, ear, or taste ; and here they passed their hours  
Delightedly in bright and heavenly dream,  
While the Fair Family, like glittering stars  
In beauty, tended all their wants, and gave them  
All that the fancy wished for : but with this  
Restriction only, that they should not carry  
Aught from the Garden to their earth : And so  
For many years these faërie hosts received  
And welcomed all who came, and sent them back  
Enchanted, and with memories that must gild  
All of their future days. At last it happed  
That one among the visitors, heeding not  
The law of the place, plucked an ambrosial Flower  
And hid it in his bosom : so he went  
And took his leave of those good faërie hosts,  
Who shewed no anger—for he was their guest—  
But when he landed on the rippled beach,  
He lost his senses—and the Flower fled back  
Over the waters to its happy Garden ;  
But never since that moment, has the Rock  
Been seen to open—never since hath any  
Ventured to seek that Bower of Delight,  
And though at times a broken strain of music

Wanders across the Lake, yet no sweet voice  
Is heard to summon thither any child  
Of man, to wander in that pleasant place.

POET.

Alas! that man should thus with will perverse  
Destroy the visions that give life its light.

VENUS.

So doth he ever. But recline with me  
Here in this fragrant Cavern, from whose cool  
Recess, we view the mountain hills, all green  
With beauty, where the wild goats browse or leap,  
They seem as 'twere to hang aloft i' the sky ;  
While on the winding slopes, a rich profusion  
Of varied shrubs is spread : the scarlet flowers  
Grow in such masses here and there through the green,  
As though 'twere dotted o'er with glittering scarves,  
Left by the Nymphs when flying from the Fauns.

POET.

Is there not music floating through this aisle  
Of living rock ? methinks it seems to breathe  
Sweetly as if Calypso's self were here,  
And whispering magic.

VENUS.

It is Pan a-piping  
Upon his reeds ; that once were Syrinx fair,

Whilome she wandered bee-like in the noon  
By Mount Lycæan, from the chase returning,  
And so was seen by Pan, who loved the Nymph,  
But when he asked her to return his love,  
She fled disdainingly : quick the god pursued  
That rainbow form, which while it sweetly shone  
Eluded his fond grasp ; at length she stood  
By Ladon's silvery stream ; her heart beat high  
For Pan was near, his eyes with passion hot,  
And hope exulting in his glittering smile,  
So to the River-Nymphs, she prayed, and lo !  
When Pan came up, he grasped a bunch of reeds  
Instead of her whose beauty he desired ;  
And while he sighed, his hot and panting breath  
Wakened sweet music from their echoing depths,  
So from that moment until now he bears  
His Syrinx with him, as a pastoral pipe,  
And breathes his love through it, in such sweet tones  
That hill and valley, forest, stream and glade  
Listen enchanted, nay the very stars  
Have caught the hymn divine and to its chime  
Dance in delight o'er heaven's purple floor.

## INO.

See'st thou this Grotto : in a Cave like this  
The fire-souled Magus, Zoroaster dwelled,  
And on pure altars rich with gums and spice  
From Araby and Ind, poured forth his thoughts  
In beauty to the One, the God Supreme,  
Whose soul is light, whose spirit is the sun,  
And here the Nymphs and Naiads came and heard



His prayers divine, and from a mortal's lips  
 Heard holy lessons which conveyed new images  
 Of the All-Father and the Lord of Heaven,  
 And his almighty essence—new to them,  
 Dwellers in radiance fresh effused from heaven.

POET.

I' faith I envy them ; but look—

VENUS.

Aye, look—

The golden urns with flower-like wines brim o'er,  
 Dropping the purple dews upon the sward ;  
 And here are Grots so thickly fringed with thyme,  
 Woodbines and every fragrant bush and bough,  
 That bees and butterflies in glittering clouds  
 Troop round them all day long, and lend new light  
 To the ever-laughing sunshine which embathes  
 This pastoral loveliness in Elysium's hues.  
 Never can I forget them.

POET.

O thou Forest

Beautiful are thy depths ; divine the shade  
 That in cathedral gloom and grandeur, veils  
 This long green avenue of living turf ;  
 My soul sits wrapped as though in heavenly hymns  
 She were entranced, so eloquent the calm  
 Majestic stillness that enclasps the scene,  
 As night enfolds the ocean. Peace, and love,

And sacred faith in the Supreme, the One,  
The Father of the Universe of life,  
Dwells in my spirit, and I almost feel  
His mighty presence round me, as if it were  
A palpable form of flashing starry splendours ;  
A radiant glory breathing love and light  
And providence through every nerve and thought.

And thou O Stream, wild wanderer through those banks  
Of marble blent with sandstone ; how thy course  
Images all things lovely : the dark rocks  
Rush headlong to the waters, and in spray  
Dazzling as diamonds, their sparkling gems  
Fling upwards to the sunshine. Could we float  
For ever down this crystal-gleaming road  
Of liquid light, in dreams and happy thoughts,  
And visions of enchantment, such as now  
Pass like a panorama, Kings themselves  
Upon their thrones of pearl were not so blest,  
Nay—nor the gods in their Olympian homes.

## INO.

But who is she, that like the morning dawn  
Faint o'er the gray horizon, crowned with stars,  
Gleams with a virgin beauty—white her robe  
As innocence, and in her hair are flowers  
The blue and scarlet lotus of the east,  
Like a bright rainbow arching o'er her brows ?  
Round her a flame-like purity and splendour  
Wreathes its ethereal glory.

## VENUS.

She has come  
 Into our faërie land of light and love,  
 From Jumna's mighty stream. In light she died,  
 And on a beam of light more pure than fire  
 The gods divine wafted her to our hills.

## POET.

The stars grow dim beside her beaming form.

## VENUS.

Here where all beautiful things abide for ever  
 Her fitting home is found. But now she rises  
 And into yonder Forest, like a fawn  
 She passes ; there upon a bank of flowers  
 Breathing the perfume of the heavens, she sits  
 And there is one beside her, whom she loved,  
 And loving died for—him she hath for ever.  
 And Paradise enfolds them both in rapture.

## POET.

And dost thou know her story ?

## VENUS.

Thou shalt hear it.  
 She was an Indian, with a soul all love,  
 And when her husband died, in youth and strength,  
 She left his couch, and to the Brahmin priests  
 Made the irrevocable vow. In vain

Her friends flocked round, advised, dissuaded, wept ;—  
The words were uttered, and must be fulfilled.  
And when they spake to her of torturing fire,  
She answered not, but with a look as calm  
And mild as the fair morn itself, arose,  
And thrust her finger into a blazing lamp,  
Holding it there unmoved. Then she stood up,  
And putting into her palm a burning coal  
She strewed it o'er with incense, and diffused  
Its fragrance round on those who pitying wept :  
So by that act she silenced all entreaty,  
And they prepared the funeral pile for both.

The morning sun arose—the form so dear  
Was bathed in holy waters : on the pile  
They placed him, arbour'd o'er with boughs and leaves  
And perfumes from Sabæa. She meanwhile  
Took final leave of all she loved on earth,  
Her mother and her children ; from her wrists  
And neck displacing gold and gems, she gave  
These parting presents to her kindred, who  
Received, but covered them with tears and kisses,  
And fain would have resumed the former theme,  
But in her glance they read her firm resolve.  
Then to the pile she paced : beside it burned  
A fire at which she sat some moments : here  
Three Brahmins stood : and one within her hand  
Placed a small leaf o'er which had prayers been said,  
And this she cast into the fire : another  
Gave her a second, which she held o'er the blaze  
And over it he sprinkled drops of ghee,

Which fell into the flame and were dissolved—  
 Symbols and types of her approaching bliss  
 Absorption into light, beauty and love.  
 While the third Brahmin from the Holy Book  
 Read sacred lessons, in a musical chant ;  
 And now he asked her if her mind were firm ?  
 To which she answered modestly : Most firm.  
 Then round the pile they led her thrice ; she then  
 Took off her rings, and with a smile bestowed  
 These also on the loved she left behind.  
 The elder Brahmin gave her then a torch  
 And to the pile conducted her : all three  
 Knelt down and begged her blessing ere she passed  
 From earth to light celestial : Be it yours,  
 She said, and like a seraph clothed in flame  
 She raised her eyes to heaven, and breathed a prayer.  
 Then mounting step by step she laid her down  
 Beside her husband : fired the pile—and then—  
 They saw no more—their sight was lost in tears.

INO.

But was not this a madness ?

VENUS.

Call not aught  
 That is heroic, madness. Pause and think  
 How great and splendour-shining is the faith,  
 The love, the purity of heart and soul  
 That make the feeblest of their sex so great  
 As to rush into flame to prove their truth.  
 Think how such mighty deeds inspire all others

With like devotedness, and contempt of life,  
 And pain :—and then bow down in reverence  
 Of those who dare thus grandly, spreading far  
 And wide o'er earth, a lesson so divine.  
 Martyrs to love, are they, as others be  
 Martyrs to truth ; and know that God gives crowns  
 Of everlasting glory unto each.

## INO.

As Rhœcos wandered once within this Forest  
 He saw an oak tree toppling to its fall,  
 And pitying the grand ruin, bade his slaves  
 To prop it up : the Nymph whose mystic life  
 Depended on the Tree, in light appeared  
 And thanked the youth, and begged him straight to name  
 How she should pay him for the life he saved ?  
 Give me thy love—he said : she blushed consent,  
 And from that hour their beating hearts were one,  
 And Rhœcos swore, no other woman's wiles  
 Should win him from his forest-haunting Nymph.  
 So years rolled on : a golden-winged bee  
 Was the Nymph's messenger to him she loved.  
 And when the bee came Rhœcos followed it,  
 And found his bride in some ambrosial cave.

## CALLIOPE.

On this fair River, bright as a mountain nymph  
 Dancing along the margent of the wood,  
 Let us embark—a shallop light floats by  
 As if it moved on wings through the crystal air,  
 And this shall carry us to Elysian isles.

Like purest ether shines the dazzling stream,  
And in its limpid waters the green trees  
Are sweetly mirrored : here upon the banks  
They cluster thickly and o'erhang its bed,  
Forming an arch of beauty o'er our boat.  
A canopy of flowers, whose glorious lamps  
Of many-coloured bloom and splendour shine  
Like stars amid the entangling clouds of green.  
Darkly-serene, and silent, and divine,  
Is this cool interval of lowering shade,  
In which we lose for a moment sun and sky  
And all the visible grandeur of the forest,  
And all the various forms of mount and dell.  
And while we sail I'll tell thee an old story.

Saurid, the King of Egypt, had a dream  
Which filled his soul with terror ; so he called  
His Magi round him, and thus spake : " I dreamed,  
And in my dream I saw the stars of heaven,  
Fall to the earth, and all things were destroyed,  
And all the peoples underneath the skies  
Lay prostrate on their faces. Tell me now  
What means this Vision ?" Forth amid the Seers,  
A Seer stood up, and answered. " It portends  
A fearful deluge of devouring waters,  
When all the land shall drown." The monarch, awed,  
Went forth, and gave command that they should build  
The Pyramids, on whose walls and in whose cells  
The people of the land might climb and hide,  
And so be saved. And thousand thousands flocked  
Into the wilderness, and raised on sands

Those wonders of past time—the mighty three  
Which in the desert stand—giants of stone  
That catch the morning sunshine on their heads  
Ere yet his splendid disk is seen by men,  
And gleam in gold beneath his setting light  
When he has vanished long into the seas.  
And in those secret crypts, on which no eye  
Hath ever gazed since then, he lined the walls  
With all the lore of Egypt ; all the arts,  
The sciences that crowned that wondrous Land  
With wisdom's brightest jewels, there lie deep  
In triple night ; in gem and gold engraved,  
In marble carved, in steel and roll writ down ;  
And all the grand traditions of the Past,  
And all the teeming ages yet to be,  
And all the chivalry and deeds antique  
Of primal men, and all the mystic truths  
Of the Religion which God first revealed,  
In fresco painted, on papyrus writ,  
And chased in precious metals,—all are there,  
All stored within these solemn silent fanes.  
There Saurid gathered all his rarest wealth,  
Pictures and statues ; and in basalt jars  
He hid his gold and silver ; caskets fair  
Concealed his jewels ; every precious stone  
That in its heart contains the light of suns,  
Or the moon's brilliance, or the rays of stars,  
Adamant, ruby, emerald, and pearl,  
Fire-flashing opal ; all within those cells  
Sealed with the royal seal, lie undisturbed,  
As when King Saurid, with his own right hand



Impressed the signet upon each, and stored it,  
 Safe from the rack of tempest, and the rush  
 Of the foreboded waters of his Dream.  
 And Saurid reigned in Egypt sixty years,  
 And yet no Deluge came ; and when he died  
 They clothed him in his armour, and they crowned  
 His corpse ; and scattered jewels o'er the Dead,  
 And placed him with his treasures. There he lies ;  
 And there he lay for many hundred years ;  
 And yet no Deluge came : but still and still  
 The priests declared with many a sacred oath  
 That it was close at hand ; and all the kings  
 Who followed Saurid, feared that it would come  
 And bury them in ruin. So the years  
 Rolled into years : and thousands now have passed  
 Since that eventful night when Saurid dreamed,  
 And many a Conqueror hath sought to burst  
 Those crypts that hide those treasures ; but inured  
 They lie there still, for no man knoweth where  
 Within those Pyramids they may be found,  
 Neither can any find his way to them.

THALIA.

I know not whether there be any moral  
 In that which thou hast told : but I will tell thee  
 One from which sacred lessons may be drawn :  
 One also graven on these granite rocks  
 By Wisdom's own fair hand.

VENUS.

But 'tis not dull  
 I hope, fair Sister. I can aught endure,  
 But stories with a moral.

## THALIA.

Hear and judge.

It chanced one day, as ancient Sagas tell,  
Pallas Athenè bathed near Helicon ;  
The sun shone warmly o'er the water's breast,  
The olives whispered music, so she plunged  
Into the stream : the stream with passion sang  
Celestial melody, at which aroused,  
Teiresias, as he mused beside a fountain,  
Sought the blest spot, but when the Goddess flashed  
In beauty on his eyes, their sight was gone,  
And like a sleep-walker from dream called up  
He groped, and scarcely dared put forth his foot.  
Which, when the Goddess saw, she pitied him,  
And gave him heavenly skill, prophetic art,  
For he who once has seen the form of Wisdom  
And fed his gaze upon its dazzling splendour,  
Needs not his bodily sight, wants not the view  
Of things corporeal, but on those to come  
Fixes his thought contemplative, and fills  
His soul and spirit with undying essences,  
Which are to actual Beauty what an image  
Of the fair Sun is to the Sun itself.

## VENUS.

Ah ! poor Teiresias ! dearly didst thou pay  
For Wisdom ; losing sunlight, stars, and seas,  
And all the visible glory of the world.

## INO.

I think the Goddess punished him too much.  
He sought her not with eye or step profane.

## POET.

When Æschylus was a boy, and tending vines,  
He fell asleep i' the sunshine, and in dream  
Saw youthful Bacchus from the Heaven descend,  
And heard him say. "What! thou to the Muses dear,  
Wasting thy time in watching grapes grow red?  
Go, and write songs that shall for ever live—  
They will delight more than all other wines."  
Methinks Queen Pallas might have been as mild.

## VENUS.

But see;—what Paradise is this, that's nigh?

## THALIA.

These are the fragrant gardens of King Midas  
Beneath Mount Bermion; in this purple grove  
Of sixty-petalled roses, I have seen  
Seilenus basking in the noontide beam,  
But screened from sunlight, in the sweet warm shade,  
And here King Midas filling the rose cups  
With perfumed wine, that stole upon the Sage  
And witched him into magic drunkenness,  
Bound him in garlands which he could not break,

Though much he struggled. "I will set thee free  
If thou wilt tell me of the birth of things,  
The dreamy Past, the Present, and the Future,  
And what is best for mortals?"—So the King  
Spake to Seilenus, who lay silent long,  
But thus made answer. "Fleeting child of earth,  
Why wouldst thou know what better were unknown.  
For life is then alone exempt from pain,  
When the dark future is enwrapped in veils.  
And this, indeed, is best for mortal man,  
Never to have been born ; and this, when born,  
To pass away at once from earthly life."  
Thus the bald, flat-nosed god declared ; and sang  
Of other lands and lakes and flowery plains  
That lay beyond the dark dim Ocean-stream  
Of gorgeous, dazzling, and resplendent colour.

## CUPID.

But what sayst thou, O Erato ? Hast thou not  
Some fond love story.—I have waited long,  
Hoping to hear sweet witchery from thy mouth.

## ERATO.

As Carmis, son of Zeus, lay by the Lake  
Torrebia, he heard the Nymphs enweave]  
In golden melodies of light and love  
The legends of the past : their voices sweet  
Stole o'er the waters like the hymn of harps,  
Wandered amid the mountains like the tones

Of flutes through which the Siren sea girls breathe  
The rapture of their wild and passionate souls,  
When underneath the moon and burning stars,  
By silver-echoing caves, they float and sing,  
Reflecting on their bosoms, crystal white,  
The splendour of the planets. Carmis lay  
And listened, and on his soul wrote down the strains.  
And when to Lydia he came back, he sang  
Those melodies divine, with such high skill  
That they built up a temple in his honour,  
And crowned his marble altar with fresh flowers.

## VENUS.

Here is the stream Salemnus, once a youth  
Loved by fair Argyra, that Nymph of light,  
Who from the ocean rose to kiss his lips.  
But when the Shepherd's handsome youth was o'er,  
She left him lone and lonely,—so he prayed  
To sovereign Venus, and she changed his form  
Into this silver river. Whoso bathes  
Within its bosom, straight forgets the Past,  
And all its witching idols. They who love  
In vain, come hither, and in the cooling lymph  
Lose all remembrance of their passion fond,  
And all their useless tears, and idle sighs.

## POET.

What shores are those that shine far off in light ?  
Rearing their bosoms of a snowy splendour  
Out of the ocean blue ?

## INO.

## The Sacred Isles

Of Brittanos they are called, and unto these  
In the sweet midnight hour, when winds are still,  
And all the sea is tranquil as the eye  
Of some young virgin, gazing on a stream,  
And in the arch are set the holy stars,  
And all are clustered round the vestal Moon,  
The people of this continent are called  
By gentle whispers, waking them from sleep,  
To rouse them up, and loose their anchored boats ;—  
So to the beach these mariners descend,  
And fitting their light barques, they watch and see  
Their sides sink deep and deeper in the wave,  
Till they will no more carry : then they ply  
The oar and sail, and to the Brittan isles  
Are wafted as in gliding golden dreams,  
And when they reach the sand, they hear sweet talk,  
Greetings, and laughter, and behold their boats  
Rise high and higher from the rippling blue  
Until their airy passengers have all  
Emerged, and landed on those sainted shores,  
Wherefore they call them Islands of the blest,  
And there in love and light they dwelt for aye.

## POET.

But what bright Serpent guards these Happy Isles ?

## VENUS.

Ladon, the Serpent of the Hesperid Gardens.

## CLYMENE.

How splendidly his burnished armour shines,  
He seems the symbol of an Endless Youth.

## PERSA.

And so he is ; and this was once the gift  
Which Zeus eternal destined for the sons  
Of mortals.

## CRATÆIS.

Why then pine they in old age ?

## NAIRSIACA.

It happened thus. The King of gods and men  
Gave man the splendid treasure, wrapped round  
In odoriferous flowers. Man too lazy  
To bear the gift from heaven, placed it on  
The back of an Ass, and drove him from the Mount  
Olympian back to earth, and while the sun  
Beamed high in heaven, reclined beneath a rock  
Whose cooling shadow soothed the panting brow,  
Meanwhile the Ass went on, till by a fountain  
He also rested, and would drink the stream  
That flowed in crystal brightness from its heart ;  
But as he bent, a Serpent from the deep  
Rose up and stayed him, nor would let the beast  
Lap even as much as would have formed a dew drop  
Until he parted with the prize he bare,

And with it purchased the delicious draught.  
So the Ass gave the gift of Endless Youth  
For a brief revel in the pleasing stream,  
Nor knew with what he parted—thus the sons  
Of men grow old, and die and pass away,  
But serpents are immortal, and throw off  
Their glittering skins to let another grow  
Resplendent in the light of youth and strength.

Now was I once again in golden mists ;  
I saw a Road of Golden Palaces ;  
And the Tritones from their sea-shell lutes  
Breathed cadences divine, and songs that waft  
Prophetic music in their silver tones.  
And Venus rising, pointed out, and said,  
By this star-path the gods themselves come here ;  
When in their glowing chariots they descend  
From heaven, and in the Golden Mountains muse ;  
And in ambrosia steep their thought divine.  
But through this byeway mortal creatures pass  
Who come like thee, for a moment : hence—away—  
And tell thy fellows what thine eyes have seen.





### On the Zand-a-Vesta.\*

Within this Sacred Book, by Heaven inspired,  
And given to Zaratusht, the Holy Messenger  
Of God to man in ages far remote,  
Are lessons, prayers, truths, and laws divine,  
Such as the Spirit of Light itself reveals  
But to the Chosen Twelve who are the mouth  
Of perfect wisdom to the sons of earth.  
In the fair Orient was its advent bright ;  
It shone on man as shines the Morning Star ;  
It called him from the idols, at whose shrines  
Impure he bowed his soul of majesty,  
Adoring images, ignoring God.  
It spake in words of thunder-flame, it flashed  
In dazzling lightnings on his troubled mind,  
And by its own supreme and sovereign presence  
Proved its divinity and heavenly birth.  
Mountain and forest, river, lake, and grove,  
In those far distant days, had each their god,  
Or tutelary goddess, at whose altar  
The priests attended and the people bowed.  
The planets, too, were worshipped, and the sun  
And stars, and all the other visible features  
Which indicate God's mighty handiwork.  
And man knew nothing of the Supreme Father,  
But lavished all religion upon symbols,

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\* A copy of this Scripture, very different from the spurious one foisted on Anquetil du Perron, is among my papers. Zand-a-Vesta means *The Everlasting Fire-Word*.

Sunshine, and fire, and beasts. Therefore was sent  
To Zaratusht this Volume of pure light,  
That he might summon man from fraud to Truth,  
And lead him from the mesh of priests to God.  
And so it came to pass. Therefore do thou  
Who wouldst in wisdom garment thy clear soul,  
And school it for the splendid after-life  
Which followeth this, as surely as the day  
Succeeds the night, seek in this Sacred Book  
The lessons that shall make thee pure and wise.  
Think not that to this narrow western world  
The Father gave true knowledge of Himself,  
And hid it from the East and orient men,  
But know that all true light proceedeth thence—  
*Ex Oriente Lux*; and that this Light  
Is God's religion freely given to all;  
For are not all mankind the sons of God?  
And feels He not as Father unto all?  
Therefore, my brother, read, and for thyself  
Judge if it be not a true Word of Truth;  
And if thou find in it such speech sublime,  
Such doctrine fragrant with the flowers of Heaven,  
Such love celestial as the East hath found,  
Bow down before it reverently, and believe  
That God is not so partial or unjust  
As to restrict the knowledge of himself  
To tribes or sects, but that He gives it freely  
To all mankind, albeit in different ways.



The Legend of Lewy, King of Ireland.

King Lewy he was the noblest knight  
That ever in Erie's isle was seen,  
And bright as the sun on that morning fair,  
When wending forth to the forest green.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The birds they sang in the rustling leaves,  
The streams they leapt from the sparkling hills,  
And the purple blushes of bonnie May  
Fell softly over the sylvan rills.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

Then up arose the Faërie Queene ;—  
“ Bring hither my harp of gold,” quoth she,  
And into the woodland thick she rode,  
On her palfrey white as the moonlit sea.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

She struck the strings of her golden harp,  
And so divine was the hymn they spake,  
That the harts and hinds in the forest green  
Ran down to listen from bush and brake.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he rode through the woodland green,  
And followed the sound of that harp divine ;  
He saw but the trees and the dancing leaves,  
And the streams that laughed in the bright sunshine.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he rode on the velvet turf,  
And oh ! his eyes they shone to see  
The beautiful Ladye with harp of gold  
Beneath the shade of the old oak tree.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The birds they sang in the rustling leaves  
The streams they leapt from the sparkling hills,  
And the crimson smile of the virgin May  
Fell softly over the sylvan rills.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

Her shining hair and her snow-white hands  
Flashed far and wide o'er the grassy dell ;  
And whether she was from heaven or earth,  
That noble Knight he could not tell.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The bean-field's bloom lit up her cheek,  
Like mountain snow her glossy skin ;  
She looked a beautiful faërie bird  
On a leafy spray so lithe and thin.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

Her palfrey white frisked by her side,  
The saddle with precious stones was set,  
The bridle was made of the ruddy gold,  
The housings bright of silken net.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he leapt from his slender steed,  
 And leant down on his knightly knee ;  
 “ Oh, never before such a Ladye fair  
 In cottage or hall ’twas mine to see.”  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ Sir Knight, I am the Faërie Queene—  
 The Faërie Queene, Sir Knight, am I.  
 And wilt thou dwell in my golden halls,  
 And thine own palace of marble fly ?”  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ O Faërie Queene I will gladly leave  
 My palace of marble with thee to stay ;  
 And better it were than the proudest throne  
 To feel the spell of thy gentle sway.”  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ Sir Knight, I am the Faërie Queene,  
 And mine are the spells of the magic might ;  
 And wilt thou leave thy ladye love  
 To dwell for ever with me, Sir Knight ?”  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ O Faërie Queene, I will gladly leave  
 My ladye love to dwell with thee ;  
 For better than thousand years of life  
 One hour beneath thy smile to be.”  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

She pressed the Knight to her heaving breast,  
The birds they sang, and the purple smile  
Of evening glistened as Cleena\* clasped  
The noble King of the Ocean Isle.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The stars are in the gleaming skies,  
The cuckoo coos in the leafy boughs,  
And through the forest alone they rode,  
King Lewy and Cleena his fairy spouse.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

Away and away to her golden halls,  
Away on their steeds of light they go ;  
And Erie's knights they search in vain  
For their king, whom they shall see no moe.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

And golden bright are those magic homes,  
And silver clear are those lovely lakes,  
And like the voice of heaven the songs  
Which the Faërie Queene from her gold harp wakes.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The trees are jewels of sparkling beam ;  
And when the winds are breathing low  
Through their rustling leaves, no music on earth  
Is like the strains from their boughs that flow.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

---

\* The Faërie Queen of Irish mythology.

Two hundred years in this dream of bliss—

Two hundred years that seemed a day—

King Lewy he goes to the Faërie Queene :

“A boon, O ladye sweet, I pray.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

I dreamed last night I was once again

In my Ocean Isle enthroned in state ;

And may I go back for an hour, O Queene,

And sit in the halls where once I sate ?”

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“For an hour, sweet love, to thine Ocean Isle

Go back thou shalt, but oh beware,

As thou prizest thy gift of immortal youth,

Set not thy foot on earth while there.”

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

They brought King Lewy a magic steed :—

“While this thou ridest, gentle knight,

The glory of youth shall still be thine ;

But never, O King, on earth alight.”

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he came to his Ocean Isle,

And through the forest green he rode ;

And he was aware of six champions fierce,

Who paced in front of the King's abode.

*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The champions fierce they saw the knight,  
But knew not the face of the noble King ;  
They mounted upon their stately steeds,  
And circled him round in hostile ring.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ Ho, ho, Sir Knight, what brings thee here,  
Thou ridest well on thy slender steed ;”  
King Lewy he smiled a scornful smile,  
Nor checked his magic courser’s speed.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

“ Ho, ho, Sir Knight, now halt, we pray ;  
Six champions bold and brave are we ;  
And none shall enter these palace walls,—  
“ By my Ladye faire, will I,” quoth he.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he drew his trenchant blade,  
And charged and smote those champions round ;  
He gave six thrusts of that broadsword green,—  
The champions dead were on the ground.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*

The King came forth from the palace walls ;  
On foot by the golden gate he stood,  
And saw his champions bite the dust,  
And roll in the stream of their own red blood.  
*Ah ! those were faërie days.*



“Ho, ho, Sir Knight, dismount, dismount,  
 And fight with thy King a-foot,” quoth he,  
 “Or else thou art but a craven knave  
 Of base descent and of low degree.”

*Ah! those were faërie days.*

King Lewy he leapt from his magic steed,  
 The magic steed he neighed aloud ;  
 King Lewy he touched the earth, alas !  
 He falls down dead in that gory crowd.

*Ah! those were faërie days.*

The King came near that noble knight,  
 And saw on his neck the collar of gold :  
 Alas, and alas ! 'tis that monarch brave  
 Who vanished unseen in days of old.

*Ah! those were faërie days.*



### Saadi.

Yes !—I can well believe the Eastern legend  
 That Djami tells us of this Sheikh inspired,  
 Whose sacred apologues seem angel-songs,  
 But who, to common men, was only man,  
 Who had not tasted of the Springs of God,  
 The ever-flowing crystal wells of light.  
 “One night,” he says, “I lay in dream, and saw  
 The Gates of Heaven open : forth there came  
 A host of angels, shining Sons of Alla,

With golden, glorious beakers in their hands,  
 Filled from the paradise-fountains of the stars ;  
 And all the place was luminous with splendours.  
 I rose and spake with one, and asked him why  
 He bare the beaker ? and received for answer—  
*‘ I bear them to Sheikh Saadi, of Shiráz,  
 Who, while I speak, is penning words divine,  
 That are as music even to God Himself.’*  
 ‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ wilt thou tell me this great verse ?’  
 The angel answered—*‘ Harken and bow down :  
 To him who understands, the grove of trees  
 Is a great Volume, which in every leaf  
 Displays the wisdom of the Lord our Father.’*  
 And having spake, he vanished ; quick as thought  
 I sought Sheikh Saadi’s cell, and by his lamp  
 Beheld the sacred Poet : all was still  
 And beautiful, and breathing heavenly calm ;  
 And round him were the glittering angel-choirs,  
 With the star-waters from the paradise-wells ;  
 And in that moment heard I him chant forth,  
 In tones of sweetness issuing from his soul,  
 The very words the glorious Angel spake :  
 ‘ TO HIM WHO UNDERSTANDS, THE GROVE OF TREES  
 IS A GREAT VOLUME, WHICH IN EVERY LEAF  
 DISPLAYS THE WISDOM OF THE LORD OUR FATHER.’  
 And having heard, I bent myself before him,  
 Confessing Saadi for a priest of Heaven.”  
 Go, reader, and do likewise : so shalt thou  
 Rise from the grovelling rank of men of clay,  
 Who have no poet-music in their being,  
 But are the soulless rabble of this earth,

And in communion with the great inspired,  
 Thy soul and spirit shall ascend on high,  
 And bathe them in the starry paradise founts.



### The Princess Seinin.

In silver light the river glides,  
 Its pace is like some royal bride's ;  
 The Princess Seinin, on the strand,  
 Awakes her lute with milk-white hand,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The Water-Fay, within his caves  
 Of crystal clear, beneath the waves,  
 Hears the enchanting strain, and kneels  
 Before her, and his love reveals,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

In waving plume and armour bright,  
 He seems some young and noble knight ;  
 An emerald belt his sword sustains ;—  
 The Princess fair his love disdains,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The Water-Fay departs in rage,  
 And vows some vengeance dark to wage  
 Upon that fair, but scornful Maid,  
 Who coldly heard him while he prayed,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The morning's dawn of blushing rose  
O'er waving woods and waters glows,  
The Princess Seinín seeks the lone  
Secluded creek she calls her own,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

Here is she wont her bath to take,  
When morning's golden sunbeams break,  
From the blue mountain crests that gleam  
Above that broad and princely stream,  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The silver fir, arbutus green,  
And willow o'er that wild nook lean,  
And water-lilies, bright as stars,  
When night her glittering gate unbars ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The Princess Seinín does undress  
Her lily limbs of loveliness,  
And goes into the waters deep,  
Which round her like white roses leap ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

And never shone the sun on maid  
More fair than her who bird-like played  
Amid the waters, wreathing there  
The beauty of that Princess fair ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The Water-Fay, in page disguise,  
 Unto the monarch's palace hies :  
 "Oh ! haste, and Princess Seinin save,  
 She sinks beneath the yawning wave ;"  
*But now she smiles no more.*

Up and away the yeomen dash,  
 They seem to hear the waters clash ;  
 They reach the sweet sequestered nook ;  
 The Water-Fay, he cries out, " Look !"  
*But now she smiles no more.*

No struggling Princess there they see,  
 But all is calm as calm can be ;  
 The virgin Princess hears the sound  
 Of human tongues, and turns her round ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

Oh, horror ! does man's eye behold  
 That unveiled form of beauty's mould ?  
 She reddens like some blushing noon,  
 And sinks beneath the tide in swoon ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The Water-Fay bore off the maid ;  
 In vain the yeomen strove to aid ;  
 He bore her to the crystal cells,  
 And halls of coral where he dwells ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

Yet often is her spirit seen  
 To rise, when shines the moon serene ;  
 Her golden lute is often heard,  
 When stars the zone of night engird ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*

The princely Shannon bears her name,  
 Her grave may well that glory claim ;  
 Her story else had passed away,  
 With many a legendary lay ;  
*But now she smiles no more.*



### The Knight of Inchiquin.

The evening sunlight slowly sank  
 O'er Inchiquin's blue lake,  
 The tall, bright towers, with silver gleam,  
 The glassy waters strake ;  
 And from the terrace looked the Knight,  
 Across the landscape wide,  
 Of winding mountains, crowned with pine,  
 That beetled o'er the tide.

What swans are these, with snow-white plumes,—  
 Disporting in the west,  
 And sailing o'er the moveless lake,  
 With arched and stately crest ?  
 Their silver necks are golden wreathed ;  
 The Knight enraptured stands :

“And oh!” he cries, “for swans like these,  
To grace my wave-girt lands.”

As starlight melts across the lake,  
And o'er the beach of leaves,  
The Knight of Inchiquin in thought  
A wily plan enweaves :  
The swans of beauty proudly float  
Nor dream that man is nigh ;  
The Knight grasps one, the rest with screams  
Of sadness star-ward fly.

The Knight exulting bears the Swan  
Within his castle's walls ;  
And, oh ! what wondrous faërie change  
That lovely Swan befalls :  
Her snow-white plumes and wings are gone,  
A Virgin young and fair  
Before him beams with eyes of light,  
And starry crown of hair.

Her breasts are foam on sunny waves,  
A golden harp her voice,  
Such heavenly beauty round her shines,  
As makes his heart rejoice.  
Bright in her ringlets still she stands,  
Like some sweet stream of light ;  
And thus with rosy smile she greets  
That brave and blooming Knight :

“Three pledges of thy love I crave,

Ere I will yield me thine ;"—  
" A thousand ask, and they shall be  
All offered at thy shrine."  
" Our union thou shalt secret keep,  
From dice and wine forbear,  
And bring no stranger to these halls ;"—  
The Knight exclaims, " I swear !"

He rose—he clasped that blushing Maid ;  
The golden heavens beheld  
Those nuptials sweet ; and in their ears  
A faërie music belled—  
A music soft, and wild, and deep,  
Like that which travellers hear  
At night, when magic moonlit hills  
Of elves they wander near.

And days passed onward winged with joy,  
And who so blest as they ?  
Three lovely children in those halls  
Of stately splendour play ;  
And ever still, at evening's fall,  
That faërie music steals  
Across the lake, whose echoes sweet  
Catch up those silver peals.

The morn is bright ; with horn and hound,  
The Knight a-hunting goes ;  
Alas ! he little dreams how dark  
That day will round him close :  
A gallant train of Knights he meets  
Amid the mountain-chase,



And still they hunt, nor see the mist  
Of storms grow thick apace.

At length it burst—the thunder's flame  
Enwraps them in its fold,  
And hail, and rain, and tempest-winds,  
That make the blood run cold.  
The Knight forgets his plighted oath,  
And asks that weary train  
Of fainting Chiefs within those walls,  
That all his wealth contain.

“My Ladye fair,”——alas! alas!  
What faërie strains are these,  
Like woman's wail of wildest grief,  
That moan upon the breeze?”  
He hears them not, or heeds not aught  
The tidings that they tell,  
Nor dreams he ne'er again shall hear  
That sweet, soft evening bell.

They reach the Castle; lady faire  
Is none to greet that train,  
That living dream of beauty's light  
Shall ne'er be seen again.  
She plunged, with swanlike wing and plume,  
Within the crystal lake,  
And melted with her children three,  
As melts the snowy flake.

The Knight, in madness wild, fills high

The wine-cup to the brim,  
And flings the dice ; but grape or play  
No sweetness bear for him.  
He loses all—lands, fiefs, and hall ;  
And ere the morning's beam  
In blushes smiles o'er lake and wood,  
His life hath been a dream.

They laid him in the silver beach  
That bound the crystal tide ;  
No wife or child stood round his bier,  
And none his tomb beside ;  
But oft at moonlight faërie strains  
Are heard across the wave,  
While glides a Swan with snow-white plume,  
And sings above his grave.



### Castle O'Kenealy.

Gray old Castle ! throned above the river,  
Ivy-mantled ruin, stark and lone !  
From thy cells and cloisters murmur ever  
The deep accents of the Past and Gone.  
Beauteously and slow the shining wave  
Glides beneath thy towers dusk with time,  
Time, that crushed and brought thee to the grave,  
Still hath clothed thee with a spell sublime.  
Gleams of other days, historic glory,  
Knightly daring, faith heroic, glow

Through thy fallen arches famed in story,  
 O'er thy once-proud ramparts, now laid low.

In thy primal youth thou wert a monarch,  
 Firmly seated on thine iron rock,  
 Still defying rebel, traitor, anarch,  
 Hurling down on them thine arrowy shock.  
 Armies marched to quell thee o'er the plain ;  
 Horse and horseman, catapult and ram,  
 Strove and raged against thee, but in vain :  
 Never made thy haughty towers salaam.  
 Who that knew thee in thy puissant splendour,  
 Could foresee thy present drear decay ?  
 Could foresee that thou wouldst thus surrender,  
 And from grandeur rot into decay ?

Centuries have rolled since thou, all glorious  
 In the strength and pride of youth, didst rise  
 Bristling bravely, and with arm victorious  
 Flaunting out thy banner to the skies—  
 The White Hart upon his scarlet field,\*  
 Fixed at gaze, and with right royal mien,  
 Borne by kings on corslet, casque, and shield,  
 Still foe-facing wheresoever seen.  
 Now it waves not, beats the breeze no longer :  
 Flag-staff, ensign-bearer, all are past ;  
 Time hath been thy foe, and proved the stronger ;  
 Time hath felled thee, not the battle-blast.

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\* The banner of the royal Clan-Kenealy.

Could I summon from thy dark recesses,  
 Soldier, statesman, minstrel, priest, or sage,  
 Blooming virgin, with her flower-like tresses,  
 Plumèd knight, with arch and saucy page.  
 Could I call to life each gallant band .

Who within thy walls exulting dwelled—  
 Eye of fire, and brow of thought, and hand  
 Which the harp or falchion deftly held,—  
 Stately were the Vision that before me  
 From thy portals would descend in pride ;  
 But the wish were vain, and never o'er me,  
 Shall they gleam whose bones thy vistas hide.

Blackened are thy dark and solemn pillars ;  
 Lichen, ivy, weeds, thy robes are now ;  
 O'er thy spacious court-yards pass the tillers  
 With the labouring horse and snouted plough.  
 Sad and soft the melancholy breeze  
 Breathes its dying dirge above thy clay ;  
 From yon agèd church amid the trees,  
 Pours the owl her inauspicious lay ;  
 And upon the sabbath, when the singing  
 Choirs awake the echoes o'er the green,  
 Seems the song as of some spirit winging  
 O'er thee, with its sad funereal keene.

Oh ! how often in my youth I've hearkened,  
 As I paced amid thy glimmering cells,  
 Which the Rembrandt hand of Time had darkened,  
 To the distant mass's music-spells ;  
 " *Ave Maris Stella,*" like a chant

Breathed from heaven, stole upon my ear,  
And with faith I felt my pulses pant,  
As the "*Miserere*" hymn came near.  
Days of dreams, of legend, myth, and fable,  
When my child-like spirit all believed,  
Mounting heavenward on a Tower of Babel,  
Like the framers of that Tower deceived.

Yet was not that fervent faith all barren,  
Though delusive as the desert stream ;  
Time hath shewn me since the lights that are in  
Every creed that sheds on man its beam.  
I have sought the soul that lives in each,  
In strange lore have made myself at home,  
Mastered secrets wrapped in foreign speech,  
Pored till morn o'er many a mystic tome ;  
But in none have I found more devotion,  
Even not in thine, sublime Islâm :  
None that moves with more profound emotion,  
Rousing up the heart like trump or shawme.

Whither strays my wayward fancy, whither ?  
Let me back recall it unto thee,  
Ruined abbey, which the tempests wither,  
Ivy-mantled Fort so dear to me.  
With another land my fate is bound,  
In another land my bones shall lie,  
Far from this ancestral sacred mound,  
Underneath another roof or sky.  
Never, never more may I behold thee,  
Never pace again along those aisles ;

Yet though distant, still shall Thought enfold thee  
To its heart with filial tears and smiles.

Musing now amid thy crumbling arches,  
Olden golden memories o'er me spread ;  
Through the desert past my fancy marches,  
And evokes the gray and ghostly Dead.  
Will they hear me ? will they come once more  
From the Land of Shadow where they dwell ?  
Will they back to earth and sorrow soar,  
Bursting Death's transcendent brazen spell ?  
Soul and spirit ! couldst thou bear to see them,  
Rushing on thee like the lightning flame ?  
Wouldst thou not be tempted quick to flee them ?  
Canst thou answer for thy nerve-spent frame ?

Now thy fancy clothes them in Elysian  
Colours, in the pomp and pride of old ;  
What, if otherwise upon thy vision  
They ascended,—couldst thou dare behold ?  
Hark ! I hear them—yea, I see them now,  
Star-beam-like surround me as I gaze,  
Mystery written on each shadowy brow—  
Secrets dark of dim and distant days :  
Some are beautiful and brave and noble—  
Hero-forms, with hero-step and mien ;  
Some I dare not look on—woe and trouble  
In their weird and dismal eyes are seen.

Silently they come, and still surround me :  
Old and hoary Men, with ice-blue eyes ;

Virgins, who in spell divine have bound me,  
Wafting airs and lights from Paradise ;  
Soldiers, clad in steel, with vizer down ;  
Sheathèd swords, and plumes, and martial crests ;  
In their eyes methinks I trace a frown,  
Though their arms lie folded on their breasts.  
And the air than fields of ice is colder,  
And the silence stills my very heart :  
The life-heat within me seems to smoulder,  
And my pulse with fitful glow to start.

Sinks the Sun within his purple chamber,  
Yonder faintly gleams the crescent Moon ;  
What a sea of roses, gold, and amber,  
Floods this vesper sky of radiant June !  
As I turn away my thoughts from those  
Who are near with cold and shadowy gleam,  
With new life my waked-up being glows :  
Music lapses through me like a stream ;  
And some far-off Minstrel voice is waking  
In the bosom of the lonely dells—  
Plaintive songs, as if his heart were breaking,  
Sad as are the dying swan's farewells.

Like a requiem o'er those long-dead Warriors,  
Sounds that sad and melancholy strain,  
Greeting those who now have burst their barriers,  
And from death have hither come again.  
Leave me, leave me, gray Ghosts of my sires !  
On the moonbeams seek your shadowy home ;

Naught ye bring but sorrows, or desires  
 Unfulfilled, that shine and pass like foam.  
 Naught ye bear but gloomy recollections,  
 Broken images, and hopes dashed down,  
 Hopes in which I shrined my young affections,  
 But on which the Fates and Fortune frown.

Thus have ended all my splendid Dreamings :  
 I desired, but dared not hope they'd rise ;  
 They but came to vanish straight, like gleamings  
 Of a meteor seen in summer skies.  
 Fare ye well, ye Spirits of the Dead !  
 Fare ye well ! nor anger feel if I  
 Have evoked ye from the narrow bed,  
 Where in restless, misty trance ye lie.  
 Beauteously the Moon shines forth from heaven,  
 Silvering fallen fort and living plain,  
 Chasing from my soul all earthly leaven,  
 Broodings o'er the past, and visions vain.



*To a Fountain in Hymettus.*

O pure and limpid Fountain,  
 What snow on Alpine mountain  
 Sparkles like thee ?  
 While on thy turf reclining,  
 Our features, soft and shining,  
 In thee we see.



The Zephyrs flitting o'er thee,  
O fount, methinks adore thee,  
    And linger still,  
With winglets bright and tender,  
Over thine eyes of splendour,  
    And drink their fill.

A thousand sunny flowers  
Their fragrance, like rich dowers,  
    Around thee shed ;  
And through the woodbine branches  
No breeze its coldness launches  
    On thy calm bed.  
Sunshine upon thee slumbers,  
As if thy rill's sweet numbers  
    Lulled it to rest ;  
The stars of night and morning  
For ever are adorning  
    Thy crystal breast.

About thy banks so fragrant  
That little rose-winged vagrant,  
    Cupid, is seen ;  
And in thy silvery waters  
Bathe the mild Goddess-daughters  
    In beauty's sheen.  
The Dryads robed in brightness,  
With feet of fawnlike lightness,  
    The Graces Three,  
Beneath the golden glances

Of Hesper weave their dances,  
O fount! round thee.

Pan leaves his rosy valleys,  
And by thy brightness dallies  
All day, and wakes  
Echo—the forest-haunting—  
Up with the notes enchanting  
His wild pipe makes.  
Here, too, at times, resorted  
Fair Venus, when she sported  
With amorous Mars,—  
Their hearts with passion beating,  
And none to view their meeting  
But the lone stars.

Play on, thou limpid Fountain,  
Eternal as yon mountain  
Olympus-crowned :  
Gush on, in light Elysian,  
As Poet's shape-filled vision,  
Or Apollo's round.  
The smiles of heaven above thee,  
And the Stars to love thee,  
Fount thou shalt glide,  
From thy crystal portal,  
Strong, beauteous, and immortal,  
Whate'er betide.



U ———.

The winds and the waves are asleep,  
 And the greenwood trees are still,  
 And the white clouds softly creep  
 O'er the brows of the distant hill :  
 Come hither, come hither, sweet love to me,  
 And under the shade of the greenwood tree  
 Sing fond remembered lays  
 Of dear old summer days,  
 When thou and I were Dreamers wild,—  
 I a Boy, and thou a Child,  
 In those bright summer days.



Song.

Look upon the shining Air,  
 All about thee, Ladye fair ;  
 'Tis the brightness of thine eyes  
 Thus sheds sunlight through the skies.

Look upon the purple Rose  
 Underneath thy foot that blows ;  
 Ladye, 'tis thy gentle tread  
 O'er the flower its blush doth spread.

Look upon me, so shall I  
 Seem in sunbeams sweet to lie ;  
 Smile upon me, and I know  
 Round me flowers shall seem to grow.

Sunlight vanishes with day,  
But thou passcest not away ;  
Roses wither with the spring,  
But thou dost not so take wing.

In the night my Star thou art,  
And the sweet Rose of my heart.  
Hither, hither, Ladye fair,  
Like a Spirit bright and rare.



To ———.

In the green and leafy Wood,  
When the gentle sisterhood  
    Of stars are bright,  
Wilt thou, wilt thou, Ladye faire,  
Wander fondly with me there,  
    By the pale star-light ?

We shall stroll beneath the trees,  
Through whose boughs' interstices  
    The young Moon flings  
Smiles as sweet and pure as thine,  
Or the million rays that shine  
    In a Spirit's wings.

We shall wander by the Stream,  
Gazing on its water's gleam  
    Glassing the skies,

Hand entwined with hand the while,  
And upon me bent the smile  
Of thy loving eyes.

As its waters glide along  
We shall listen to its song,  
Whose melody,  
Though it charm full many an ear,  
Still is far—oh ! far less dear  
Than thy voice to me.

On the turf we'll sit and pull  
Flowers the most beautiful—  
A moonlight wreath ;  
Though their bosoms perfumed be,  
Have they, love, the fragrancy  
Thy kisses breathe ?

When our garland is entwined,  
I with it thy brows will bind—  
O garland blest !  
Of this flowery diadem  
Every leaf is worth a gem  
On a monarch's breast.

Then, along the turf we'll walk,  
Talking only Cupid-talk,  
And the sweet bond  
Of affection, which, methinks,  
Our two spirits closely links  
In *one* spirit fond.

Or, within our own dear grove  
We shall sit and talk, my love,  
    Thou, my sweet theme ;  
How I first before thee knelt,  
Wildly, fondly loved, and felt  
    Thee my life's dream.

How thou wert within my heart  
Long its bright Star ; how thou art  
    Still, still mine own ;  
How unto the paradise  
Of thy face and shining eyes  
    My whole life hath grown.

As our Eden moments fly  
Thus beneath the purple sky,  
    The stars shall shine  
With a sweeter, lovelier light,  
On that Bower flower-dight  
    Where thou and I recline.

In the green and silent Wood,  
When the starry sisterhood,  
    With footsteps bright,  
Trip along the azure air,  
Meet me, meet me, Ladye fair,  
    By the pale star-light.

### A Love-Thought.

There is a snowy Vase of many flowers  
 Beside me in my window as I write ;  
 The purple pride of choice and blooming bowers—  
 Rose-red, and yellow, damask, pink, and white,  
 And violet blue like heaven's ceruléan light ;  
 And through the green leaves and the petals fine,  
 The setting sunbeams softly pierce and shine.  
 Belovèd ! this reminds me still of thee,  
 Who art a living Garden fair to see,  
 With every beauteous flow'ret intertwined ;  
 And this fair sun is as thy lucid mind,  
 Which shines so brightly through thy form and face,  
 Lending to every movement perfect grace,  
 As if by heaven itself in choicest form designed.



### On the Sea.

Alone, alone with thee, thou glorious Sea.  
 The blue above in heaven, the green around,  
 With ever shifting, ever tremulous light,  
 Sun-tinted splendours, iris-flashing beams !  
 Lo ! I am rocked as if on emerald air,  
 I and my boat ; my oars lie o'er her sides  
 Sparkling like silver in the sun ; while I  
 Stretched o'er the thwarts, am wafted where the wind  
 And wave impel—an atom on this vast ;  
 Heedless where'er it bears me in this calm

And music-breathing moment ; the soft Zephyr  
Sheds sweetness round me like a honied dream.  
So I surrender up my wandering thoughts  
To Nature, and the spells that she inspires,  
And leaving Proclus give my soul to Heaven,  
As freely as the wind that o'er me plays.

O Sea ! O Sky ! how beautiful ye are !  
In aspect how divine, how great, how pure !  
I feel my spirit blend with ye in love.  
I feel mine inner nature spread and swell  
Into sublime proportion, till it folds  
The earth, the sea, the heaven within its arms,  
As though it, they, and all, were one and all !  
God breathes his splendid light within and through me ;  
Its starry magic flows through every vein ;  
Its fires celestial raise me as on plumes  
Into the Ether-spheres, where Beauty dwells,  
Crowned with immortal glories ; the dark chains  
Of sense falls off, and I am borne on high,  
By the winged eagle, to celestial climes,  
As Ganymede from Ida,—all my being  
Etherealised into the Infinite,  
And like the Infinite, divinely blest.

O Nature, how I love thee ! how my soul  
Delights to gaze upon thy splendid form,  
Till like Pygmalion, raptured by the sight,  
And passionately fond, God gives thee life  
In every feature ;—and thou art not matter,  
But vital essence : in thy streams and hills  
And vales and mountains, trees and herbs and flowers,



And all the living creatures that they hold,  
I see and feel the active soul of Heaven ;  
I blend as with the Godhead, the Divine ;  
I give myself devotedly to thee,  
In silent loving worship of the heart,  
Until my soul no longer dwells in clay,  
But is made one even with the Universe ;  
Mingled in love with mountain, sea, and sky,  
So great the majesty of its high thought.  
And as I now float o'er this emerald sea,  
This wilderness of waters, with no sail  
In sight, and far away from land, I feel  
Such aspirations swell my soul, as give  
Even unto me—a frail, faint, finite being,  
Emotions such as gods themselves might own.

Ocean of wonders ! could I pierce thy depths  
And dive into thy dark and azure breast,  
Below, below, far, far, and far below,  
Amid shells, sea-weed, and cerulean gleams,  
What sights should I behold ! Upon thy floor  
The Roman, Greek, and Dane sailed forth in pride,—  
The Norman, Gaul, the Anglian, and Spaniard,—  
Their haughty banners o'er thy mirror flashed,  
Their gilded galleys passed in royal state,  
Their iron prows like tigers met in fight ;  
Their soldiers, helmed and corsletted in steel,  
Sank in the dire death-grapple ; raging storms  
O'erwhelmed the wealth of princes, casting down  
Their cherished treasures on thy barren sands ;  
And underneath the spot o'er which I float,

Divided only by a plank from death,  
Are golden diadems and coats of mail  
Embossed with gems, and there are torques and rings,  
And idols rich with jewelry, and chains  
Of silver, carved with rarest art, and caskets  
Filled with rich wines and perfumes, and lost barques  
Crusted with corals, in whose mouldering holds  
The fishes make their home ; the wealth of Ind  
Is bedded in thy grave ; embroidered shawls  
From the far Orient, China, and Assyria,  
And turbans bossed with diamond and pearl,  
And swords and daggers from El Shâms, are buried  
Within thy caverns,—all these treasures lie  
Beneath thy calm. And yet how mild thy face !  
How sweet, how fair, how treacherous ! my soul  
Shrinks, as I rise and look into thy heart,  
And think how ruthlessly thou wouldst engulf  
Me and my boat, if Winds and Destinies willed.

There was a story told me when a boy,\*  
As first I essayed Virgil,—'twas where he  
Describes Charybdis and the horrid gulf  
Wherein, with Scylla, she sucks in the ships,  
And shoots her dark green billows at the stars.  
Here as I paused, my gray-haired teacher laid  
His book upon his desk, and taking off  
His spectacles, detailed how in old days

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\* It is to be found in Brydone's *Tour through Sicily and Malta*, p. 84. Schiller has written a poem on it, called *The Diver*. Every schoolboy hears it from his teacher.

A certain King sat over this death-gulf,  
And summoning all the boldest in the land,  
Flung in a golden beaker rough with gems,  
And said, *This prize be his who brings it back.*  
But none would venture. Then his anger rose,  
And he began to chide them all as cowards,  
And wished that he were King o'er men indeed—  
Not timid women, who were thus afraid.  
Stung by his taunts, a certain Youth stood up,  
And said, *O King! this wrath is not deserved,*  
*For here are men as brave as ever breathed ;*  
*But this dread Whirlpool is a present death.*  
*Yet will I venture—not for thy cup's sake,*  
*But for the honour of my brethren here.*  
Thus speaking, he plunged in ; the yawning wave,  
Swallowed him in its hungry jaws ; a groan  
Burst from the women, from the men a sigh,  
For he indeed was loved of many. All  
Bent their fixed glance upon the King, who half  
Ashamed, would shun their gaze, and sought to hide  
His thoughts in rapid talk with those around.  
And thus the moments passed : each instant seemed  
An hour, a day ; and murmurs, curses rose  
Against that cruel Man with the gold crown.  
And many an eye was fixed upon the surge  
That raved and roared, and hissed and spurted foam  
From its deep heart, and sang a funeral knell.  
And women wept, and children cried, and virgins  
Fainted in fear and sorrow. And the gulf  
Heard them and still howled on ; when lo ! as if  
A spirit from the air, the Youth shot up,

Bearing the golden beaker high aloft,  
And waving it with pride : his face was pale,  
And stark his limbs, as those of one whose struggle  
With the grim foe beneath had been a fight  
For life indeed ; so to the King he came,  
And laid the beaker at his feet, and told  
Of many a wonder underneath that wave  
Of yawning caverns filled with shapes of dread,  
The dark and cruel monsters of the deep,  
Who rushed upon him with cold pitiless eyes  
That breathed deep horror, and with many a wile  
Sought to entrap, entangle, or devour ;  
While overhead the thunder rolled in waves,  
And all around and underneath was turmoil,  
Rushing and roaring, horror, and mad foam,  
The weltering frenzy of the gulf of hell.  
Thus spake he ; and the Monarch, high inflamed  
With strange desire to know of further wonders,  
Took from his head his jewelled diadem,  
And flung it in the wave, and promised half  
A county to the Youth, if he would dive  
Once more, and bring the sparkling treasure back.  
Long he delayed, but yielded to the wish  
Of that old man ; he plunged, he sank below,  
But never saw the light of day again.

Softly the rippling wave of sunlit green  
Taps on my boat, as if with elfin touch ;  
And now I hear a low and silver chime,  
Sweet as a baby's murmur on the breast,  
When these bright wavelets melt and meet in one.

How cool ! how fresh ! how pure the sea-sigh breathes  
Upon my brow ; its perfume, richer far  
Than all Arabia's incense, glides like light  
Into the currents of my heart, and fills them  
As if with an elixir of the gods,  
And I grow, spirit, all. Methinks I move  
Amid a sphere of rainbows ; every colour  
From deepest purple unto emerald, gold  
And rose-like pink and silver flash around,  
As each new tract of water mirrors heaven,  
As each far-rolling wave reflects the sun.  
Such are the Oceans in the Spirit-sphere ;  
Such are the streams and lakes on whose bright banks  
The Children of the Happy play and dream  
Away their blest existence, in the music  
That ever is evolved from God's great throne.  
Oh ! that I were with them, away from earth !  
Oh ! that my soul were disengaged from clay,  
And that this moment it could soar aloft,  
A wingèd Splendour, to the halls of Him  
Who made this Sea, this Earth, this Universe  
Of most transcendent majesty and beauty,  
And clothes it every day in colours new,  
In glories, and in gleams divine and fair,  
Like some great Painter with unceasing hand.

On such a summer sea as this, as smooth,  
As bright, as sunny, sailed the Duke of Milan  
(The false usurping Duke) over the waves  
That wafted him to Prospero's magic Isle.  
And o'er such sparkling, green, and silver billows

Sped Ariel, when he raised the tempest's wrath  
And brought the shipwrecked ones to shore. Beside  
A beach like this, of blended sand and shingle,  
And delicate sea flowers, and tinted shells  
Of varying light, the sweet Miranda strayed,  
And in a purple atmosphere of love  
Gave all her child-like soul to Ferdinand,  
And drank with greedy air the first fond tones  
That spake to her of other lands and ties,  
In music sweeter than a sea-nymph's song.  
On such a sea-shore, too, in lone Fernandez—  
That fabled oasis amid the seas,  
Roved wandering Crusoe, dreaming still of home,  
And happy England, with its white church spires  
Peeping from forest trees ; and Sunday bells  
That called the hamlet forth in holiday dress,  
Through hedge-rows, wooded lanes, and village greens,  
And so beneath the low and Gothic porch  
Of time-worn stone, and wainscot dark with years.

O Dreamers of the Past ! I wonder not  
That ye with magic peopled the lone Sea,  
That from its deep and many-changing breast  
Ye saw strange beauty rise as Venus rose,  
Supremely perfect, lovely as the Dawn  
When breathing roses she precedes the Sun :  
For who can see the Ocean, who can glide  
Upon its glorious form, and not be raised  
Above the earth, into a mightier life  
Of thought sublime, of vision vast and pure,  
Of aspiration after things too noble

For earth-linked destinies? I do remember  
When I too, as a Boy, strayed through Arcadia,  
And made my paradise in Hesperid' gardens,  
How often have I, tossed on ocean waves  
As now, and wreathed in sunshine, peered afar  
Inno the purpling West, to see revealed  
A glimpse of those Blest Islands which appear  
At times to wanderers o'er the dark blue deep,—  
Those Isles of Sunshine, on whose dazzling shores  
And faërie-beaming leasowes, and green woods,  
Fragrant with all the perfumes of the earth,  
Such happiness is found as lives in love.  
Oh! how I prayed that God would shew me them!  
And I have felt in moments, as if God  
Had heard my prayer; for suddenly there rose  
Before me in the golden vesper trance  
Of glittering colours, when the sun was setting,  
A vision of those Islands: ships I saw  
With saffron hulls and sails of silver-pearl,  
Anchored in bays and rivers of red gold,  
Beneath the palm trees or the olive mountains,  
Beneath the sloping hills of pine and rose;  
And palaces of marble, gleaming bright  
From gardens gorgeous with the fairest flowers;  
And minarets of ivory that raised  
Their exquisite trellis-work aloft in air,  
As if by faëry fingers carved; and gates  
Of Orient silver flashing proud with gems  
Of every brilliant hue the East supplies.  
And banners glittered, and fair pennons waved

Their streaming airy loveliness ; and songs  
Resounded from the beach, with music blent,  
As if the happy tenants of that land  
Were dancing in delight. And through my soul  
The voice as of mermaidens calling me  
Was sweetly, darkly, indistinctly echoed,—  
Was softly, murmuringly, confusedly heard,  
As thus entranced I lay ; and I have longed  
To spring from my frail barque and plunge into  
That sea of silver beams, and seek that strand  
Where all these exquisite enchantments dwelled.  
Then the sun sank into the ocean's cup,  
And twilight bare the Vision from my view ;  
And I was left alone upon the waters,  
In darkness and in sorrow, and I sought  
The purpling sea-shore with desponding oar  
And disappointed spirit. Yet methinks  
I would not have such rose-bright picturings lost  
For all the saddening gloom they left behind.

And yet thou Sea, I cannot pardon thee ;  
For thou didst snatch from earth the fairest soul  
That ever shone on earth since Phœbus hymned.  
Thou didst engulf him without mercy, in  
Thy false, bright, smiling depths. The Lesbian Sappho  
Sang not so beauteously ; but her I weep not,  
For she by her own act sought out the death  
Thou gavest her. But him indeed I weep—  
Immortal Shelley, flower-bright Child of Heaven,  
To whom the Muses gave their choicest gifts,  
Whose spirit God himself enrobed in suns,



Whose soul and mind are now amid the stars.  
Ah me! methinks I see him, when like night  
Rushed the tornado o'er his fated barque—  
Rushed madly, headlong from the Appenine,  
Where in dark vulture-clouds of ominous look  
It long had gathered; with relentless wings,  
And claw, and beak, death-bearing, it swooped down,  
As if a thousand fiends were in its heart,  
And in the mighty wreck of boiling waters,  
Engulfed the Morning Star. O ruthless Fate!  
Hadst thou no sympathy for that bright Child  
Of Heaven, or for the dear ones whom he left?—  
That morn, so fair, so fire-bright, with strong soul,  
So clear an image of the true Divine.  
Oh! what a loss was there to man for ever:  
That Paradise of exquisite thought dissolved—  
That Fountain from which loveliness so flowed,  
That might have still enriched the world with music,  
Never to die out of the echoing heart,  
But be a joy and loveliness while Time  
Exists, and our great language governs man.  
Therefore, O Sea! I cannot pardon thee,  
And though thou art to me, of all the Elements,  
That which I fondest love, on which I gaze  
With most delight, o'er which I send my soul  
In quest of argosies of thought sublime;  
And though thou most of all God's mighty works  
Appearest to me the great type of God,  
In silence, majesty, and strength and beauty,  
Yet can I not forgive thee, sovereign Sea,  
For hurrying thus from life that Star of Light,

And yet the terrible chaos of thy waves  
Is not less grand, or glorious, or sublime,  
Than is thy calm and marble dignity,  
So like the passive majesty of a god.  
Lovely, indeed, thou art, when summer veils  
Thy face in sunbeams ; but I've seen thee rise  
As if a Pythoness inspired with flame  
From heaven, when thy brow grew black as night  
With thunders, and thine eyes shot lightning-flashes,  
And thy deep voice boomed loud ; and winds arose  
And called the hurrying clouds, and mist, and rain,  
And the loud shout of tumbling waves was heard,  
Blended in battle roar ; and eye, and ear,  
And brain, were all confused by the dread strife  
That rushed a thousand ways, and shrieked in each,  
Making confusion horrible. In such  
A moment sank the Spaniards' haught Armada,  
When, with its gilded pomp and pride, it came  
To bind our island down in foreign chains.  
And they who called themselves "Invincible"  
Were weak as infants in thy giant grasp.  
This hour how mighty in their flaunting roar,  
The next a rabble of wrecks, with sails and masts  
Shattered and ropeless ; gone their silken flags,  
Their tossing plumes low trailing, and their hopes  
Blown on the winds that crushed them. Thou, O Sea !  
Didst see this spectacle, and didst shout for joy ;  
And thou didst call thy mighty squadrons back,  
And didst control them like a flock of sheep  
Within the fold, and wert all smiling peace,  
Even as thou art now while I float on thee.

## Spirit of Beauty ! Universal Soul !

How in this hour I feel thee ! how my heart  
Opens her gates to thy loved presence !—all  
My being gives itself to Thee, and fain  
Would clasp Thee to its inner perfect life :  
Would own Thee, love Thee, worship Thee for God,  
For thou art Love, and Loveliness, and Light,  
And Truth, and Majesty ; and these are things  
That blend, combine, and concentrate in Him,  
The great All-Father of the Universe,  
As different from man's false idea of God  
As perfect splendour is from murky mist.  
Here on this Sea, girt by the distant hills,  
And sparkling with a radiance most divine,  
How gloriously He reveals His glorious being :  
With what a flood He rushes on my soul !  
With what a music He psalms forth His nature !  
In what vast harmonies He breathes His laws !  
Mountains ! ye are His strength ; and thou, O Sea !  
Art His pulsation. As I look aloft  
Upon the sky, painted with light and glory—  
An ever-changing picture, day by day,  
Of his most radiant, ever-shifting form,  
That wears a myriad shapes, and beams, and splendours,  
Types of the Universal—as I gaze,  
And meditate, that never for one hour  
Since first the skies cradled this sphere of man,  
Have they presented twice the same grand painting,  
But every moment still have changed and changed,  
Passing, by imperceptible transition,  
From beauty into beauty, from the vast

To the sublime, the terrible, the lovely,  
 As if they were a canvas whereon ever  
 The Artist-Father limned celestial pictures ;  
 How can I utter the stupendous thoughts  
 Of Thee that fill me? How in words describe  
 That deep, awe-stricken, powerful sensation  
 Of Thee and of Thy works that strikes my soul  
 Prostrate before Thee, O Thou Sacred One?

\*            \*            \*            \*

In the far distance, sleeps the sunny land  
 With beauty crowned, as though it were a Dryad  
 Reposing in the flowers ; the green trees  
 Are like the trees in pictures—dark and still,  
 Arching o'er forest paths, or by bright streams  
 Bent till their leaves are mingled with the waters,  
 And on their waving branches warble birds ;  
 But here their minstrelsy is all unheard :  
 The ripple only murmurs ; yet methinks  
 The very absence of the birds' soft songs  
 Wakens remembrance of them, and I feel  
 As if this moment at full length I lay  
 Upon some bank of violets and thyme,  
 Drinking within the caverns of mine ear  
 The dear, delicious ballads of the wood—  
 The serenade of this enraptured bird,  
 The lullaby of that above her young ;  
 So great a witch is Fancy in this hour.

Ye distant Downs, brown with dark gorse and heath,  
 And undulating like the waves around me,  
 In one part sunshine, in the rest all shade !

How often have I mused amid your depths,  
Soaring aloft as the sweet skylark raised  
His heaven-ascending song, and with him lifting  
My thoughts to God's great palace ; or have chased  
The fleet-foot hare or rabbit through your slopes,  
Or watched the winding starry-spotted snake  
Gliding amid the bushes and wild flowers ;  
Or hunted moths of many-flashing plume,  
Or hearkened to the grasshopper's shrill note,  
Or gazed upon the distant wall of sea,  
Rising like crystal, dotted here and there  
With the dark hull and silver-flashing sail,  
While o'er the waters like a mote was seen  
The sea-mew dipping, with light glancing wing,—  
How beautiful, how full of peace ye are !

Ages have rolled above your waving brows  
Since ye were deep in ocean—since the vast  
Primeval waters bellowed o'er you, when  
The race of man was yet unknown on earth,  
And ye were then the homes of mighty creatures  
Whose very bones have perished. Could I breathe  
Life through your centre, and an instant lend  
It voice, to tell me of the Mystic Past—  
Of centuries folded in remotest gloom,  
When this brave sphere was new, and fire and sea  
Contended for the mastery, and all  
Was forest, ocean, and volcanic mount,  
And the great mammoth tribe of fishes, beasts,  
And reptiles owned this world ; what mighty secrets—  
Profounder in their depth than oracles—

Would then be heard ! what wonders of old time !  
What revolutions, what gigantic changes !  
What mysteries typical of God's high law !  
But this can never happen. God hath willed  
That Man should nothing know of those past days,  
But see them only as in glimpse or dream ;  
Yet shall there be a time when the great soul  
That is in mortals shall again assume  
Its primal grandeur, ere it fell on earth,\*  
And raised again to archangelic beauty,  
Shall know all knowledge, and shall talk with God.

And see where yonder gray-haired Church peeps out,  
Amid the trees : its tower is ivy-robed,  
The noon-day sunlight glitters on its vane,  
And round it sleep, in their cold chalky beds,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ; falls  
Upon their resting-places the sweet sun,  
As if to bathe them in delight ; no breath  
Of air disturbs the leaf ; the only sound  
That's ever heard within that old churchyard  
Is the wild blackbird's rich and thrilling note,  
The throstle's melody, the skylark's song,  
As mounting to the skies, he breathes carillons  
Of ever-new delight. I gaze, and gaze,  
With closely-peering eye, and yet no motion  
Is visible in the landscape : team or man  
Wander not o'er its mirror ; all is still,

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\* Allusion is here made to the ante-terrestrial existence of the spirit, of which so many are conscious.

As though it were a picture or a pageant,  
 Presented to the fancy when it soars  
 From actual life into ideal scenes,  
 And on some golden landscape lingers long,  
 Fearing to break the magic spell of silence.

And thou, my little hovel, o'er the brow  
 Of the fair waters perching like a bird,  
 And battlemented with the Bacchant leaf,  
 Already promising autumnal clusters,  
 How calmly dost thou look !—a ray of light  
 Plays o'er thee and around ;—some magic spell  
 Attracts me to thee. In thy quiet shade  
 What happy moments have I passed, amid  
 Thy flowers, and books, and pictures ; what sweet hours  
 Have winged their flight while underneath thy vines,  
 And jasmines, and wild roses, I have lapped  
 My soul in dream Elysian, with the souls  
 Of Homer, and Euripides ; have flown  
 Aloft with Pindar, or o'er Schiller's page  
 Have wandered into Dreamland ; or have laughed  
 With Lucian, Rabelais, Aristophanes,  
 Or glorious Swift, or Scarron, or Voltaire ;  
 Or given up my thought to wild romance,  
 With Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Scott ;  
 Or meditated, like the royal Dane,  
 O'er Plato, Porphyry, or the Ouknephat,\*

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\* That is, *Secrets not to be Revealed*, a work comprising more profound, sublime, and subtle theology than the collective essence of all the Fathers. In imagination, learning, and high speculative thought, the Platonic writings are not to be named beside it.

Wrapped up in Shanscreeet mystery and wisdom,  
Whose every thought seems echo of a thought  
Fresh flown from Heaven, and sparkling with its light ;  
Or talked with Byron in his happiest mood  
Pictured upon his page ; and from the wild  
And sibyl-soul of Shelley drawn strange lore,  
And clothed my spirit in great panoply  
From the Æschylian armoury of steel ;—  
And strolled through Paradise-gardens with the Shades  
Of Shakspeare, Calderon, Fletcher, Calidasa,  
Uhland, Theocritus, and blithe Boccacio ;  
Or with sweet Hemans dreamed myself to bliss,  
Until we melted into Faërie Land.

Where are thy merry sprites ? I see no form  
Gambolling near thee, yet methinks I view  
Thy loved interior opened, as the Imp  
Of cloven foot disclosed to Don Cleophas  
The mysteries of Seville. There is Ahmed  
Poring upon the Iliad, underneath  
That flashing dame of Lely ; all his heart  
Seems bent upon the book ; beside him, near  
Keen Hogarth's speaking picturee, on a chair  
Of rose-bright hue, is seated Charlemagne,  
With arch, deep eyes, sucking the very life  
Out of St. John in Latin ; the quick rogue  
Is like young Hermes, as sage Homer drew him,  
Or as Mercutio, when he was a stripling,  
At the end, near Caravaggio's breathing canvas  
Of Jesus and the Baptist, I can see  
Grave Henrietta o'er her patchwork, while  
Her brother, with his merry eyes of blue,



Stout Maurice, carves, with engineering skill,  
A piece of wood into a windmill-shape ;  
Fair Arabella wreathes a bunch of flowers  
Into a garland worthy of Aglaia,  
Or dances gracefully in silken scarf ;  
And little Mary Annesley sprawls about  
Beneath the mantling oleander leaves,  
Now pointing to this Titian, dark with light,  
And now to this sweet landscape, which O'Connor  
Painted as if with rainbow-tinted pencil ;  
And now she sees an orange, and with quick  
And fawnlike foot is on it, ere we know  
What well she aims at, and she lays the fruit  
Before her mammy, and with eloquent look  
(For speak she cannot), asks her to dissect  
Its golden, fragrant quarters,—and 'tis done.

How still, how silent, are the glens of heaven !  
I look aloft, and in their windings see  
No trace of life or motion ; even the clouds  
Move not, but hang like curtains, blue and gold,  
Over the earth and sea. There soars no bird  
Into the crystal arch, but all is vacant ;  
And yet methinks the whole is filled with life,  
Although I see it not. It cannot be  
That God has made this splendid vault of beauty,  
To be a grave without a living soul.  
O Shapes invisible ! descend unto me,  
And breathe your melodies into my thoughts,  
And flash upon me with your heroic forms,  
Bringing me tidings of the luminous plains

Of light and glory where your homes are placed.  
 Have I not schooled my soul to be like you ?  
 Have I not raised my thoughts from earth to God ?  
 Have I not fed me on sublimest dreams ?  
 And yet ye come not, answer not my call,  
 Ye heed not my wild prayer. Oh ! that I  
 Could rise from flesh, and mingle with your choirs,  
 And fill my soul and spirit with the light  
 That is your atmosphere and vital essence.  
 Beautiful ones, invisible, but real,  
 Dwellers amid the clouds, descend and bear  
 My pining spirit far and far away,  
 And make her one with your enchanted choirs,  
 And waft her with you to the kindred stars.



*Eyes.*

Oh ! was there any language ever on earth,  
 Could match the eloquence of love-speaking eyes ?  
 Or is there any music under heaven  
 So soft, so sweet, so exquisite to the soul,  
 As that which breathes in glances soft as dawn  
 From the fond eye when first it glows with love ?  
 Where'er you look it lights on you alone ;  
 Where'er you move it only follows you.  
 'Tis as a gleam of Eden quickly seen  
 Through the half-opened portals, when the Spirit  
 Stands on the outer edge, in hope, in fear,  
 Of ever entering that bewitching land.

To ———.

Beauteous thou art indeed in gems and flowers,  
 A living Queen of loveliness and thought ;  
 Yet would I rather have one loving glance  
 From those star-sphering eyes of darkest light—  
 One smile of fondness beaming from thy brow  
 Unto my passionate heart,—one gentle touch  
 Of that small hand, so beautiful, so white,—  
 One word of love breathed by thy paradise mouth  
 And printed on my lips, than all the wealth  
 Of jewelry about thee, though thou wert  
 More richly dressed than now, in the full blaze  
 Of Indian splendour, which beside thine eyes  
 And on thy bosom are unseen by me.  
 Could I but kneel to thee and speak my love !  
 But this can never be ; we met but once,  
 And haply may not ever meet again.  
 I spake to thee but little, though I sat  
 Beside thee, for my heart was filled with love,  
 And thou—thou didst not know that it was so,  
 Yet thou hast been beside me ever since.  
 Never shall I forget that short half hour,  
 Nor thy soft voice, nor those enchanting eyes  
 That weave around me now their magic spells.

-----  
 To ———.

Let me kiss those shining eyes,  
 Where thy soul of beauty lies !  
 Let my lips of love alight  
 On those eye lids lily-white.

Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !  
 How my soul would grow to thee !  
 Thou, a gentle golden vine,  
 I, its fond sustaining tree.

Let me kiss that budding mouth,  
 Sweeter than the fragrant South ;  
 Let me nestle on the rose  
 Round thy teeth of pearl that grows.  
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !  
 Soul to soul in fondness bound ;  
 Thou, a bright and starry sign,  
 I, the air that clasped it round.

Fold me as the stellar zone  
 Folds its much-loved earth, mine own ;  
 Or the rainbow, bright and clear,  
 Folds the smiling hemisphere.  
 Oh, sweet heaven, that thou wert mine !  
 Ne'er in life or death to part ;  
 Thou a spirit in its shrine,  
 And that shrine my faithful heart.



Hafez.

Shemseddin Hafez, in his early youth,  
 Loved Shakhi Nebát,\* fairer than the Star  
 Zohair, and graceful as the bending branch  
 That in the silver stream its foliage dips.

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\* Branch of sugar-cane.

Her also loved the Prince of proud Shirâz ;  
And many wondered how the Maid would give  
Her heart, and whether youth or power would win.  
Now hear ye, how this gentle Virgin did.  
Outside Shirâz is Piri-Sebz, so called  
Because at certain times resorted there  
A Sage Immortal of the bygone days,  
Who, on the true that watched for forty nights,  
Bestowed celestial gifts—the gifts of song.  
These gifts Shemseddin Hafez longed to hold ;  
And so he sought the sacred mystic spot.  
Yet on his way he cast a loving eye  
Upon the house where Shakhi Nebât dwelled,  
And sighed, but sighed in vain ; for no fond glance  
From lattice or balcony strewed his path .  
With flowers or gems. But still he sought the place,  
And hoped, when Hope herself might well despair.  
So for the nine-and-thirtieth time he went,  
When like a sunburst on his dazzled eye,  
The beaming Virgin shone, and beckoned soft  
With delicate white hand, and called him in,  
And covered him with roses : long he stayed,  
Until the night approached ; and then with will  
Of iron, but with heart that struggled much,  
He tore himself away, and ran and ran  
Until he found himself at Piri-Sebz.  
So when the splendent stars and moon shone bright  
O'er tree and stream, and in the flowering trees  
The nightingale sang songs as sweet, as soft  
As Israfil's—that Angel fair of God,  
The Immortal Sage appeared in emerald robes

More flashing than the sea-reflected moon,  
 And gave him a gold cup that sparkled high  
 With heavenly nectar. Quick Shemseddin drained  
 The draught celestial, and with it acquired  
 The paradise gift of poesy divine.  
 So to the Virgin's house he back returned ;  
 And then in speech all lustrous with the light  
 Of melody and love and hope, revealed  
 The secret reason why he fled away  
 From her, in whom his heart of hearts was placed.  
 She hearkened and forgave, and gave her hand  
 To him who was to be the Prince of Song.  
 And so she left the Prince of proud Shiráz  
 To mope in melancholy like an owl  
 Amid his courtiers, chamberlains, and slaves.  
 Now tell me if this Virgin did not well ?



### The Lion of Florence.

O love ! O wondrous love, how wonderful,  
 How lovely, and how terrible is thy force !  
 Thou givest to the gentlest heart a power  
 As great as that which moves the mightiest soul.  
 Thou art God's energy in toil and trial,  
 Inspiring strength that breathes of heaven, not earth.  
 This saw I proved in Florence. On a day,  
 It happed a lion fierce with Nubian flame  
 Burst from the Grand Duke's gardens, where he caged,  
 And through the stately streets he bent his march,

Lashing his flanks. His eyes breathed terror round ;  
Fire flashed from out their pupils ; and he roared  
Like a low muttering thunder ; at the growl  
Quailed every heart, and every wayfarer  
Fled in dismay. But there was one, a Woman,  
Who in her terror dropt her baby down.  
The lion seized him, when she too with heart  
Courageous turned—a lioness at bay.  
She faced the tawny savage ; on her knees  
She fell before him, and with a mother's love  
Prayed fiercely, earnestly, with tears and words  
And passionate gesture, that would move a stone,  
To spare her child. The lion stopped, surveyed  
The weeping frantic woman with fixed eye ;  
His ravenous nature melted was by love ;  
And so he laid the infant at her feet,  
And like a monarch in his pride passed on.



### Ladye Digna.

When Attila the Hun, the Sword of God,  
Had taken Aquilëia, it chanced  
He saw the Ladye Digna, the most fair  
And lovely woman in the captured city.  
Her beauty fired his heart ; her sunbright eyes  
Shot flame resistless through his stubborn soul ;  
And so he sought her, but she would not hearken.  
*I cannot be thy wife : I will not be*

*Thy mistress* : thus she spake, and cast her eyes  
Upon him with a fixed and noble pride.

But he, the lord of millions, scorned repulse,  
And said, *Thou must be that which I may will.*  
*If love cannot persuade thee, force may do it.*  
*Knowest thou not I bear the sword of Mars,*  
*And that no living power on earth can cope*  
*With Attila ; be mine, or thou shalt be.*

The Ladye Digna heard ; a moment's thought  
Opened before her the safe starry road  
To honour, safety, purity, and God.

And thus she spake to Attila : *O King !*  
*Great is thy strength indeed ; and if thou sayest*  
*The word, I know that I must needs obey.*

*Follow me to yon tower, far remote*  
*From eye and ear, and then*—no more she spake,  
But led the way. The impatient monarch strode  
Quick by her side ; they reached the lofty roof,  
From which the rolling river underneath  
Was seen—a line of silver. On the heaven  
The Ladye Digna fixed her soft blue eyes,  
Shining with faith sublime in heaven's God.  
*Follow me now, she said, if thou wouldst have me ;*  
And so she cast herself in headlong death.  
The river bare her body ; but the winds  
Wafted her spirit into Paradise.





*Sabinus and Eponina.*

Past are the horrors of the fight ; the troops  
Of Prince Sabinus have been crushed ; Vespasian  
Is once again an emperor with no foe.  
His Roman eagles have swept o'er the plains,  
And borne his triumph on their outspread wings.  
Sabinus flies, but large rewards are offered  
To him who shall betray that hapless prince.  
So in a cave remote from stately Rome  
He hid himself, but not alone. His wife  
The noble Eponina, fair and bright  
As the young Morning Star, was by his side,—  
A glory in his darkness ; days rolled on,  
And months, and years, and still they loved and lived  
In that stone cavern, deep amid the woods,  
With howling wolves around them, and but scant  
Participation of the light of heaven.  
But she was sunbeams to him,—stars and flowers,  
Music and birds, and rivulets, and air,  
Nature herself in all her golden hues.  
And in her presence peace and love were seen,  
And beauty, and serenity, and content.  
So nine years rolled ; but in the end betrayed,  
The two were brought in chains before Vespasian,  
Who, pitying not that matchless love, condemned  
Sabinus and his wife to death. No tear  
Escaped her ; no weak prayer for mercy flowed  
From those firm lips that despot force disdained.  
But looking on her husband with a smile

Of pride and love and constancy, she spake :  
*Happier we both have lived, though underground,*  
*Than you proud monarch on his guilty throne.*  
*Let his assassins come and strike the blow ;*  
*Together, hand in hand and side by side,*  
*We'll die, and pass from earth to God's free heaven.*  
 And so it was. And in a few short years,  
 Vespasian and his race were seen no more.

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Gertrude Von der Wart.

They bound him living on the wheel ; they bared  
 His beautiful limbs upon its savage beams ;  
 And left him in the sun to pine and die,  
 Or own the guilt in which he had no hand.  
 And one by one the crowd departed home.  
 And in the night I found myself alone  
 Before that cruel cross. The stars came out  
 Like angels from their dark blue gates in heaven,  
 Serenely calm, gentle, and beautiful,  
 As if no sin or suffering could come near  
 Their holy atmosphere of silver light.  
 Oh ! how I longed to fly away with *him*,  
 And be alone in some sweet starry sphere,  
 Where only happiness and peace abode ;  
 And we should sit beside green ocean streams,  
 Or from blue caves of crystal watch the moon,  
 Or in the woodlands lying, hear the birds.

And with these longings, tears were in my eyes,  
And in my heart deep agonies and pangs,  
That sought relief in prayer. Then I rose,  
And with thick logs of wood piled up a stair,  
On which I mounted to him, laid myself  
Upon his quivering limbs and bursting head,  
And stroked the hair which the night wind had blown  
Over his face and in his bleeding eyes.

*O leave me, dearest, leave me to my fate.*

*The day will break, and they shall find thee here,  
How will they then wreak vengeance on thee ; fly,  
Nor add new misery to thy wretched husband,  
Seeing thee sink beneath their cruel stripes.*

Thus spake he ; but I answered : *I will die  
Before thee, with thee, and beside thee, dearest.*

*Unto that end thy faithful wife is here,  
Nor shall they separate us but by death.*

And spreading out my arms, I clasped him round  
To my heart's centre, and I prayed to God  
To take us both from life.

The day broke slowly ;  
The stars departed one by one ; the moon  
Had long since veiled herself in darkness ; cold  
And night dews wrapped us. As the sounds of life  
Began to rise around us, I replaced  
The logs where I had found them, and descended :  
The guard shrunk scared as they had seen a ghost,  
And so did they report ; and thus it happed  
A mighty multitude of men and women  
Flocked to the place of torture. Foremost came

The wife of bailiff Winterthur, whom I  
 Had known and fondly loved in better days.  
 So I implored her to entreat her husband  
 To ease my Rudolph's sufferings by death :  
*Alas, she said, and mournfully she wept,*  
*He dare not do it ; by the Queen herself*  
*The sentence was pronounced, and he must die*  
*This lingering death of torture.*

Then they brought

Me bread and wine, but nothing could I taste :  
 Their sorrowing sympathies were food to me :  
 These cheered me in my anguish more than meat.  
 The executioner stood nigh ; he spake,  
*May God have mercy on this suffering man.*  
 The priest felt no compassion, but cried out,  
*Unhappy Rudolph ! wilt thou not confess ?*  
 To which my husband answered, *Lamprecht, well*  
*Thou knowest I am not guilty of this deed.*  
*I had no hand in Emperor Albert's death.*  
 The priest stood silent. Then I heard a cry,  
*Make way ! make way !* and lo ! a troop of horse  
 With their steel vizors down ; fiercely they rode,  
 And one cried out with harsh and vulture voice,  
*Whither have flown the crows, that the knave's eyes*  
*Are still in his head ?* I knew the horrid sound  
 That spake the bad heart of Duke Leopold.  
 Then said another of those scornful knights :  
*Long let him writhe in bloody pain and sweat ;*  
*But these vain crowds must be dispersed, and taught*  
*To laugh, be still, be silent—but not weep,*

*Or I shall rage against them ; here no pity  
Must be displayed. Remove this howling wretch—  
This woman, who so moves them ; who is she ?  
Away with her. I will not have her here.*

And then I knew it was the Queen herself,  
Disguised in knightly arms—the Queen whose tongue  
Had given my dearest lord unto this wheel.

Then spake a third, *It is the wife of Wart.  
We thought she had drowned herself in yonder moat.  
Let her alone ; for hers is faithful love.*

*Let her alone ; we can do nought with her.*

This was the mild soft voice of Landenberg.

How well, how sweetly did he speak. I could  
Have fallen before him, and have kissed his feet.

Then said a fourth, *Gertrude, be calm, be still,  
Die not of grief, but live ; live and rejoice.*

Whose was this voice ? Alas, it smote mine heart.  
I could have felled him, killed him, then and there.  
'Twas *his*, who when my husband was condemned,  
Hissed in mine ear his serpent hiss of love,  
Saying, *Away with me, —leave him to death,  
And pass thine hours in happiness and love.*  
I only turned and said, *Be silent, wretch !*

Then the Queen signed unto a man-at-arms  
To raise me up, and tear me from the wheel,  
For prostrate at its foot I lay. He came  
And strove to bear me from it ; but I clasped  
The wooden monster firmly, calling loud  
For instant death, so that I died near him ;  
But yet they would not give the boon I asked.

So two more men were sent, and I was dragged  
Like a wild beast from him, from all I loved.  
Then went the Queen with all her knights away.  
And day passed on—a long, dark, dreadful day.  
And as the night fell, back again I crawled  
To the fierce wheel, where still my Rudolph writhed.  
The rain roared down in rivers ; and a soldier  
Flung o'er my dripping limbs his cloak. I climbed  
Once more to my dear lord, and twined it round  
His frozen, naked, broken, dying limbs ;  
The night wind whistled through his hair and beard ;  
His lips were dry ; his eyes had lost their fire ;  
But still in sweetness on me beamed his love.  
I fetched him water in my shoe. The cool  
Refreshing liquid gave him strength, and so  
I laid myself once more against that form  
Which was my all, my world of light and love.  
His sighs were fast and thick, and like a sword  
They pierced my heart. I died a thousand deaths  
In that long night of misery. At length  
The moment came when his bright soul, releast  
From earth, should re-ascend the spheres of light,  
And be with God, of whom he was an image  
“ In every virtue that befits a man.  
He moved or sought to move his dying head,  
And with a rosy smile of love that lit  
His dying face, he spake—he murmured forth,  
*Gertrude ! this is fidelity to death.*  
And so he died ; and I was left alone  
Without a friend in the whole world, but God.

## Confalioniexi.

When Count Confalioniexi was condemned  
To death, because he, an Italian born,  
Moved and seduced by Satan, wickedly  
Preferred his own fair land to Austria,  
And had conspired against the Double Eagle,  
His wife, on wings of love, fled to Vienna ;  
And though 'twas midnight, through gates, guards, and  
doors  
She burst, until she stood before the Empress,  
Who was a woman though she wore a crown ;  
And in an agony of grief that melted  
The hardest into pity, she besought  
Her husband's life ;—she asked not for aught else.  
The Empress begged the Emperor, who gave  
The thing, as though 'twere but a fly's poor life.  
'Twas all the world to *her*—to him a *word*.  
But being a pleasant man, he thought it right  
To tell her that the hangman had set out  
For Milan, that fair city of dead men,  
And ghosts who've passed away from rack and axe.  
So the Contessa hurried night and day,  
And day and night, and never slept, nor tasted  
Food or sweet sleep, but still upon a pillow  
Rested her throbbing temples, and with tears  
Moistened its silky texture, till 'twas wet  
As though 'twere bathed in some hot running stream.  
She came in time—dear love so hurried her,  
And horse and man, that in the very hour

When the accursèd officer of Austria,  
Was gloating o'er the blood of that brave Count  
In cruel thought, his wife arrived, and thrust  
That most unwelcome of all royal missives,  
The Emperor's reprieve, into his hand.  
He scanned it, and with sighs surrendered up  
The Count from death, but bound him in hard chains ;  
And so he sent him—as the Emperor wished—  
To Spielberg's wholesome dungeons for his life—  
Wholesome for rogues that love their native land.  
But the Contessa died ; she had a heart,  
As women sometimes have,—and it was broken.  
But what are women's hearts to Emperors ?  
And so they brought him all she had to leave—  
The silken pillow ; and for many a day,  
The hapless widower pressed it to his heart,  
And bare it with him in his lonely walks,  
And spake to it, and waited its reply ;  
And in his solitary hours of night,  
When through the iron bars the moonlight shone,  
And made him think that she had come from God  
And homes celestial, on that silver ray,  
He clasped it as though it had life and thought,  
And could instil into his soul a message  
Direct from heaven, from her he fondly loved.  
And he would weep to it in midnight hours,  
With tears and words that God himself wrote down ;  
For the behoof of Austrian Emperors,  
And He will read them through on the Last Day.  
So 'twas the only comfort the Count had ;  
And there were times when even he was happy,



Remembering that heart, which had been his,  
 And still watched o'er him from its starry climes  
 And Paradise bowers. Thus the days passed on—  
 Those long, monotonous, cold, heart-breaking days.  
 And even the sternest felt a touch of sorrow  
 And human sympathy for that lone man.  
 At last Count Vogel came, and said, "the thing  
 Was most irregular," and took it from him,  
 And with it took Confaloneri's life.

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Letter to —.

I would not have thee think my heart is dead  
 To the divine soft influence hourly shed  
 Upon my soul and spirit, love, by thee,  
 Who art all-blooming—light and melody,  
 Beauteously intertwined, even as a star  
 Which, while it shines, makes music from afar.  
 I would not have thee deem, because no vow  
 Escapes my lip, or smirk illumines my brow,  
 Or courtier-speech, more often false than true,  
 Swears to a fondness that it never knew,  
 That therefore I, as marble, hard and cold,  
 Burn not with love intense, although untold—  
 Glow not within with those bright lava fires,  
 Which every look and word of thine inspires ;  
 Or that a moment passes in the day,  
 Wherein I feel not that thou art away,

And wish thee near me, round me, like the sun,  
And long to hear thy music-accent run,  
Like silver brooks into mine inner heart,  
And through my brain, and so through every part  
Of that strange piece of organism, the frame.  
It is not so—to me thou art the same,  
Lovely and loving one, as in that hour  
When first I won thee, in thy beauty's flower,  
And gave thee all my being—soul, thought, life,  
Claiming thee for mine own, my bride, my wife ;  
Whose presence was as though some heaven-sent beam  
Came straight from God to light my life's dark stream,  
Making it flow in beauty for a space,  
Sun-brightened by thine innocence and grace ;  
Or moving o'er its billows and along  
Their troubled depths, as 'twere a seraph-song,  
Wafted upon the echoes to our sphere,  
Into some wanderer's delighted ear—  
Some sad, some sorrowing one, some stricken deer.

Never shall pass from my soul's soul the dream  
Of that ecstatic moment, when a stream  
Of light shot through me from thy gentle voice,  
Making mine inmost being so rejoice,  
That beauty still on earth with man abode,  
Shone from thy face, and in thy movements glowed.  
The sun was sinking in the west ; his ray  
Beamed o'er the ivied tower with ruin gray ;  
The dark green wood lay basking in his light ;  
The massive keep frowned grandly from its height ;  
Autumn had softly tinged the yellow leaves ;

The distant corn, piled high in golden sheaves,  
Sparkled in saffron richness. All was still :  
No light spray rustled through the sylvan hill ;  
And as I mused, in that mild vesper hour,  
Beneath a clump of trees that formed a bower,  
Behold I heard thee speak !—'Twas but a word,  
And yet I felt my very life-springs stirred  
By that sweet melting, thrilling accent sent  
Into my soul, that straightway rose and went,  
On wing electric, into thine, and there  
Hath still abided, and will ever share  
With thee its vital essence. Forth I came  
From my green shrine—but need I further name  
What passed ? or is it not traced deep in light  
On both our souls, as on some snowy white  
And virgin page thou'st seen letters of gold,  
Whose splendour shines more rich as they grow old ?  
There let it rest in loveliness, in trance  
Elysian, coloured o'er by wild romance—  
Tinted with all the charming faërie hues  
Of youth and passion, and that heavenly Muse  
Who best of all loves songs that speak of love,  
And wafts them earthward from her realms above.  
Since then ten circling years have come and gone,  
Since we were first in soul and spirit one—  
Ten wandering years have o'er our lives ypassed,  
The first in no wise happier than the last :  
For time hath lightly flitted o'er thy brow,  
Thou art as dearly loved as ever now ;  
Nay, I know not, if thou'rt not loved the more,  
As years pass by, and I view o'er and o'er,

The many matchless graces that, enshrined  
 Within thee, make thee perfect, form and mind.

Here, while I sit and count the hours go by,  
 Or gaze upon the stars that roll on high,  
 Raining their soft light o'er the lonely grave  
 Of one to whom the world but little gave,  
 Except vain disappointments in his days,  
 Reserving for his tomb its barren praise,\*  
 My thoughts fly back to home, to babes, to thee,  
 To the wild echoings of our dear loved sea ;  
 To the sweet memories that must ever twine  
 Round that dark ocean that seems mine and thine :  
 The billows beating on the mournful beach,  
 In solemn tones that more than sermons teach ;  
 Now soft as childhood's lispings, now as loud  
 As if God spake in them through storm and cloud ;  
 The moon aloft that sheds her silver beam,  
 O'er the lagune's sequestered silent stream ;  
 The distant lights that glitter o'er the deep,  
 The winds that lull to, or awake from sleep ;  
 All these are now before me as I write,  
 Clothed in a far-off and a faërie light ;  
 While thou, the Queen of Dreamland, shinest fair  
 Through each and all, in light beyond compare,  
 Throned in calm gentleness that wraps thee round,  
 In youth, in beauty, and in sweetness crowned.  
 I see thee draw thy lamp to that dear nook,  
 Which still thou lov'st so well ; and o'er a book—

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\* Goldsmith.

Shakspeare or Shelley, Homer, or the page  
Of that arch Greek, half-mocker and half-sage,  
Lucian, or tender Virgil—muse alone,  
Making their lore or poetry thine own ;  
Drinking into thine heart and fine-wrought brain,  
The golden wine that flows in every strain  
Of those divine ones ; or the wisdom shrined  
In the quaint page that gave eyes to the blind,  
And, more than sword or homily, drove out  
The gods of Greece and all their rabble rout  
Of pontiffs, mystics, sibyls, galli, priests,  
Who changed the Deity to birds and beasts.  
The fire burns up—the lamp sheds splendour soft  
Over those pages read and learned so oft ;  
The oleander breathes its perfumed soul,  
From yonder window through the crimson roll  
Of folding curtains. Flowers and books are there,  
And pictures limned in colours rich and rare :  
Knights and fair women, landscapes, portraits old  
Of those whose deeds or thoughts Fame hath enrolled  
In her historic page, and linked their name  
With genius, valour, learning, war's great game :  
But still amid them all, I feel—I see  
But one bright flower and picture—thee, love, thee.

Hushed are the voices that the live-long day  
Rang through each room in happy childhood's play ;  
Stilled are the pattering feet that would not rest  
Until the sun was hidden in the west ;  
And questionless those little tongues that sought  
Oracular answer to each prying thought.

Deep in repose they lie—a gamesome band,  
 On whom no sorrow yet has laid the hand.  
 Happy, did they but know it, in these days,  
 When, far removed from men and the world's ways,  
 With only those light loving tasks which thou  
 Imposrest on them, as their years allow.  
 Has Ahmed learned his Homer? has that arch  
 Young wag through Latin made his daily march?  
 Has Henrietta learned to herring-bone?  
 And Arabella tiny patchwork sewn?  
 I ask not of the rest—too young as yet  
 To touch the task that's for their seniors set.  
 But all are now at rest, in childhood's deep,  
 Refreshing, dreamless, silent, graceful sleep:  
 Kiss them—I know thou wilt, love,—one by one,  
 Ere thou retirest, when the day is done;  
 And breathe a blessing over each fair brow;—  
 What prayer so sacred as a mother's vow?  
 Then fold the baby in thine arms, and pray  
 For him whom fate keeps lonely and away,  
 Now meditating beneath star and moon,—  
 And, oh! that I may join thee, dearest, soon!

Now to my books I turn—those musty tomes :  
 A lawyer's ghost from each black folio gloams.  
 Here's one with Page's name and crested coat ;  
 Methinks I see his Shade rise up and gloat,  
 With fiery glee, as Savage stands before  
 His glowering eye, and hears his wolf-like roar.  
 So I've seen Platt and Mirehouse in my time—  
 Denizens now in Satan's rankest slime.

Here is another, writ with Jeffreyes' name :  
I wonder in what Hell he hides his shame.  
And lo! a third, which Campbell used and read :  
I see his notes on all its pages spread ;  
The Devil's owl finger-prints they seem to me ;  
Yet have I seen even good men bend the knee  
To this old caitiff, deeming what they saw  
Was not incarnate hell, but truth and law.  
These are the records of chicane and fraud,  
Quips which your special pleaders much applaud :  
Heirs plundered by their guardians, orphans spoiled  
Of the prized pelf for which their fathers toiled ;  
Lawyers perverting justice into wrong—  
Villains with viperish heart and adder tongue.  
Well, I must e'en toil at them—God forfend,  
However, that I work for evil end,  
Or learn therein aught that may soil my soul,  
Or bring me wealth accursed, and future dole,  
Dragging me with its load to deepest hell.  
No, let me use them only to do well :  
To make the true and righteous cause appear  
Bright as the sun ; to dry the widow's tear,  
When outraged by some power she seeks my aid ;  
To speak my mind—of no man's wrath afraid ;  
To search with keen, clear spirit through the net  
Woven by guilt in darkness, and to let  
A blaze of light shine in, that all may see  
In its true phase the dread impurity ;  
To stand up boldly for the poor opprest,  
Making myself a shield before his breast,  
To stand as firmly 'gainst the tyrant's frown,

And still oppose until I smite him down ;  
 Bent to unfold the wisdom of the law,  
 Strong in my strength, and not on quirk or flaw,  
 Or those poor quibbles which have brought disgrace  
 On Justice, till abasht she hides her face,  
 And scarcely ventures to walk out abroad,  
 Lest she may be confounded with base Fraud.  
 Somers and Denman, Holt and Erskine, be  
 The starry lights of my idolatry ;  
 And Curran, with his soul of flame and tongue,  
 On whose wild melody a nation hung.  
 Lo ! as I write, their splendid Phantoms rise,  
 In clouds of glory on my dazzled eyes ;  
 My room is lit by sunbeams, rainbows ; hymns  
 Seem wafted from God's courts ; the grandeur dims  
 My vision, and I only feel and hear  
 That something most divine and pure is near—  
 That some faint images of heaven pass on  
 Like meteors—ah ! the gorgeous vision's gone :  
 Gone from my view, but from my heart—oh, no !  
 Ne'er shall its memory from that temple go—  
 Their forms majestic in that fane shall stand,  
 While beats this brain, or moves this busy hand.  
 Whiter than marble, white as their own souls,  
 When they passed on, and over Heaven's goals,  
 Until God gave them thrones of light, and said—  
 “ Here take your seats,” and crowned with rays each  
 head.

Come, I have had enough, methinks, of these—  
 Let me now turn to Aristophanes ;



For four long hours I've muddled o'er reports,  
Noting the wisdom of the various courts.  
O prince of jesters, welcome! would that thou,  
For our behoof wert here and living now :  
More splendid food for thy satiric mirth,  
Grew not of old from rank Athenian earth,  
Than round us grows ; nor sprang it more profuse.  
We, too, like Socrates, swear by the Goose :  
The loudest cackler, the most long-drawn bray,  
Leads on wise people straight from wisdom's way.  
Whom have we in this pulpit ?—a fat fool,  
Who makes the multitude his pliant tool ;  
Buffoon and bully, glib of tongue, but void  
Of brain and thought ; by vanity upbuoyed—  
A second Chrysostom he thinks himself,  
And puts all past apostles on the shelf.  
Turn now to Parliament, and see it filled  
With blatant coxcombs, by the whipper drilled,  
To vote that black is white, and white is black,  
And keep in place some most outrageous quack—  
Some harlequin with fifty thousand coats ;—  
What care they if he pays them for their votes ?  
Our bards are mere dull scribblers—poor fifth-rates,  
With nought but fustian in their windy pates :  
Once we drank wine, but now 'tis base small beer  
We taste instead, and sooth 'tis sorry cheer.  
Shakspeare and Shelley drew from Hippocrene,  
And gave it us, but did not give the spleen ;  
Whereas, the horrid slop that now we drink,  
Comes from a Castalie that's but a sink ;  
It turns our stomach, but, by trick and puff,

We take it, till half-poisoned by the stuff.  
 O thou great Greek, would that some wizard spell  
 Were mine thy flashing Spirit to compel  
 Here for a space, that with thy pen of flame,  
 Thou mightst bring back the age to sense of shame,  
 And crush with ridicule, contempt, and scorn,  
 The pigmy creatures who raise high their horn,  
 And think themselves the heirs of that bright band,  
 Whose songs have glorified our glorious land.

Thus have I hobbled through these idle strains—  
 The fruit, methinks, is scarcely worth the pains  
 Of cudgelling the Muse out of my brains.  
 But as they are, I send them ; thou'lt not play  
 The critic o'er them, as but t'other day,  
 That terrible fellow, writing in *The Times*,  
 Swore I could nothing make but “eloquent rhymes,”  
 Which had no spark of poetry—no fine  
 And purple phrases in each laboured line.  
 I leave such word-hunting to those small wits  
 Whom I have named—I class them but with nits,  
 That nestle somehow in Apollo's hair,  
 And make that God of Song profanely swear :  
 Creatures who, if you rob them of their phrase  
 Enamelled, melt away in misty haze.  
 Mine be the plain, clear English, which, like light,  
 Shines before all ; which Shakspeare loved to write,  
 Which burns with splendour full in Dryden's page,  
 Jonson's and Byron's ; free from false mirage,  
 Or curious adjectives, or spangled words,  
 Such as the tinkling Fannius affords.

Let him, and bards like him, waste days and weeks,  
 While some strange, dainty, compound word he seeks  
 With pain incredible ; and when 'tis got,  
 Another Euphues he is, God wot !  
 And so, in sooth, he may be—I'll not budge  
 Out of my path to strip the harmless drudge,  
 Of that which he has raked with awful toil,  
 And reckless squandering of midnight oil.  
 Pretty it is, and makes a pretty chime—  
 Pretty it looks, but costs a world of time,  
 And, after all, 'tis not the true sublime.

*The Temple.*



### The Tomb of Hafez.

When Hafez left the earth, and gave his soul  
 To Azraël, the Angel dark of Death,  
 A contest fierce arose among the people,  
 Who loved and hated the lost child of song.  
 And they who hated, swore by all their saints  
 That Bard profane like him, who sang of love,  
 And wine, and pleasure, and fair, yielding maids,  
 Should never lie in consecrated earth ;  
 And they who loved, declared, by God Himself,  
 He should repose within the very fane,  
 For that his lays were beautiful as truth,  
 And pure and virgin to the virgin pure.  
 At length arose a Judge, who spake them thus :  
 “ *Bring the Bard's writings hither ; let us take  
 For guide the first chance stanza that we meet.* ”

And it was so decreed. Now, when they oped  
 The gold-illumined Volume, there was seen  
 The gem-like stanza, which came first to hand :  
 “*Refuse not honour to the Bard’s remains :*  
*In sin he died, but he will rise in Heaven.*”  
 So they adjudged him honour in his death,  
 And to this very day his marble tomb,  
 Outside Shirâz, is visited, and receives  
 Due reverence from all : the old, the young,  
 The wise, the mighty, and the lowly man.



To ———.

On thy brow the rose-like light  
 Of youth is seen no more,  
 And those ringlets now are white,  
 That flashed with gold before.  
 Faint those limbs, and dim those eyes,  
 Which, in days gone by,  
 Were as gleams of Paradise,  
 Glinting through the sky.

Yet I love thee, love thee yet,  
 With a fire-bright flame,  
 In my heart thou hast not set,  
 But art still the same.  
 Like a lute that still repeats,  
 Some olden dear-loved air ;  
 While brain throbs, or bosom beats,  
 Thou alone art there.

## A Heberie.

The sky is overcast, a misty haze  
Of cloud obscures the blue, save where at times  
A broken rift of azure bursts in light,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed ; long and loud  
The wind awakes its melancholy trump  
O'er land and water ; and the waves arise,  
Like sleuth-hounds breathing rage, fury, and death,  
And rush in troops on the broad crumbling beach.  
Or rise in misty cloud like the sheeted dead  
Out of their graves, at night when twelve is tolled.  
O'er the dark billows sea-mews wheel, and dip  
At intervals within their troubled depths,  
That whelm them in foam-torrents ; but in vain ;  
In safety they emerge, and with shrill scream  
Proclaim the coming of the Spirit of Storm,  
And still and still they breast his gnashing waves.  
A swelling ridge of roaring, blinding spray  
Tossed like the boiling ocean of deep hell,  
Whirls on my gaze, as on the line of strand  
Stretching away afar, I turn the eye,  
Peering into the faint and shadowy distance  
Of surging waters, and unceasing heaving  
Of the Sea-Giant, who now, dark in light,  
Puts forth his strength, and shrieks his battle-cry.  
And on the horizon sits a lurid light,  
Dark, horrent, like the Simoon's death-like form :  
Or like a Demon keeping ghastly watch,  
Over the black and thunder-moaning main.  
But here, in my broad window, all is calm

And lettered silence : winds and waves contend  
Outside, and land and water seem at strife ;  
But books and pictures, busts and flowers surround  
My table, where I sit, and think, and write,  
And look abroad upon the tossing ocean,  
Like the blest gods in the old Lucretian verse.

What shall I do, or how employ the hour ?  
I feel as idle as a fish i' the pool,—  
A lazy, dreaming, droning, ponderous fish,  
That rests suspended in the dark green shade  
Beneath a rock or tree, and never stirs  
For the whole day, but ruminates with grave look,  
As if the weight of worlds were on his back,  
And empires balancing in his thought profound.  
Yet, at the bottom of his working brain  
There's scarce more thought than dwells in yonder skull,  
Which from its corner fronts me with dark brow,  
And hollow eyes, and jaw well fenced with teeth.  
So I, o'erwearied by a week's hard toil,  
Feel all my energies depressed or lulled  
Into inaction, which the war without  
Of mighty elements, can scarcely fire  
Into a transient effort ; and methinks  
These dull lead lines daguerreotype myself,  
In the stagnation of exhausted thought ;  
And I, too, am no better than that relique  
Of what was erst a man in vigorous life.

O thou quick Spirit, who didst tenant once  
This dome of bone, and didst inspire its dreams,  
Whither art thou departed ? To what sphere

Has thy strong pinion borne thee from this earth?  
Now thou dost know more than all living men,  
Though all their science were combined in one.  
The portals of the mystic life to come,  
Thou hast passed through. Thou knowest on what zones  
Of spirit-spheres that wandering thing called Man  
First lights, when he hath left his robe of flesh,—  
Through what wild seas or skies he is ordained  
To pass in pilgrimage,—through what vallies dark  
Or mountain gorges he wends on his way,  
Before he reaches that most awful Gate,  
That leads him to his destiny. Thou hast crossed  
That trackless wild that lies between our world  
And the far distant unseen world to come;  
And hast experienced all its weird and dim  
And shadowy features, and its starless glooms,  
And paradise flashes. Thou hast seen what forms  
Dwell in its wilderness wastes, and couldst reveal  
If love or horror met thee on thy road,—  
If angels welcomed thee with songs of love,  
Or lost and outcast demons hurled the blasts  
Of hell upon thee, shrinking back in terror,—  
What phantasms crossed thy soul in that dark hour!  
What memories of thy days and deeds on earth!  
What blended thoughts of sorrow, and remorse,  
And vain repentance, and of self-contempt  
For all thy follies past, upon thy being  
Lay like a pyramid of solid stone,  
Weighing thee downward, pressing thee and crushing,  
While yawned beneath the terrible Abyss :—  
These—yea, and more than these, thou knowest, Spirit.  
Oh! that I could compel thee to my side,

And by a mighty effort of the will,  
Command thee to disclose thy secret lore,—  
Bind thee in chains till thou didst all reveal  
That like a history dwells within thy soul,  
Of things that mortal man shall never know,  
Until he too has voyage made with Death.

What wert thou in thy days? Thy brow is broad—  
Wert thou a scholar, musing o'er thy books?—  
A dreamer lost in phantasies?—a trader  
Who only lived for gold and cent. per cent.,  
And left thy treasure to some spendthrift heir?  
Wert thou a father? did thine eyes of love  
Mirror within them childhood's paradise smile?  
Wert thou a lover? dost thou still retain  
Her image who was once thy soul's delight?  
Art thou and she united in the spheres?  
Or dost thou seek her ever in despair?  
Or didst thou swear to love that never dwelt  
Within thee; and for a moment's thrill of joy,  
Didst thou deceive and lure to utter ruin?  
There be strange mysteries in all men's lives;  
And thine no doubt hath been as other men's  
Existences, and hath brought life or death,  
Gladness or misery. What unto thee now  
Are all the schemes of that most cunning brain,  
In which thou didst delight?—the toils, the thoughts,  
That formed thy world, concentrated all to win  
Some paltry prize, now changed to dust and ashes.  
Oh! couldst thou answer me, what lore, what lessons  
More weighty than were ever taught by Seer  
Or Sibyl, should we learn in one brief hour,



From thee, thou dweller in mysterious depths.  
Speak, I adjure thee!—speak, I say!—declare  
The thing thou art, or I will deem thy history  
To be so dark and dread, thou darest not utter  
That which thou wert, and that which now thou art.

Vain hope! vain effort! all is still and silent :  
I must abide in ignorance : no voice  
Responds to mine : the Dead will speak no word.  
And wisely hath the heaven ordained in this ;  
For if the sons of men could know the secrets  
That are to be ;—the splendid crowns that wait  
To bind the brows of those who walk in light,  
The palaces of glory that are built  
For the fair spirits who abide in truth,  
This were to give incentives to the soul  
To follow Virtue, not for Virtue's sake  
But for the hire that was already fixed,  
The stated price which it would have with God ;  
Therefore the Father wisely hath enwrapped  
In mysteries the Future, so that none  
Shall come to Him lured by the hope of gain,  
As they must do if He had all revealed.  
But they must seek Him for His sake alone,—  
For the enchanting beauty of His nature,—  
For the surpassing majesty of His rule,—  
And not as hirelings, feeling only this :  
That they who follow Purity on earth,  
Must in another life with Purity dwell ;  
And Purity is but one name for God.

Now the storm rises ; drizzling mist and rain

And wind in one vast chaos ; hark the hiss,  
 The shrill, sharp whistling, as though fiends were out  
 Rejoicing in the havoc ;—roar the waves  
 Loud as the peals of distant muttering thunder,  
 And lightning flashes o'er the leaden skies.  
 Yon ship ! how fearfully she rolls and labours ;  
 The terrible gale will blow her straight ashore ;  
 The horrent noise confuses eye and ear ;  
 The nerves distracted, and the clouded brain  
 Abdicate all their functions ; judgment topples  
 From her firm seat ; the fury of the storm  
 Palsies the soul ; alas ! ye mariners,  
 I fear for ye. Come, let us up and out,  
 And face the battle of the elements.  
 I see the ship is almost stranded now ;  
 No boat can live in this wild tossing sea.  
 Gods ! what a flash—hark to that terrible peal.  
 The coast-guards hurry onward ; let us join them,  
 With ropes, and coats, and cordials for these men.  
 I feel new vigour animate my soul ;  
 Quick, quick, for every minute's worth a life.



To Miss J——.

Sing me those sweet and sacred strains once more,  
 Which the religious psalmist of old time  
 Linked to divinest music ; waken, too,  
 With gentle touch the silver-sounding string,  
 That blends so happily with thy soft voice ;  
 And while the harmony enwraps my soul,  
 As if in clouds of rosy-flashing light,

I'll lay me back and look upon the sky,  
 And blooming trees, and the far-distant wood,  
 Just silvered by the beauteous Evening Star,  
 And think that in the spirit I ascend  
 To other spheres, celestial lands and circles,  
 Where music is the atmosphere, and love  
 The only feeling of the ethereal host.

— — — — —  
 To ———.

The crystal fountains of those eyes,  
 Wherein Love wadeth ;  
 Those cheeks, before whose flowering dyes  
 The red rose fadeth ;  
 Those smiles, wherein the blush of dawn  
 Seems opening brightly ;  
 All the sweet airs that round thee fawn,  
 Like Graces lightly ;—  
 These only could not move  
 My soul to love.

What are they but a radiant veil  
 O'er the shrine's glory ?—  
 What do they, if they not detail  
 Thy heart's bright story ?  
 Oh ! dearer far than sunny look,  
 Or blush of roses ;  
 The heart more pure than purest brook,  
 That veil encloses.  
 Ask ye, then, what doth move  
 My soul to love ?

That gentle heart where virtue dwells  
 And meekness shineth,  
 Round which her fairest, loveliest spells—  
 Religion, twineth ;  
 Which seems like storied Paradise,  
 Always attended,  
 By brightest angels from the skies,  
 Newly descended ;—  
 That heart it is doth move  
 My soul to love.



### A Fragment.

I had a Dream of Beauty as I lay  
 In sunshine, on the solitary beach,  
 While winds and waters soothed me to repose ;  
 And like a thousand echoes of wild lutes,  
 Heard amid forests, lakes, and winding hills,  
 When in the purpling west the Star of Eve  
 First shews her silvery form, that musical Dream  
 Wandered deliciously through soul and sense,  
 And wafted me from earth into the spheres  
 Where dwell the splendid Spirits of the Past.  
 My thoughts were then all radiant with delight ;  
 They rose within the arch of my rapt soul  
 Like stars in the blue heaven. I was alone,  
 And yet not solitary, for I saw  
 Phantoms more lovely than the forms of fire,  
 Or the bright meteors of a summer night ;

And so they came around me, and with eyes  
 That breathed the beauty of a Paradise-land,  
 Shone sweetly on my heart. And then I heard  
 A Voice of deep Æolian minstrelsy,  
 Which to my ear sang sweetly. Thus it said :  
 “ *Write on thy soul this Vision of Delight,  
 And when thy spirit is again on earth,  
 Reveal it to the people.*”

Then I saw

An Iris-palace in a garden sweet,  
 With flowers that charmed the eye with their fine hues,  
 And breathed the fragrance of a thousand odours,  
 Through the sun-lighted air ; and from the Gate  
 Gleamed many a form of female loveliness,  
 In the fresh brightness of a morn in spring :—  
 These were the Phantoms of fair Women past,  
 Who, in the annals of our queenly land,  
 Shine out in stately or in charming light,  
 The glory of the earth and of their kind.  
 And first I saw the fair and clinging Shape  
 Of Margaret Roper, as her sire condemned  
 Passed to that Tower, which still o’er the Thames  
 Looks like an agèd giant, from whose arms  
 The horrid strength is gone away for ever.  
 How beautiful was the love with which she clung  
 To that old man : how holy was the beam  
 That shone from her full eye, as bursting through  
 The steel-clad soldiers, she embraced him still,  
 With love that would not suffer rough repulse,  
 And saw no terror in their flashing swords.  
 So in a silver urn claspt to her breast

She bare the head of him who gave her life,  
And was borne by me in a veil of stars.

And then I saw grave Lucy Hutchinson,  
With royal mien and high imperial step—  
The very star her mother dreamed she held.\*  
Her eyes were fountains deep of truest love ;  
Her glorious spirit glittered through her looks ;  
Courage and prudence, gentleness and strength,  
Combined as in a chaplet rich and rare.  
Her pathway seemed a milky-way of lustre,  
So shining were her words, her acts, her thoughts.†

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\* “ My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand,—with other circumstances which, though I often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly ; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency ; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought, as far as it could, its own accomplishment, for my father and mother, fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education.”—*Life of Mrs. Hutchinson.*

† The grand patriotic spirit which animated this noble woman is well pictured in her own earnest language :—“ Whoever considers England will find it no small favour of God to have been made one of its natives, both upon spiritual and outward accounts. The happiness of the soil and air contribute all things that are necessary to the use or delight of man’s life. The celebrated glory of this Isle’s inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honour upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue which hath famed this Island, and raised her head in glory higher than the great kingdoms of the neighbouring Continent. Britain hath been as a garden enclosed, wherein all things that man can wish to make a pleasant life are planted and grow in her own soil ; and whatsoever foreign countries yield, to

And by her side a Shape ambrosial moved—  
Sweet Rachel Russell, clothed in virgin white ;  
A saint-like purity was on her brow,  
And like the heavenly Queen of Stars she walked.  
Next, like a calm and lovely summer-night,  
When moon and stars serenely shine in heaven,  
And all is holiness, and peace, and beauty,  
Dorothy Temple came.\* Upon her brow,  
Beamed like a crown the royal seal of wisdom ;  
And in her kindly smile, love softly burned,  
With vestal purity. At Moor Park, beneath  
A sun-dial, is shrined her husband's heart ;  
But had I been Sir William, in *her* grave  
I would have had it placed, and there alone.

And with them was another : soft of eyes,  
The fairest, fondest, gentlest woman-heart  
That ever lighted on our Isle beloved—  
Anne Fanshawe, wife to Richard of that name.  
Her ringlets fell in tangled vine-like curls,  
Over her bosom pure of purest white ;  
And in her full bright eyes such glory burst,  
As lights the stars that burn o'er Orient isles.  
So beamed she as she beamed in that dark hour,

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encrease admiration and delight, are brought in by her fleets. The people, by the plenty of their country, not being forced to toil for bread, have ever addicted themselves to more generous employments, and been reckoned almost in all ages as valiant warriors as any part of the world sent forth, insomuch that the greatest Roman captains thought it not unworthy of their expeditions."

\* See Courtenay's *Life of Sir W. Temple*, for a delightful picture of this exemplary woman.

When as they sailed upon the Spanish main,  
 A roving corsair, with his flag of death,  
 Bore down upon their ship, and all prepared  
 To meet the Algerine with shot and sword.  
 So when the fight was near, she would not bide  
 With the other women, but was found on deck,  
 In strange disguise, beside her husband dear,  
 Who never loved her more than in that moment.\*

Then like a rainbow seen amid green trees,  
 With lustre faint and indistinct, arose  
 A youthful form, o'er which her purple stole  
 Science had drawn; and in her soul-lit eye,  
 High contemplation upon things afar

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\* "This," says Lady Fanshawe, "was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us to be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board the vessel. He went upon deck, and took a gun, a bandalier, and a sword, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. The captain had locked me up in the cabin. I knocked and called to no purpose, until the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his thrum cap and tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck, by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, of discretion; but it was the effect of a passion, which I could never master. By this time, the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's force that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and, though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."—*Memoirs*, p. 98.



Sat like a hermit old. So looked she then,  
As in that instant, hallowed to all time,  
When Roger Ascham found her in her chamber,  
Musing o'er Plato's Phædon, while abroad,  
In the green park, with hound and merry horn,  
The lords and ladies of the household rode  
A-hunting ; but this gentle girl—Jane Grey—  
Found more true pleasure with that Greek inspired,  
Than in the woodland, or in chasing harts.  
O sacred Phantom, with what rapt delight  
I gazed upon thee then, thou emblem pure  
Of English womanhood ! And when I pen  
This phrase, I mean that which comprises all—  
Of love, of faith, of duty, trust, and truth,  
In their most lovely aspects, which the earth  
Hath ever held to make it image heaven.

And yet again I looked, and there was One,  
A sweet white opening rose, but on her head  
She bare a helmet, glittering like a crown—  
Young Agnes Hotot, who, when her dear sire,  
On the appointed day of combat, failed  
To meet his adversary in the field,  
And so must forfeit his ancestral lands  
To furious Ringsdale, donned a coat of mail,  
And in Northampton county met her foe.  
They fought—she conquered, and was summoned quick  
To the king's presence, who confirmed her title  
To the disputed manors ;—then, indeed,  
Her sex was first revealed, and her fair ringlets  
Burst from beneath her helmet to her breast.

And so the Dudleys of Northampton bear  
 Even to this day, upon their crested coat,  
 A record of the feat : a woman's bust,  
 With snow-white bosom and dishevelled hair,  
 Under a helmet, on a ducal crown.  
 How beautiful was the light in which she moved !  
 What exquisite firmness in her mouth and step !  
 And in her eyes sweet faërieland seemed set.  
 Of such true women hero-sons are born.  
 May such true women gem our land for aye,  
 Keeping her crowned upon that jewel throne,  
 From which she waves her sceptre o'er the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*



### On a favourite Walk,

WHICH I HAVE CALLED "SAINT MARY'S AISLE."

It is a lone and gentle walk,  
 O'er-archt by moss-grown woodland trees,  
 Beneath whose shade we laugh and talk,  
 And live in soft luxurious ease ;  
 Our thoughts as bright as Indian seas  
 A-sleeping in the golden sun,  
 And rich as that enchanted breeze  
 That blows o'er woods of cinnamon.  
*Such* thoughts our happy hours beguile,  
 With thee in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

The ash-trees wreathe their graceful boughs  
     Aloft, to form an arch of green,  
 So closely twined, it scarce allows  
     A wandering beam of sun between ;  
 A dim religious vesper light  
     This walk of trees and flowers pervades,  
 Save only where thine eyes so bright  
     Shed morning radiance through the shades.  
 Though dark as night, one witching smile  
 From *thee* illumes Saint Mary's Aisle.

Along this silent wild retreat  
     The yellow cowslips thickly grow,  
 While airs with many an odour sweet,  
     From yonder beds of roses blow.  
 Give me thy hand as white as snow,  
     But warm as sunshine, and we'll stray  
 Through the green paths, with footsteps slow,  
     Till evening veils the face of Day.  
 Oh ! what so sweet as thus to while  
 The hours in lone Saint Mary's Aisle ?

I see thee, like some nymph of old,  
     Some Grecian nymph with wild flowers tresst,  
 Thy silken ringlets all unrolled,  
     Loose on thy swan-like neck and breast.  
 I hear thee, and thy language breathes  
     Delicious rapture in mine ears,  
 Like the bright breath of rosy wreaths,  
     Like the rich music of the spheres ;

But other themes demand my lays,  
From purple night till blushing dawn—  
My songs are *hers* alone, whose smile  
Makes heaven of dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Bring forth the lute, whose speaking strings  
Have oft beguiled the summer hours,  
And while the wild bird yonder sings,  
Recline within the acacia bowers ;  
And wake once more its wond'rous chords  
With airs as fond as airs can be ;  
Nor yet disdain the quaint old words  
Of song that once I wrote for thee,  
Received with many a gracious smile  
Of thanks in dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Or, if thou wilt, sit still and hear  
The classic tales we love so well,  
To noble hearts like thine, how dear  
The great heroic truths they tell.  
Spenser and Shakespere, wild Rousseau,  
The Wandering Bard whose heart grew hell,  
Or lonely Dante born to woe,  
Or stern Ferrara's shadowy cell ;—  
Ah ! *these* will win thy tears awhile,  
When musing in Saint Mary's Aisle.

Thus pass our joyous hours away,  
With flowers and music, songs and books,  
The bright and gladdening light of day,  
The beauty of thy brighter looks.

Why need we sigh for marble halls,  
 Or Eastern pomp, or stately domes ?  
 More dear to me one word that falls,  
 And one love-look from her who roams,  
 With happy heart, and song and smile,  
 Through thy green shades, Saint Mary's Isle.



### Firdausi.\*

They laid him by the paradise stream that flows  
 Outside of Toos, beneath the cypress trees,  
 And in the roses, to whose ears at night  
 The bulbul sings his melting note of love.\*  
 There by the music of that silver river,  
 Whose rippling oft had lulled his weary soul,  
 In fragrance and in light, his loved remains  
 Rejoined the elements. And many Pilgrims  
 Came, and poured forth their prayers at his tomb ;  
 But Sheikh Aboul-Kassèm alone refused,  
 Because he praised the Magi in his songs.  
 So the next night God sent the Sheikh a dream,  
 And in that trance of light he saw the Gates  
 Of Paradise, and was invited in

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\* Firdausi means Paradisiacal.

† The nightingale is called the Bird of a Thousand Songs. So great is his passion for the rose, that when he sees any person pull one of the flowers, he utters loud cries and lamentations.

By angels ;—on a throne of splendēt gems  
 He saw Firdausi sitting, in a blaze  
 Of glory, such as earthly king ne'er owned.  
 The Sheikh bent low before the throne, and sought  
 Permission from the Poet to address him.  
 Firdausi bowed, and thus the Sheikh enquired :  
 “ *How hast thou reached this glorious height of bliss ?* ”  
 Firdausi answered, in a beam of light,  
 “ When I was on the earth, I sang of God,  
 His greatness, unity, and justice thus :  
*Thou art whatever is of great and good  
 Throughout the Universe : I know thee not ;  
 But this I know, Thou art the Only One.* ”  
 So the Sheikh's spirit was again on earth ;  
 And from that hour Firdausi had his prayers.



### The Poet's Home.

I place not my heart in pomp or power,  
 In palace of marble or pillared hall ;  
 Such pleasures as these are the toys of an hour ;  
 But treasures more exquisite far than all,  
*Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love !*

A rustic garden of roses fair,  
 A silver stream that glasses the sky,  
 The music of birds in the sunny air,  
 And bosoms that beat to their minstrelsy,  
*Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love !*

And the murmured music of crystal floods,  
 And hillocks of verdure and valleys sweet,  
 And bowers of jasmine and shady woods,  
 Whose echoes thy songs of love repeat,  
*Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love!*

And hopes and thoughts of most pure delight,  
 And the smile divine that beams in those eyes,  
 And the fragrant dawn and star-robed Night,  
 And bliss like a picture of Paradise,  
*Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love!*



### A Vision of the Past.

Bear me, bright Fancy, backward to the days  
 When o'er our world the sun shed fairer rays,  
 Than any now that from his centre fall;  
 When great Haroun al Raschid, like a God,  
 Beheld the Orient bend before his nod,  
 And Powers divine obeyed the Magi's call.

Then was the radiant reign of Queen Romance,  
 When Ind and Araby their spells out poured,—  
 When learning conquered more than shaft or lance,  
 And mystic art did more than law or sword.  
 Then were the golden days of Bard and Seer,  
 When knowledge raised its owner up to thrones.  
 But they are gone; and in their place appear  
 In diadems, dull asses—stocks and stones.

In that enchanted era, he whose mind  
 Wisdom, as in some royal fane, enshrined,  
     Needed not favour from this lord or king,—  
 Stooped not to win the popular applause,—  
 Made not the worse appear the better cause ;  
     But mounted gloriously on Freedom's wing.  
     Yes—his great monarch soul, too proud to crawl  
     To any, found a sceptre in herself,  
 Compelled the Powers of Nature to her œll,  
     Bound to her chariot Afrit, Jinn, and Elf ;  
 Soared in the Sun, and from the Moon drew spells,  
     Pierced the deep Ocean, charmed the Stars on high,  
 Sought and found out and drank the Immortal Wells  
     That deep in Nature's darkest caverns lie.

The rare, the priceless science which God gave  
 To Suleymân, ere he bowed down as slave  
     To nautches, idols, priests, and all that's base,  
 With which that monarch moved the earth, and bound  
 The Sprites of Darkness in their caves profound,  
 And chained the Elements through boundless Space,—  
     Was the great heritage of every Sage  
     Who wedded his bright soul to wondrous lore,  
 And o'er the deep and starry-written page  
     Of Truth enchained her, day and night to pore,—  
 Who scorned the sensual, loathed the earthly chains  
     With which the common race of men tie down  
 The heaven-aspiring spirit to the drains,  
     And in earth's filth its fires celestial drown.



Earth, Air, and Ocean, Ether,—yea, and Fire,  
Yielded dominion to that glittering choir ;

The Wise Man breathed, and all was as he willed ;—  
He waved his wand of magic, or he spake—  
A city straight became a mountain lake,  
With golden fishes, for its people, filled.

He flashed his Lamp—the Jinns obedient came,  
Heard his command, and straight a palace raised,  
Glorious in beauty, through whose marble frame  
Diamond, opal, emerald, beryl blazed.

Again he spake—the Palace rose in air,  
Its thousand pennons fluttering on the breeze ;  
Where'er he willed, submissive Spirits bare  
The gorgeous mansion over lands and seas.

The all-conquering Caliph to the Man of Mind,  
Stretched forth the hand, nay, even the knee inclined ;

He placed him on the throne himself beside :  
But he, who knew the Mystic Name\* that awes  
The strongest,—subjects all things to its laws,—  
Might well the hollow sultan pomp deride.

Within his burning soul a secret lay  
That mailed him round in majesty and might,—  
A mine of wisdom brighter far than day ;  
Past, Present, Future beamed before his sight.

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\* The mystic name of God, which whoso knows, all Nature is obedient to his command. The knowledge of this name constitutes the power of the Archangelic, and enables them to soar from world to world. Its forgetfulness is the punishment of erring spirits, who instantly sink down to darkness and the earth. It is alluded to indistinctly in the Jewish *Shibboleth*.

He knew all languages ; he learned all lore ;  
His will could bind and loosen ;—at his word  
A garden bloomed where deserts frowned before ;  
The ocean came, and his commandments heard.

If beauty moved his soul to love,—if eyes  
That flashed a starry heaven, inflamed the wise  
To dally in the rosy bowers of bliss,—  
If virgin loveliness more sweetly bright  
Than ever shone upon our modern night,  
Made him a moment thoughts austere dismiss ;—  
Though desert sands and mountains intervene,—  
Though towers and battlements the Maid confine,  
Though furious oceans roll and rave between,  
No bar they offer to his firm design.  
A winged enchanted Steed is at his call ;  
He mounts to heaven and leads the Nymph away ;  
He bathes him in the lake,—his gray hairs fall,—  
And lo ! he glitters beautiful as May.

For him the wine in cups of ruby flowed,  
And self-replenished like red amethyst glowed ;  
He quaffed it under trees of gold and gems.  
The fairest slaves in cloth of rich brocade,  
Danced, sang, or on the lute of ivory played,  
Or graced his path with rose-bright anadems.  
On thrones of gold with costly carpets strewed  
He lay, and sunned his soul in loveliest eyes.  
Through magic telescopes he looked and viewed  
The cabinets of kings without disguise.

He roamed through gardens more delicious far  
 Than Shedâd's liliated bowers of delight ;  
 He yoked fierce eagles to his sunbright car,  
 And swifter than the winds he passed in flight.

If wandering idly through the woodlands deep,  
 Some murmuring fountain woos his brain to sleep,  
 What glorious visions sparkle in his dreams :  
 A palace lustrous as the sun at noon,  
 A virgin Peri lovelier than the moon,  
 A garden lamp-illumed with myriad gleams.  
 He wakes ; he stands beneath that blazing dome ;  
 Upon a throne of stars its queen reclines ;  
 Welcome, she cries, to this thy native home :  
 The Seer, enchanted, all her soul divines.  
 She woos him there in sweet and winning tones ;  
 A thousand virgins raise the hymn of love ;  
 In music-words her ardent thoughts she owns,  
 And crowns his heart with bliss in yon alcove.

O ye delicious scenes of bygone time,  
 Of Indian, Persian, and Arabian clime,  
 Before my memory in sweet light ye glide,—  
 So vivid all, that while I view, I start,  
 As if among ye once I played *my* part,  
 As if my own true life I there descried.  
 Have I not mingled in those scenes and spells ?  
 Have I not strayed through those bewitching lands ?  
 Feel I not some mysterious power, that tells  
 My soul, as o'er the Past her dream expands,

Thou too wert there ; thou too in those bright days  
 Didst dwell with the fair phantoms which but now  
 Flashed o'er thy fancy, dazzled thy rapt gaze,  
 Shone like an iris round thy throbbing brow.\*



### Sunset on the Beach.

'Tis sunset ; yonder in the flashing West  
 Is the gold portal to the House of God.  
 How lustrously it shines ; how rich with light,  
 Dazzling the eye and soul. Here let us sit,  
 And watch that King of Splendour as he sets,  
 And see him imaged in this glass-like Sea,  
 That opens out her bosom fair and broad.  
 Speak not, but watch in silence ; give thy spirit  
 To God the Father, in whose sight this Sun—  
 Yea, all those visible spheres of light and beauty,  
 Are but the merest specks. See how he sinks,  
 In billows streaming forth ten thousand colours ;—  
 And now he is departed ; all the sky  
 Is bridal-dressed in glory ; earth and heaven

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\* The Metempsychosis, or perpetual transmigration of spirit-life into organized forms in harmony with its true nature, is here alluded to. There are very few thinkers who do not feel that they have lived before in other scenes and forms, and that the present phase of their existence is but one of many. The animating spirit and soul are indeed almost co-existent with the Universe itself, and in point of time posterior only to God.

And ocean seem to miss him. Thou and I  
Feel lonely now he's gone ; so would we all  
If God were not abiding with us still,  
And if He gave us not his priceless blessings.  
And here is one—the greatest—this broad sea,  
On which can no man gaze and feel himself  
Without a soul and spirit formed by God,  
To taste and share the Infinite with Him.  
O sea ! I worship God in loving thee ;  
Thou art a Temple to my praying soul ;  
Thou art a Scripture to my awe-bound heart ;  
In thee I trace His majesty and strength ;  
I see no feature that is not divine ;  
I feel no thought, when thus I gaze on thee,  
That is not pure and sacred, and enlarged  
Beyond the confines of this visible earth,  
That is not consonant with that infinite essence  
Which I feel in me ever in my thought,  
Linking me with archangels, yea, with gods :  
The very Splendours that surround the Thrones,  
Whereon the Almighty Father ever sits,  
Surrounded by the rainbow Spirit of Love,  
And Light and Wisdom, whom we Holy call.  
O mighty Ocean, how I feel thy spells ;  
How often have they called my soul from earth,  
And summoned it to spheres of shining light ;  
How often hast thou purified my heart  
From worldly thoughts, that ever come and tempt  
Mortals from Beauty to the False and Base,  
With which the earth is filled ; but when I came  
And stood beside thy shores, and gave my nature

Up to thine influence, my thoughts were freed  
From selfishness, and I felt pure in mind,  
As Plato or Pythagoras might have felt.  
Therefore thou art a passion and a joy  
Unto my soul for ever ; and I feel  
That I, without thee, were but half myself.

Yonder's a boat, with nets and fishermen,  
Anxiously gazing on the darkening wave,  
Hoping a porpoise may drive in a shoal  
Of mackerel ere the dawn. Their nets are piled  
Full in the stern, which almost lifts the prow  
Out of the wave ; and one stands high in front,  
Casting his glance far forward. Who can look  
Upon these men, and not in thought fly back  
To Galilee and Tiberias, and the days  
When Jesus came in beauty from the hills,  
And with his soul-dissolving eloquence  
Spoke to the multitude, and called from nets  
And boats, the watchers by that tossing sea,  
And made them fishers of men ? or by the beach  
Wandered, and in the music of the wave,  
That symphonied his sweet and earnest speech,  
Propounded sacred truth, in simple words  
That even childhood's heart may understand  
Or who can wonder that in scene like this,  
The words he uttered caught a grander glow,  
A more majestic, solemn, holy light,  
From the great clement by which he preached ?

Muse-haunted ever have ye been, O Waves !

Since Homer sang of Thetis by the sea,  
Rising in silver mist to soothe her son,  
Swift-foot Pelides, brooding by his tent ;  
And Jason sailed across your billowy wastes,  
And Aphroditè burst in flowery light  
From your deep azure palaces ; how rich  
With memories beloved ye are ! how graced  
With all the exquisite legends of the past,  
Ocean and Amphitrite, and sea-green Triton,  
With wreathèd shell ; and Arethusa fair,  
And bright Andromeda, by Perseus saved.  
Lo ! as I muse a Dolphin surges near,  
Upon the blue and white foamed-crested ridge,  
And basks a moment in the light ; and now  
He plunges down and seeks his finny prey.  
Friend of the Poet hail ! thou lover of song  
And dulcet music, would that I could wake  
Such minstrelsy as old Areion played,  
When from fair Corinth he to Lesbos sailed,  
With many a golden daric from the king ;  
But the piratical crew conspired to seize  
The prize, and hurl its owner to the waves,  
Whereat the lyrist of Methimna planned  
A subtle trick, and begged them ere he died  
To waken once again upon his harp,  
One of the heavenly melodies of old—  
One of the songs the Muses fair inspired ;  
And so he sat upon the prow, and struck  
The silver strings, whereat the gods arose  
From their green gardens, and the Nereids ran,  
With locks dishevelled, dripping with sea-gems,

Proteus and Nereus, drawn by their blue steeds,  
And the wild Phorkyads ; next the Dolphins flocked  
Enchanted by that song, and thronging round  
The gliding barque, and looking with soft eyes  
Upon the Minstrel ;—so he sweetly chanted  
And hurled himself into the sparkling wave,  
And borne by Dolphins, got to Tænaros,  
Whence to the royal court of Periander  
He made all speed ; and when the pirates landed,  
They found their crosses ready on the beach,  
And so were crucified. But his were hymns  
Such as the sons of modern time in vain  
Essay to rival. Oh ! that I had seen  
Those storied days of Greece, when grove and fountain  
Were filled with Dryads, and the Naiad nymphs,  
And the young Graces danced along the beach,  
Entwined in flowers ; and Hermes skimmed through air,  
With graceful form ; and I could gaze aloft  
And see the Sun-God in his beaming car,  
Drawn by fire-snorting steeds ; and hear the Fauns  
Waken their sylvan music in the noon,  
When the blithe Oreads rested in the shade,  
And they stole on their slumbers ! But those days  
Are gone for ever, never to return ;  
And in this leaden century, gold is god,  
And Fancy is an outcast, with no couch  
Whereon to rest her weary beautiful limbs—  
No roof to shelter her enchanting form.

And yet once more I send ye forth, O thoughts,  
Upon the waters. Come ye back in gladness,



Like birds of Paradise, on sunny plumes,  
As ye so often have returned, when I  
Upon this voyage have dismissed ye free,  
And opened out my heart to fancy-dreams,  
And flown away from earth unto the stars  
And gorgeous Visionland, as I do now,  
Seeing upon the infinite waste of sea  
A boundless desert, silent, vast, and strange,  
On which arose bright pictures—stately towers  
Like marble Tadmor, glittering through the mist ;  
Columns, and fanes, and arches ; dreamy tents,  
Green waving palms, and steeds with lightning eyes,  
And arching neck, and proudly-pawing hoof ;  
And star-eyed men, with turbans and white robes ;  
And maidens, drawing water from the wells :  
All these I saw, and shall for ever see,  
In that Enchanted World wherein I reign  
A King supreme, for God hath given it  
To me for ever, when He gave me being,  
And crowned me with the diadem of thought.  
And I can hear the tinkling camel-bells,  
And I can hear the softened song that comes  
From yonder merry group ; and I can list,  
In fair imagination's purple cloud,  
(Which wraps me round, as Venus wrapt her son,  
When amid Dido's painted halls he stood)  
To the dark story-teller, as he speaks  
Of bygone heroes, all as lions fierce,  
Courting the battle, torqued with golden chains,  
Urging their raven-coloured steeds to fight ;  
Men of the tribe of Reejan or of Abs,

At whose great roar the mountains shook with fear.  
And I can see the beautiful young maids  
Of Yemen, blooming as the morning sun,  
With brows as lustrous as the crystal stars,  
And cheeks that pale the roses ; their loose hair  
Dishevelled into grace, and dark as night.  
O Earth ! what wert thou to me, if I had not  
These dreams divine ? O Life ! how dull, how poor,  
Thy tedious moments, if I could not call  
These living pictures from my ocean-heart ?  
If I could not in fiery chariot soar  
Beyond this actual present, into zones  
That are illimitable, where a sky  
Of radiant beauty shines without a cloud ?  
And to feel life, is as though love, and music,  
And sunshine, all combined to make the blood  
That flows from the glad heart through every vein  
A current of joy. Give me those glorious Dreams  
For ever and for ever, O fair Spirit,  
Who art the Muse and Melody of Heaven,  
And I will not my throne exchange with kings.

Thus, from my boyhood, have I ever lived  
In purple phantasies, Elysian fields  
And sweet Adonis-Gardens of delight ;  
And thus I pray that I may always live—  
A dreamer, dreaming ever Since those days  
Wherein I soared delightedly on clouds,  
What revolutions in my brain and heart !  
What panoramic changes darkly-bright !  
And I have gone through phases strange and sad,

Have breasted threatening waters, have been cast  
On lonely deserts where the tempests fought,  
And have drained many a cup of bitterness.  
So be it : now my soul is trebly armed—  
Cased in a golden mail, proof against all ;  
And I can look upon my sorrows past  
With patience, though with utter scorn of those  
Who rushed against me with Alecto hearts.  
And while I have thee by my side, and gaze  
Upon thee, and can feel thy May-like presence,  
And can enjoy, with eye and visioned-soul,  
This majesty, and beauty, and repose—  
The infinite sea—the proudly-swelling hills—  
The grand and melancholy hymn of waves—  
The modest peace that wraps our hamlet round—  
And our grape-vine-clad cottage on the cliff,—  
I cannot be unhappy, nor can want  
The melody of content within my heart.  
Nor do I envy those who sit in state,  
And couch in purple : I would rather be  
A villager with my books, and thoughts unchained,  
Than him who, for a palace, makes himself  
The footman of the many. See ! where soars  
In clouds of light yon Bird, and as I scan  
Him more acutely, and with lengthened look,  
His broad strong wing and lofty vigorous flight,  
Declare his royal race—the golden eagle ;  
Even as that bird, I wish in thought to be—  
A spurner of the earth—a dweller high  
In woods and mountains, solitudes sublime ;  
My eyes upon the sun and beaming stars ;

My proud lone journey, far away from man,  
Fixed in the spotless, luminous zone of heaven.  
Oh ! that I were with thee, Olympian bird,  
Borne on the wing of tempest, with the speed  
Of lightning, and with thunders fierce, that I  
Might, from the clouds aloft, behold the scene,  
And view the crystal brightness of God's arch,  
Undimmed by mists and vapours. Thou art gone,  
And though we gaze far into distant space,  
We cannot see thee. Fare thee well for ever !  
We shall not look upon thee any more.  
So vanish all our visions of the great :  
They shine before us and are lost in night.  
Soon we shall be in darkness : see, the sea  
Grows indistinct—we scarce can trace the line  
In which it meets and mingles with the sky.  
Give me thine arm, and let us wander home ;  
Methinks we have been in a House of Prayer,  
And have been looking on the face of God,  
And hearkening to his deep and sea-like voice ;  
And opening out our spirits to embrace  
His form celestial. Come, thou Evening Star.

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### A Love-Dream.

Last night I had a Vision in a dream ;  
I wandered by a silvery-sapphire stream,

Flowing along serenely, softly, slow,  
 And making music with a cadence low—  
 Sweet as the echo of some far-off flute,  
 Dying amid the hills, when winds are mute,  
 And there is nought on earth, in heaven, or air,  
 To break the sacred silence spell-bound there.

And as in melody I seemed to move,  
 Encinctured by an atmosphere of love,  
 That round me fell like sunshine in the prime  
 Of summer, when the lily, rose, and thyme  
 Blend all their sweetness into one rich breath,  
 That, Orpheus-like, might even recall from death,—  
 I heard a Voice, and saw a golden boat,  
 Sans oar or sail, upon that water float.

And thus the Voice in heavenly accents spake,  
 Into mine ear, as soft as the snow-flake  
 That falls upon the sea, and melts in mist,  
 The moment it the azure vast hath kist :  
*“ Belovèd, enter—fear not,—come with me,  
 Till from this stream we reach a boundless sea ;  
 Till from that sea we pass, and hand in hand,  
 Soar like two happy doves to Faërie Land.”*

I stopped—I looked—no form could I behold ;  
 No Queen I saw her starry plumes unfold ;  
 No fair celestial Splendour brightly shone  
 Before my eyes ; but I was all alone ;  
 Yet still I felt the music of her spells  
 Pervade my essence, breathing through the wells

Of my most inner heart, till heart and brain  
Trembled all o'er with the delicious strain.

I went into the golden boat, and straight  
I felt its magic life with mine pulsate ;  
I knew it lived, and had a soul and sense,  
A breathing, vital, high intelligence.  
So with a slow, majestic pace we sailed  
Through caves o'er-arching, and through trees that trailed  
Their beauteous bending branches in the tide,  
Amid whose soft embrace we seemed to slide.

Swans on that river oared with stately pace,  
Bending the snow-white neck with queenlike grace ;  
And on its flowery banks, and by its coves,  
Birds of bright plumage sunned themselves in droves,  
Shining with iris splendours, red and gold,  
Silver and purple, each a song ensouled,  
Chanting in melody divinely sweet,  
The rapturous thoughts that in their bosoms beat.

And so we moved, but whether for a day,  
Or for a thousand years I cannot say,  
My soul was so imparadised and lost,  
As though it mingled with the heavenly host ;  
So to the spirit mounting God's bright spheres,  
The starry flight of ecstacy appears :  
Time flies unheeded, every sense is drowned  
In the deep ocean of delights all round.

What living Vision burns before me now?—  
 A marble Temple beetling o'er the brow  
 Of a high rock, which frowns above the sea,  
 That spreads beneath its purple tapestry  
 Of ocean-flashes and the sun-born beams—  
 A thousand colours mingling as in dreams  
 Of rainbow-raying thought, when Poets leave  
 The earth, and with the heaven their souls enweave.

And o'er this Temple, roses twine and climb,  
 Tended by Virgins in their peach-like prime,  
 Their white robes waving on the wind, their eyes  
 Darting the splendour of starred Orient skies.  
 And now they dance to flute, to lute, to song,  
 A gay engarlanded and blissful throng;  
 And now in choirs they sing, and cymbals clash,  
 To the waves' melodies beneath that dash.

And still the heavenly Voice which first I heard,  
 Spake to me sweetlier than any bird :  
*"Fear not, mine own Belovèd, but with me  
 Go where I go—through air, through fire, through sea ;  
 I am the Music hidden in thy soul ;  
 I am the Light that glitters round thy goal ;  
 I am thine Echo, Symphony, and Flame ;  
 I am thyself—yet am I not the same."*

Oh! how I longed to see her, for I knew  
 From female lip this voice celestial flew.  
 How my heart panted!—every vein was fire;  
 My soul-strings vibrated with wild desire.

I moved in air—I felt a god all o'er ;  
 Could I but gaze upon her and adore !  
 O virgin Voice, so beautiful, so dear,  
 Be not a Voice alone—appear! appear!

Reveal thyself unto me in thy light—  
 Divinely dazzle spirit, soul, and sight.  
 If thou shine not upon me, what have I  
 To do with life, or aught beneath the sky.  
 If on my lip thou press not thy sweet lips.  
 Let my frame feel death's cold and dark eclipse :  
 Better it were in the black earth to be,  
 Than know thou art, and yet be without *thee*.

And still, and still, that Voice divine and low  
 Breathed through my soul in music, even as though  
 The lute from which it came were shrouded deep  
 Within my heart, and would not, could not sleep :  
 “ *Belovèd, still with me pursue thy way,  
 In this dear boat, and dream of Love and May ;  
 Lay thee in Paradise-thought, and feel me fold  
 Thee thus with milk-white arm and wings of gold.*”

So to the ever-moving emerald Sea,  
 Flashing with sunbeam-sparkles, glided we ;  
 Beauteously oped its bosom, sapphire-green ;  
 A thousand Nereids on its waves were seen—  
 A thousand Cupids, all with flower-tipt darts,  
 Shot, pierced, or seemed to pierce, their joyous hearts ;  
 Then in the dance intertwined, with warblings sweet,  
 They moved majestic, all with silvery feet.



See from the wave fair Aphroditè rise,  
 A golden heaven of beauty in her eyes ;  
 An opal-gleaming sea-shell is her boat,  
 And in her hand she bears her ivory rote,  
 On which such charming minstrelsy she wakes,  
 Melodious Pan his woodland wild forsakes,  
 And hastening to the sea, entranced with joy,  
 Sighs for the arrows of the Idalian boy,

“ Daughter of Heaven and Light, approach and bear  
 Me in thy shell aloft through purple air,  
 Into that lustrous Star that hath thy name ;”—  
 Scarce had I spoke, when lo! suffused with shame  
 I felt, for in my spirit’s heart there thrilled  
 That exquisite Voice, whose plaintive whispers stilled  
 Me quick as magic, and I felt that She  
 Alone was Love, and Heaven, and Light to me.

*“ O thou mine own Belovèd, dearer far  
 To me than to the Earth is Sun or Star,  
 More grateful to mine eyes than flowers in May,  
 Wouldst thou, then, leave me? wouldst thou thus betray ?  
 No—no—thou wouldst not, canst not, wilt not go!  
 Thou wouldst not wed thine own one to this woe ;  
 Thou wouldst not part with her who lives in thee,  
 And still shall live through long eternity.”*

As on we floated o’er those silver waves,  
 The Nymphs revealed themselves from crystal caves,  
 That shone like icebergs in the starry sheen,  
 Or snowy mountain-peaks, when the serene

Vestal of Heaven, Dian, in the night  
Bathes them in her own fair aërial light—  
Nymphs as enchanting as the choric train  
With which, like fire, she sped o'er hill and plain.

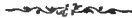
And glittering rainbows flashed, like fountains high,  
Out of the stream, and spanned the luminous sky ;  
And from the flowery, fragrant arbours wreathed,  
With starlike blossoms, softest music breathed.  
And all the air was odorous with perfume,  
And dallied round as if on silver plume,  
Wafting its exquisite soul through every sense,  
Until it thrilled and throbb'd with bliss intense.

And Naiads rose beside—before—around,  
Their golden hair with pearls and corals bound ;  
And those white flowers, that underneath the wave,  
Their palaces with living carpets pave ;  
And as they waved these coronals, and sprent  
The beryl gems within their petals pent,  
Like rain transformed to jewels, so it seemed  
As if the air itself with emerald teemed.

So o'er the waters glid the boat of gold,  
Encircled by the storied train of old—  
Cupid and Psychè, modest as the morn,  
Whom the Three Graces with new lights adorn ;  
Cama, the star-crowned Indian God of Love ;  
Pracriti, from the realms of bliss above :  
All the enchanted Essences that be,  
In air or fire, on earth, or in the sea.

And from that ocean into air we rose,  
 We saw the waves our golden barque enclose,  
 A thousand Nymphs descended where it sank,  
 And heavenly Cama waved his shining chank ;  
 But high in silver ether I was raised,  
 A sunlit nimbus round me, o'er me blazed,  
 That seemed to move, to breathe, to live, to twine  
 Itself about me, like a Soul divine.

What can describe my rapture? what can paint  
 That breathless ecstasy?—all words were faint  
 To syllable in song that blissful flight  
 Beyond the earth to realms of purest light.  
 The nimbus ceased to be my sunbright car—  
 The Voice took form and shone a living Star,  
 Both blended beautifully to one, and lo!—  
 'Twas *She* to whom alone my thoughts now flow.



### Lady Fanshawe.

As I wander about, through the rabble rout,  
 That ever rolls down through Chancery Lane,  
 With faces and eyes looking pillage and lies,  
 With their quirks of law and its deep chicane,  
 Flits before me a Phantom of Light,  
 As fair as the Star which the Magi saw,  
 Moving enshrined in a rainbow bright,  
 Through that serpentine lane of the men of law.

Rattle the cabs o'er its stones as hard  
As the lawyers that rush in their wigs and gowns ;  
You may read of each client evil-starred  
In their deep-pent eyebrows and parchment frowns.  
Hundreds this way, and hundreds that,  
Hurry along in a whirlpool tide—  
Ferret and wolf, and fox and rat,  
Into shapes of men transmogrified.

But I see, or I heed not, that villainous crowd,  
With their fiery thirst for gain and gold,  
The Phantom of Light, in her rainbow-cloud,  
Flitting along I alone behold.  
And oh ! her smile, how divinely sweet !  
And oh ! what poetry in her eyes !  
Such spirits as she one hopes to meet,  
When reaching the portals of Paradise.

Now my fanciful thought flies back and back,  
Through a couple of hundred years and more,  
And I see a Woman mantled in black,  
Enter the Lane as the clock strikes four.  
The moon is gone, and the stars are gone,  
And the morn is dark, and raw, and bleak,  
But no fear draws back that Woman wan,  
Though tears roll down her beautiful cheek.

Bearing a lantern in her white haud,  
That casts weird glimpses along the wall ;  
The woman walks lightly along to the Strand,  
And so she wends onward to proud Whitehall.

Under a window, then, she stays,  
And calls with a voice bewitchingly soft,  
And she trembles and looks a hundred ways,  
As she hears a casement open aloft.

Sweet, yet hushed, is the voice that glides  
From that prison dim to her anxious ear ;  
So till dawn she bides and bides,  
In that music, oh ! how dear !  
So she wends her wearisome walk,  
Back once more to Chancery Lane,  
Dreaming over that stolen talk,  
In her heart of hearts again, again.

Plashes the rain on her beautiful head,  
Flashes the lightning, bursts the cloud ;—  
Wet and shivering, but love-led,  
Still she hastens along as proud  
In her love, her hope, and her faith divine,  
As if she were great England's Queen,  
Moving amid her warrior line,  
With beaming eye and lion-like mien.

This is the Phantom of starry Light,  
With shining lamp, and with loving eyes,  
This flits before me day and night,  
When through Chancery Lane my pathway lies.  
Away from the mob and the covetous throng,  
My thoughts fly back to that moment of yore,

When this gentle Woman passes along,  
 On her errand of love, as the clock strikes four.\*



Letter to ———.

Thy letter reached me, and the flowers it bare,  
 Whirled me in dream away, on wings of air,  
 To the dear greenhouse, where those flowerets grew,  
 Beneath thy fostering hand, whose silvery dew  
 Methought was o'er them, as I culled them out,  
 And ranged them on my papers all about,  
 Shedding a transient gleam of light upon  
 The grim remains of Coke and Littleton.  
 And now thou askest me to send thee "news"—  
 Request of thine my heart cannot refuse ;  
 But there is little stirring worth thy while  
 To hear throughout our hypped and humdrum isle.  
 Fashion thou heedest not : what sort of dress,  
 Shawl, flounce, or lace is newest, to impress

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\* When Sir Richard Fanshawe was taken prisoner, during the civil war, and was confined in a little room in Whitehall, the fidelity of his beautiful wife was displayed. "During the time of his imprisonment," she says, "I failed not constantly when the clock struck *four* in the morning, to go, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall. There I would go under his window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus, we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain, that it went in at my neck, and out at my heels."

The fools and fops with love of each fair doll,  
 Who in the park, or at the play, may loll.  
 News of this nature would not please thee aught  
 Were I to send it : it would go for nought.  
 For balls or parties I so little care,  
 I'd rather have a book than all their glare,  
 Their stupid, meaningless, and hollow prate,  
 Their tattle, scandal, smiles that mask but hate,  
 Or envy of each other ; their vain beaux,  
 Their belles deceitful—all with tongues that gloze,  
 But speak not truth, for truth and they are foes.  
 As to the theatre, 'tis now ten years  
 Since last I sat behind its gilded tiers,  
 And laughed at Desdemona's melting grief,  
 Or mad Ophelia—for 'tis my belief  
 There's no burlesque so funny, as to see  
 The painted jade and staggering debauchee  
 Mouthing fine sentiments, when all the while  
 You know them to be scoundel, drunk, or vile.  
 No news of this kind, therefore, can I send,  
 Nor, if I did, would you attention lend  
 To what you look upon with the same eyes  
 As I do—namely, that they're living lies.  
 And so it is of all the other traps,  
 Which Folly baits for London, while she flaps  
 All sorts of hazy colours that mislead,  
 And make her dupes believe her bliss indeed.  
 Concerts, dull lectures, preachers, Ex'ter Hall,  
 Vainly upon my ears they squeak or bawl :  
 I go not near them, but in easy chair  
 Reclined, with books and fancies, still forswear

All their temptations, and have more content  
Than if with the wild sensual crowd I went  
In search of pleasure—goddess seldom found  
Except within one's own domestic ground,  
And there, and there alone, I seek her smile :  
She beams on me from Shakspeare's Magic Isle,  
In sweet Miranda ; from the sunbright spheres  
Of Ariosto, like a star she peers ;  
Summoned by Spenser's and by Shelley's wand,  
She rises bright, all orient gems beyond,  
And fills my soul with beauty ; crowned with rose  
And violet fair, from Tasso's page she glows,  
Or bears me back on rainbow-flashing wings,  
To olive groves where old Anacreon sings ;  
Or Horace, half in love, and half in wine,  
Crowns some young Bacchante with a wreath of vine.

Thus thou perceivest I am void of news,  
That some five lagging minutes might amuse ;  
For 'twere no novelty were I to say,  
Our women still are burnt from day to day,  
Sooner than toss their crinolines away.  
Our parliament has met and flashed no sense  
From its dark dismal clouds of eloquence ;  
Our pulpits ring with brayings long and hoarse,  
Exciting laughter rather than remorse.  
The North and South are fighting like wild cats ;  
The Emperor still nets salmon with mere sprats ;  
The Prussian King is aping Charles the First,  
(I fear his majesty will fare the worst).



There's no fresh scandal of the Queen of Spain.  
We're longing all to see our lovely Dane,  
Whose sweet, clear, earnest eyes might well convince  
Even Chartists, that 'tis good to be a Prince.  
The Pope's not yet at Malta, but at home ;  
Victor Emmanuel sighs in vain for Rome.  
Such is my budget, lean enough, you'll say ;  
But you command, and I must needs obey.  
Yet how can *you* want news, whose thoughts soar high  
Beyond this earth to yonder seraph sky,  
Whose spirit mingles with the stars that roll  
On wheels of light across the glittering poll :  
Whose eyes are resting on the ocean broad,  
And raise themselves from it aloft to God ?  
What can the petty nonsense of the town,  
The tumblings of this wizard or that clown,  
Bring to thee in thy glorious solitude  
But their own dulness? do they not intrude  
Upon that hallowed loneliness which fills  
Thine heart with songs that sea or sky instils,  
Making thee one with Nature, as if she  
And thou wert blent in heavenly harmony,  
Raining her calm, her silver light into  
Thine inmost essence with an ever new  
And blooming youth, till thou in every part  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Dryad art,  
Immortal in thy soul—ambrosial in thine heart.  
Would that 'twere mine for ever thus to dwell—  
A happy child-like spirit in a spell,  
With the bright ocean for my daily friend,  
With the grand psalms that from its waves ascend,

With its immortal life and strength and light,—  
Its never silent music day and night,—  
Its shifting colours, blue, green, silver, gold,  
As if a carpet for the gods unrolled,—  
Its far-off line soft blending with the sky,  
Seeming an image of eternity;  
This, this thou hast, and it has made thee great,  
Majestic as a monarch throned in state,  
Hath amplified thy nature, hath enlarged  
Thy soul that at the first was grandeur-charged,  
Till thou art nobler, wiser, and more strong  
In strength divine than millions of the throng,—  
Till thou art more a Queen than any now  
Who wears the diadem upon her brow.

Dost thou remember that all hallowed eve !  
Will it not ever to thy memory cleave ?  
We wandered on the music-rippling beach,  
Our thoughts too deep, too mystical for speech,  
We wandered silently, but hand in hand.  
The rosy warmth of summer steeped the strand,  
The whispering ripples ran to kiss our feet ;  
The far-off fields were ripe with yellow wheat.  
No sound was in the air ; no murmur brake  
The silence of that still and silver lake,  
For such the ocean seemed, and shining o'er  
With splendours from the horizon to the shore.  
Then we sat down upon the sands, and gazed  
With hearts delighted and with glance upraised  
Upon the sun, as hastening to the West,  
His snowy steeds, rose-trapped, he fleetly pressed.

Lo ! his pavilion opens ; he is gone ;  
Yet still the Golden Mountains burn, shine on ;  
But now what lustre meets our dazzled eyes ?  
What scene presents itself in yonder skies ?  
Oh ! can we e'er forget it ? brightly beams  
A castle forth, aloft o'er crystal streams,—  
A castle perfect all with gates and towers,  
With ramparts vast, and distant shadowy bowers,  
A donjon keep extending far and broad,  
Frowning in strength and majesty that awed :  
Troy's tower it seemed, which Neptune's royal hands  
Raised to resist the might of Grecian bands ;  
And yonder stream is Simöis ;—thus we went  
In fancy back, and saw each bannered tent.  
Now moves a cloud of purple from behind ;  
Another comes, but this is golden-lined ;  
They march like two contending desperate foes ;  
Before the donjon keep at length they close.  
We saw no more—the fight was done—the scene—  
Melted away into the blue serene ;  
Tower and garden, river, tent, and fray,  
Like man's own projects, mingle—fade away,  
Leaving behind but airy spectral gleams,  
The phantom palaces that gild our dreams.

These are the faërie scenes that round thee dwell,  
More beautiful than words of mine can tell ;  
And who can wonder that with these to charm  
Thy fancy, and thy soul with love to warm,  
Thou carest not for such poor trifling toys  
As London gives its dotards, dames, and boys.

Expect me soon, Belovèd One, at home ;  
 Again beside th' inspiring sea we'll roam,  
 And think of Chryses when he went apart  
 To pray to him who bare the mighty dart,  
 Or the self-exiled Childe who mused alone,  
 In his heart echoing the ocean's moan.

*The Temple.*



To ———.

May's sweet roses deck her face,  
 Angels listen when she sings ;  
 Round her flits each winning grace ;  
 Youth its charms about her flings.  
 Gentle are her starry eyes,  
 Rich and soft her dark brown hair ;  
 Olden Greece had no such prize,  
 Venus was not half so fair.  
 Every soft attractive spell  
 Finds within her heart a goal ;  
 Loveliness and goodness dwell  
 Orb-like in her heavenly soul.  
 Oh, divine enchantress bright !  
 Dare I love thy looks of light ?



### Inscription

FOR THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Sacred to Him, over whose loved remains  
 We bow with reverence, softened by regret.  
 O noble spirit!—Prince, but more than Prince  
 In every royal attribute of man,  
 Art thou indeed departed?—shall we never  
 Again behold that brightly-beaming eye?  
 That smile that shed its sweetness round like light?  
 That genial, dignified presence, in which all  
 Who moved confessed thy pure and hallowing nature?  
 Yes, thou art gone—and we who stand before  
 This sculptured marble, can but weep our loss,  
 And pour an unavailing tear above  
 Thine ashes, in their cold and silent urn,  
 Wailing in thee the Husband, Father, Chief,  
 Whose generous soul and intellect profound,  
 Rayed joy and beauty on thy daily course,  
 Making thee pattern for all men to mould  
 Their manners by. Farewell, illustrious Prince!  
 Long shall thy memory shine above our land,  
 In calm and star-like splendour: long shall we,  
 The sires, the sons, the daughters of this Isle,  
 Bless thee and thank thee for thy matchless life  
 Of honour, duty, loyalty, and truth,  
 And fixed devotion to the public weal.  
 Still may thy spirit from its happy sphere  
 Smile down upon our Queen and her loved home,  
 Giving her strength and hope in darkest hours,  
 And fortitude to endure a loss that fell  
 Not upon her alone, but all the realm.

*Withered flowers dearly loved.*

I have a wreath—a withered wreath,  
More dearly prized than gems or gold ;  
Methinks the flowers still sweetly breathe  
Of her who gave me them of old.  
This faded rose was on her breast,  
This in her soft white hand she bore ;  
And this was with her white hairs tressed—  
Ten thousand times I've kissed them o'er.

They bring to mind fair summer days,  
And rosy eves, and starry nights ;  
Sweet music, old delicious lays,  
Fond words, fond dreams, serene delights ;  
Enchanting smiles, and eyes that gleamed  
Like mirrored stars upon the sea,—  
How blest my fate, had they but beamed  
With *any* ray of love on me !

O wreath ! beloved for her fair sake,  
Dear record of my happiest hours,  
How many a golden thought you wake,  
How many a hope entwined in flow'rs !  
And yet how oft my spirit sighs  
To think its fate like yours should be—  
Reft of the heaven of her dear eyes,  
Whose light gave life to you and me.



## A farewell.

Take back this ivy-leaf  
 Which once thy gentle bosom bore—  
     My soul is filled with grief ;  
 Its rosy dream of bliss is o'er.  
     Yet as this leaf shall be,  
 Though sere and broken, green for aye,  
     Thine image shall to me  
 Be always clothed i' the light of May.

If ever thou tread'st again  
 Those cloistered halls and pictured cells,  
     As once beside me, when  
 Thy smiles threw o'er my soul her spells ;  
     Think of my spirit's bliss  
 While thy sweet nymph-like form beside ;—  
     Ah ! did I dream of this,  
 That fate such hearts should soon divide ?

Think while these simple lines,  
 Traced by affection's hand, thou'lt see,  
     Of one who still enshrines  
 In his heart's temple, only *thee*.  
     Think—though no more to meet—  
 How thou didst grow unto his heart ;  
     In all his visions sweet,  
 The loveliest, dearest, purest part.

Farewell—alas ! farewell—  
 That word of sorrow must be breathed !—  
 Every bright pleasure dwell  
 Round thee, and with thy life be wreathed !  
 Give me a passing thought  
 At times—I ask no more. But thou  
 So with my soul art wrought,  
 I'll love thee always, even as now !



To Lady —.

You tell me that you love me. Vain protest !—  
 You love me not : your heart hath no such guest—  
 Love finds no dwelling in that marble breast.

You swear to me, that like some image shrined  
 In golden fane, I fill your soul, your mind :  
 Such oaths pass by me like the idle wind.

If you did love me, why, when on the strand,  
 I seized that soft, that beautiful white hand,  
 Did you repel me with a curt command ?

Why, when I longed to press you to my heart,  
 Did you grow pale ? why backward shuddering start ?  
 Why did the big tears to your eyelids start ?



I know you, read you not : I scan your soul  
 As though some dark and hieroglyphic scroll  
 It were : in vain I peer into that roll.

Sometimes I look into your eyes and dream  
 You are what you aver ;—the loving gleam  
 Goes in a moment : cold and dead you seem.

You write to me—the tears roll o'er the page :  
 Now love intense, now scorn, now causeless rage :  
 How can I such wild, varying passions gauge ?

You kneel before me ; in your fondest clasp  
 You press me, bless me, kiss me ; straight your grasp  
 Relaxes, and you fly me like an asp.

Farewell !—I will not be thy fool or slave—  
 A straw, a feather on the fickle wave  
 Of thy caprice : *my* love is in its grave.



To Lady —.

Smile not upon me from those eyes,  
 Which are as spherèd stars in heaven  
 They are not mine—the fond, fond ties  
 That bound us once are burst and riven

The hand beloved, the golden prize  
I sought, is to a stranger given,  
*And my sad heart is lone.*

Oh ! how I loved thee !—spirit, soul,  
Heart, brain, were thine, and only thine.  
I gave thee all ; the stars that roll  
Aloft beheld not love like mine.  
Thou wert my God—the glorious goal  
For which I pined, alas ! still pine,  
*With heart so sad and lone.*

Moments there are, and this is one,  
When madness fills and fires my brain :  
I look aloft ; I curse the sun ;  
I rave in wild despairing pain.  
Farewell !—my race of life is run ;  
Thou shalt not cross my path again,  
*To blight this heart so lone.*

Farewell ! sweet eyes, not sweet to me ;  
Sweet looks, that now another's are.  
Yonder high rock frowns o'er a sea,  
On which there gleams afar, afar,  
A flashing form of light like thee,  
Thou fair, false-shining, treacherous star,  
*That calls this heart so lone.*



### Fata-Morgana.

A Palace on the purple sea,  
 In flashing light it gleams,  
 Its battlements are brightest gold,  
 And from its turrets streams,  
 A banner waving beautifully,  
 As aught beheld in dreams.

I sailed into that purple sea,  
 With hopeful heart and gay—  
 I sailed and sought that Palace fair,  
 That shone so far away.  
 I rowed, and rowed, and yet I rowed,  
 Until the death of day.

The moon arose in silver light,  
 That trembled o'er the wave,  
 The Palace shone with fire as clear  
 As at the dawn it gave.  
 I followed it—still followed it,  
 But found a yawning grave.

The moon went down, and with the moon,  
 The Palace faded too ;  
 The black clouds came, the thunder-flame  
 Fell on my light canoe ;  
 There was no weeping heart to hear  
 The lost one's ululu.



*In Aspiration.*

O star of light ! O star so bright !  
 Serenely shining through the night ;  
 Would that 'twere mine from earth to soar,  
 And reach thy far, yet splendid shore,  
 To muse beside thy waters fair ;  
 To breathe thy pure and purple air ;  
 To hear thine harmonies enchanted ;  
 But wish like this can ne'er be granted.

Green are thy bowers, soft thy shades,  
 The sunlight ever gilds thy glades ;  
 Virgins and youths in glorious choirs,  
 Sing to the spells of shawmes and lyres ;  
 Flowers of immortal radiance bloom ;  
 There is no death—there is no tomb,  
 Within thy circle ; sphere enchanted,  
 Oh ! that my wild, wild wish were granted !

I prayed, and lo ! an Angel came :  
 He bare me up on wings of flame ;  
 Through seas of odours, realms of light,  
 We made our rapid, silent flight.  
 I heard the music, breathed the air,  
 And mingled with the Splendours there ;  
 Yet am on earth. O star enchanted !  
 Why was my wild, wild longing granted ?



## A Dirge.

Over the ocean  
 The red stars glimmer ;  
 O'er the bleak rocks,  
 Is the moon's cold shimmer.  
 There she sits alone, alone :  
 In her ear the ocean's moan ;  
 In her heart as dead as stone,  
 The music of a long lost tone.

I see her white robe shine and shine.  
 Like a spirit's, thin and fine ;  
 Down her neck her long dark tresses,  
 Float in tangled wildernesses ;  
 And her tears are falling fast,  
 As she sees the roseate past  
 Rise and change from light to ashes,  
 In one sudden thunder-blast ;  
 Yea, her soul's itself in ashes.

Now she wanders on the shore,  
 Heeding not the water's-roar ;  
 One loved face and shadowy form,  
 Shoots across that fearful storm  
 Of despair, remorse, and woe,  
 Which impels her to and fro,  
 Since that hapless day of yore,  
 When the Tempter stood before,  
 And she fell—to rise no more.

O thou hapless Child of Sorrow !  
 Pause, I pray thee, in thy madness,  
 Save thy soul from endless sadness ;  
 Think where thou shalt stand to-morrow ;  
 Gather hope from moon and star,  
 Shining brightly, though afar.  
 Vainly forth my words were tost—  
 She was in that ocean-river,  
 Screaming, struggling, sinking, lost ;  
 In the demon whirlpool hidden—  
 Rushing to her God, unbidden.  
 Father ! Father ! oh, forgive her !

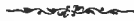


### Plato.

Oh ! that my heart were of clear crystal made,  
 There shouldst thou see as in a shrine displayed  
 An Image of thyself, to which I turn,  
 When with high hopes I feel my spirit burn ;  
 When my heart swells, and I would fain aspire  
 To rival those dead masters of the lyre,  
 Whom Greece, Rome, England, and fair Italy,  
 Have set before the world its lights to be.  
 A Poet filled with heaven's divinest fire—  
 An Orator whose lightest words inspire—  
 A Scholar trained in all that books can teach—  
 A Statesman wise and just—the first in each.  
 Behold the Image in my bosom shrined,  
 That fires my thoughts, and renders pure my mind-

## Byron.

Like an Archangel exiled for dark crimes,  
 His spirit walked the earth in scorn and gloom,  
 And'where it smote, it smote like the Simoom—  
 Deadly, though beautiful. Yet there were times  
 When his great soul shone out upon the world  
 In all the primal glory of her light,  
 Ere from her starry throne to darkness hurled.  
 His songs were sweet remembrances of heaven,  
 Dashed with the scoffing spirit of Sin and Night,  
 In which he sate, and lived, and moved; yet even  
 In his most mocking moments you could trace  
 The beauty of the seraph, and the grace  
 Which once beamed round him. Ruin could not blight,  
 Nor Sin the original marks of angel-birth efface.



## On Swift's Portrait

IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD.

See the bright earnest look—the eye of fire  
 Fixed with imperial gaze; the dome-like brow,  
 Shrine of that spirit lulled for ever now;  
 The full firm mouth and chin. A sacred choir  
 Of memories hang around this image old  
 Of him, who first his country's sorrows told,  
 In words that yet their own fierce strength inspire  
 Even in the coldest hearts. I gaze, and gaze,  
 Nor can I willingly my view withdraw  
 From this most speaking likeness of the dead,\*

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\* It is put away in a dark corner, where half its excellencies are hidden. This fault should be amended.

That bears me back in phantasie to past days,  
 When England, proud indeed, delighted saw  
 The greenest laurels twined around her head  
 By Churchill, Somers, Swift, and shone in Glory's blaze.



*On Smollett's Portrait.*

PAINTED BY HOGARTH, IN THE AUTHOR'S GALLERY.

He sits and points to the green heathery hills  
 That crown his native land with beauties wild ;  
 And from a rock, firm as his own brave soul,  
 Looks like an emblem of that sturdy strength  
 Of will and lion courage, which have made  
 Scotland a blazing light to all the earth.  
 What vigorous independence burns like flame  
 From every feature ; but in vain I search  
 For that arch humour which in Random's page  
 And waggish Peregrine Pickle flashes full  
 Its ray grotesque and fanciful, unless  
 It dwells indeed in that rich sensuous mouth,  
 And in the gleam lurking in his large eye,  
 And in the smile that dimples o'er his cheek.



*Sir John Patteson.*

Most just of men—most true, on whose bright soul  
 God's hand in heaven inscribed, as on a scroll :  
 Within this sacred shrine let honour reign,  
 And hold it ever for her fair demesne ;  
 Lighted with sunbeams, like some starry sphere,  
 Earth shall behold it, but its home is here.



Lord Chief Justice Denman.

Firm as the Voice of God and nobly true  
 To all in all, his chivalrous spirit lived  
 On earth, to testify to every man  
 Who doubted of the Just, that there was One  
 Before them in their daily walk through life,  
 Who, though a thunder-bolt should strike his path,  
 Would blench not from the fine straightforward way,  
 But walk erect with eyes aloft to heaven,  
 Guided by light celestial—light alone,  
 Without one thought of self, or earth, or aught  
 But the fair majesty of Right and Truth.



Sir Hugh Mill.

Around this Man, as round the Throne in Heaven  
 Described in the Apocalypse, Justice shone  
 In rainbow brightness, purity, and calm.  
 His mind serene, his temper mild but firm,  
 His patience perfect, and his judgment deep,  
 He weighed each cause with gravity, nor ever  
 Was swayed by temper from the path of right.  
 Honest in all things, learned, but with the modesty  
 That like a stole of beauty wraps the wise ;  
 To no man harsh or rude,—at no time shewing  
 That cur-dog petulance which in others barks  
 With most discordant jarring on the sense,  
 Revealing their unfitness for that seat  
 Where dignity alone should ever dwell.



*Sir C. Cresswell.*

With brain as clear as crystal, and with manner  
 As cold and chilling, Cresswell seemed to stand  
 In isolation from his fellow men,  
 As if he scorned the herd, disdaining kinship  
 With those who moved around him. Was his temper  
 So from the first? Nay; but his life was soured  
 By one keen disappointment of the soul,  
 Which turned his days to bitterness. The story  
 Is commonplace, but not less true,—of love,  
 And pride that overmastered that strong love.  
 And a stolen flight, and then a desolate hearth,  
 And an o'erwhelming sorrow and distrust:  
 And so his life thenceforward was a desert.  
 Yet, let his name be honoured,—all forgotten  
 That sharp sarcastic tone and curl of lip  
 And scornful eye, that seldom smote but when  
 Pert folly called them forth; for Truth and Justice,  
 Arrayed in Learning's grand imperial robe,  
 Were ever by his side upon the bench,  
 Guiding his judgment when he spake the Law.  
 And there was something royal in his nature,  
 And lofty loathing of that petty spite,  
 Which I have seen in others, start and sting,  
 Reducing them from men to worms and wasps.  
 Moments there were in which his smile was music,  
 And in his voice a melody, that to me  
 Revealed the inner spirit of the man,  
 Before that chilling blight fell on his heart,

---

And changed the garden to a cheerless waste.  
 Therefore I grieved with grief deep and sincere,  
 That he should pass away ere yet his days  
 Were all completed, and while yet the mind  
 Was in its vigour. O'er his tomb I cast  
 This flower, and with its fleeting fragrance crown  
 The urn that bears his ashes. Peace be with him.

*Kensal Green, August 6, 1863.*



### Advice to a Judge.

When on the regal seat of justice throned,  
 Bear this in mind : thou hast not been advanced  
 Beyond thy fellows to give loose to temper,  
 Or prove thyself capricious, weak, or spiteful ;  
 But to administer the law with truth,  
 And to be honest, just, and fair to all.  
 Sully not thy grave place with jests and jokes,  
 Or low buffoonery, ever on the watch  
 To win the thoughtless laughter of the crowd ;  
 But be at all times, decent, grave, reserved,  
 Dwelling alone upon the matter in hand.  
 Take not a cunning subtle view of a cause,  
 Such as a sophist would ; but let thy mind  
 Contemplate it in all its bearings, broadly,  
 Ever regarding equity as the star  
 By which thou shouldst be guided through the maze.  
 For equity is true law ; and they do wrong  
 Who strive to separate those heavenly twins,—  
 And both are as the Voice divine of God.

Lean not to rank and wealth, for these themselves  
Are naturally strong; but rather bend  
To him who is weighed down by poverty,  
Yet not so as to win that base applause  
Which rises from the rabble when they see  
A judge who tramples right to catch a cheer.  
Give each man hearing with an ear attent,  
Whether he be most excellent or most mean;  
And talk not ever about public time,  
That hackneyed phrase which hasty magistrates use,  
When they prejudge a cause, are tired, or wish  
To go to lunch, or dinner, or are moved  
To vent some petty spleen upon the pleader,  
Who, after all, seeks but to do his duty.  
Think no time lost that gives thy mind new facts;\*  
For even the humblest man may haply place  
His argument before thee, in a form  
That may clear up the doubt within thy mind;  
But if he sees scorn in thine eye or lip,  
How can he hope his mocker to persuade?  
Perhaps thou dost not like him. Good, my lord!  
Thou wert not made a judge to let thy likings  
Bias thy judgment, but to minister right  
To all who come before thee in thy court.  
A judge should be like God—far, far removed  
From all the petty failings of a man.  
And he should have a reverence most august  
For his high office, fearing to pollute  
That kingly dignity by aught debased.

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\* In iudicando criminosa est celeritas. *P. Syrus.*

And he should watch himself with wary eye,  
 Lest he should do some grievous giant wrong,  
 Because he loved this man, or hated that.  
 Guard thyself also from unseemly haste ;  
 There is no virtue more becomes a judge  
 Than patience—the chief jewel in his crown.  
 What rank injustice have I known committed,  
 Because the judge would hurry on a cause,  
 And snub some wretched counsel into silence.  
 Be kind ; be courteous as a king should be  
 To all who come before thee. I have seen  
 A court where all were scorned and snapped at daily,  
 And self respect was wounded every moment,  
 And every man was moved with hate or pity,  
 To see the Seat of Justice so defiled.  
 And I have seen a court where every man  
 Felt himself in the presence of a gentleman,  
 Whose genial courtesy made all things genial,  
 Whose exquisite bearing captived all men's love,  
 Whose sunbright justice lightened every cause,  
 And sent even him who lost away content.\*



S. T. Coleridge.

A mystic Dreamer, blinded by the light  
 That flashed around from his own sunlike soul,  
 Like a seeled dove, his great thoughts bent their flight  
 To heavenly spheres—on, on from pole to pole,

---

\* The court of Lord Chief Justice Tindal.

Until he fell exhausted, faint, confused,  
 By the deep schemes whereon his spirit mused ;  
 Or like some Ancient Mariner, alone,  
 Sailing at night o'er ocean wilds unknown ;  
 His eyes full fixed on heaven and its bright stars,  
 As if he longed to peer through those thick bars  
 Of clouds that hide God's glories from our eyes ;—  
 Careless to what dark gulf his galley flies ;  
 Dazzled by fiery splendours, heavenly gleams,  
 He sails and sinks—nor yet wakes from Olympian dreams.



To Madonna ———.

The spells divine of beauty that enfold thee,  
 Like rosy light in summer time ; the grace,  
 Like music, in thine eyes ; the eloquent face,  
 That win to worship those who still behold thee ;  
 No—nor the hyacinth tresses, nor the voice,  
 Sweet as the rippling of the star-lit rills,  
 That break the silence of nymph-haunted hills ;  
 Nor thy glad smiles, or talk, could bid rejoice  
 That mystic, myriad-stringèd lute, my heart ;  
 But when I knew thee, and could see enshrined,  
 Within that shape of loveliness, a mind  
 Shedding around thee a perpetual youth,  
 Of purity, sweet innocence, and truth,  
*Then* was my soul near heaven, of which thou art,  
 Even while on earth with us, a bright immortal part.

Felicia Hemans.

O'er the white urn that held the sacred heart  
 Of great Isocrates of old, was placed  
 The marble image of a Siren, graced  
 With all the loveliness of Grecian art.  
 Emblem of eloquence, whose music sweet  
 Won the whole world by its enchanting spells,—  
 Oh! with what type shall we our Hemans greet?  
 What image shall portray the spirit that dwells  
 Within her soul? An angel from the skies,  
 Beaming celestial light from lips and eyes?  
 The olden Siren sang but to deceive,—  
 To lure mankind to death her voice was given;  
 But thine, Felicia, thy bright words enweave  
 Immortal truths that guide to God and Heaven.



Paul de la Roche.

Heir to the glories of the glorious Past,  
 Raphaël, Guido, Titian, live and shine  
 Methinks once more on earth—the starry trine  
 In whose bright moulds thy poet-soul was cast.  
 See fire-eyed fancy guide thy glowing hand,  
 And Beauty soften, and young grace refine,  
 While near thee Truth and Skill and Genius stand,

Brightning thy golden path to rank and fame.  
Bright be the garlands that enwreath thy name,  
That with thine own Napoleon's shall go down  
To future ages, and thy memory crown  
With starry diadem, like that which gleams  
O'er the sweet martyred Christian maid who beams  
And floats suspended as in heavenly dreams.



### Shelley.

I saw a star-beam imaged on the sea :  
A cloud came o'er it, and its light was gone.  
I saw the meteor-fires of heaven gleam forth  
In beauty, but their glory was a flash :  
They shone divinely, and then vanished straight.  
I saw a rainbow spanning the blue hills ;  
A moment like the Throne of God it glittered :  
Another moment darkness took its place,  
And tempest wrapped the land in night. Even so  
Was thy brief splendour, Shelley. On our earth  
Thou didst descend like Hermes, the bright-winged  
And heavenly Messenger from gods to men ;  
But scarcely hadst thou lighted on our orb—  
Scarce had the beauty of thy coming shone,  
Ere thou wert borne away in clouds and lightnings  
To the immortal homes of the Divine ;  
Yet shall the message which thou didst bring down  
From high Olympus, be with man for ever,



A melody of the spheres, a song sublime,  
 Taught thee on high by the great Poet—God.



### Night.

Night, with her flaming stars, is o'er the world ;  
 The distant waters gleam in shimmering light ;  
 The downs, like far-off mountains, blend their brows  
 With the deep ocean-blue of sky and air ;  
 There is no sound—there is no breath abroad ;  
 But all is peaceful as sweet childhood's sleep,  
 When watched by angels guarding its repose.  
 Forth from my Eastern books, in whose deep page  
 Is shrined a beauty, wisdom, and perception  
 Of God—the Future and immortal Truth,—  
 Such as no others offer to the mind,  
 (For Plato seems a child employed in toys,  
 Playing with sea-shells by the shores of Time,  
 When with the Orient sages read or weighed),  
 I steal into the covert dark of night,  
 And breathe its cool, refreshing air, and pace,  
 With thoughtful footstep, by the lone sea-beach  
 That stretches out before me. All my heart  
 Opens to soothing influences ; my soul  
 Throbs with magnetic rapture ; and my spirit,  
 Which is the living mind within that soul—  
 Its ruler, essence, god—feels as if plumed  
 With star-bright pinions, it could rise from earth,  
 And blend itself with Venus, or Orion,  
 Or golden-belted Jupiter. O Stars !

Why are ye sphered so far and far away ?  
Why can we not commingle with your beams,  
And see your vales, and mountains, and deep lakes,  
And ancient forests, and great waterfalls,  
And all the shining peoples that ye hold ?  
Why can we not from them learn wisest lore,  
And the philosophy of other tongues,  
And other beings, raised beyond ourselves  
In vast Creation's scale of organized life ?  
For who, but some dull dotard, on whose mind  
The broad and liberal beam of light ne'er shone,  
Can hold the monstrous doctrine that these worlds,  
Transcendent in their organism and vast,  
Are empty bubbles, uninhabited orbs,  
Wherein no soul makes music to its God,  
Or any eye beholds the boundless beauty,  
Magnificence, and law, that rule his spheres ?  
Does not the Universe, that daily opens  
Its pages to the eye, and in each atom  
Holds life and being, give reply to those  
Who preach from pulpits that there is no world  
But one alone—this present—which hath men  
Or rational creatures—that all else is void ?  
Vain 'twere to argue with such narrow thinkers,  
Or hope the bigotted brain could comprehend  
The universal glories of the One,  
Whom they would drag to their own wretched level  
By likening Him in all things to themselves.\*

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\* I have alluded here to that strange madness which set so many scientific sages, a few years ago, by the ears, some of the most noted among them pouring forth volumes to prove, that of

A night like this it was, when first I sailed  
 Adown the bosom of the mystic Nile ;  
 The clear, purpureal darkness wrapped me round  
 In air transparent ; softly sighed the breeze ;  
 The silver moon, the sparkling trembling stars,  
 In maiden beauty, through the limpid sky,  
 Glittered like royal virgins, when behind  
 Their golden lattices they flash sweet light  
 Upon the outward world ; within the stream  
 The glittering heaven was mirrored, forming there  
 A second sky of moon and beaming stars.  
 Slow, like a swan, and with a pace as proud,  
 Floated our dahabie, and like a dream,  
 Or like a misty picture seen in dream,  
 The land of solemn Memnon gleamed afar—  
 The holy land of Pyramid and Sphynx,  
 While sang our sailors their monotonous chant  
 To Arab music, softly, low, and plaintive :  
*“ O dove, why weepst thou? Thou bringest back  
 Thoughts of mine own beloved one. Dost thou think  
 We shall return to home, or shall we die  
 In foreign land? The bough inclined, and bare  
 A golden cup; but as I reached the hand  
 To take it, I was dazzled by the light :  
 A virgin bright as roses stood before me :  
 O, brother, thou hast waked me from my rest  
 By thy fond loving eyes—and sleep is gone.’  
 I said to her—‘ Why weepst thou beloved?’*

---

the countless millions of splendid worlds in the universe, this tiny little planet of ours was the only one that was inhabited.

*Why dost thou weep, O Rose?—why dost thou weep?!”\**  
 And so we floated onward in a spell,  
 As if the Water-fays of yore were near.

Land of mysterious wonders—Ancient Nile!  
 With silent, deep, imperial, solemn flow,  
 As though the River knew itself a Dream  
 Of the Past Sacred Ages, when the Voice  
 Of God was heard out of the parent heaven,  
 And mighty secrets then were first revealed  
 On the smaragdine table of pure Thoth,  
 Of Sphynx, the Phœnix, and the Labyrinth,  
 Whose gleams even yet shine on our wondering eyes,  
 Dimly, divinely pictured by the Dead  
 In hues that live for ever—could I send  
 Forth, through this sparkling sea of night and stars,  
 My spirit back into the shadowy Past,  
 To read the Mysteries—the deep, dark-veiled lore  
 That shrouds the byegone, even as the great brow  
 Of the Saitic Isis was enwrapped;  
 Then would I, like some Archimage of eld,  
 Summon before me, from his dreamless sleep,  
 The sovereign Architect of cunning hand  
 Who first designed the Pyramid, and raised  
 Its magic structure o’er the sandy wastes.  
 And I would ask him unto what great end  
 He framed their forms stupendous? Was he one  
 Of the primeval race of men who, saved

---

\* This is an actual Egyptian river-song—wild and mystical enough.

From great Atlantis,\* dreaded other wrocks  
 And mighty continents submerged by seas—  
 Temple and tower, palace, city, hamlet,  
 Whelmed in a moment in the yawning hell  
 Of waters opening from the fell abyss ?  
 Or did he raise those vast and awful piles  
 To be as watch-towers for the wandering stars,  
 Where the wise hierophants of olden time  
 Made mighty calculations, and observed  
 The rise and fall of each particular orb ;  
 And from their phases drew strange prophecy  
 Of that which was to come in future days,  
 Reading the new-born age by ages past,  
 Which form the analogues of things to be ?  
 Was he a pontiff who desired to raise  
 A fane to Isis which should never fall—  
 A fire-shaped emblem of the Eternal Fire—  
 An altar indestructible as Time,  
 And so a fitting symbol of its God ?  
 Or a proud king, who for his mummied corpse  
 Designed this tomb imperial ? Come, thou Shape  
 That beckonest to me with thy shadowy hand  
 Of dun Egyptian gloom, solve me this riddle—  
 Flash it in lightning utterance to my heart—  
 Come in thy clouds. The Phantasm answers not :

---

\* The vast continent which connected Europe with America, and whose submersion, in a far distant age, gave birth to the various mythoses of the Ogygian Deluge, &c. The Arabs call the Atlantic, *The Sea of Darkness*, though without knowing that it received that name from the devastation which its outburst caused. In the bottom of this great Ocean are submerged the reliques of some of the greatest cities of primeval men.

Silent it looms, even as the Pillar of Sand  
 That walks the deserts like a thing of life ;  
 And yet methinks I see his spectral form  
 Peering from yon dusk cavern in the skies,  
 Behind whose frowning darkness sinks the Moon.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the Queen of Night comes forth again,  
 In robe of silver, o'er the purple fields  
 Of living air, and on the rippling wave  
 She casts her calm and virgin smile of love ;  
 And the dim Phantom of Egyptian days  
 Is gone, with the dark cloud that veiled his form.  
 Gone to his Pyramid, to dream beside  
 The rifled chamber where they laid him dead,  
 Nor feared that any sacrilegious hand  
 Would burst his cerements. But the stars revealed not.  
 The Babylonian Caliph, dark Al-Maimon,  
 When, with mailed soldier, sheikh, and shaven priest,  
 He burst the Pyramid, and proudly scaled  
 The upper chamber : there a coffin lay  
 Of finest basalt, which enclosed a Man,\*  
 Whose golden corselet, all with jewels set,  
 Diffused a light like day ; across his breast  
 A sword of keenest temper, darting flame,  
 So radiant was its brightness ; at his head  
 A carbuncle, that glittered like the eye  
 Of some fierce lion in his darkling lair,  
 Or fire far off at night on sea-beat rock ;  
 And on his brow a circlet of red gold,

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\* This anecdote is related by Ibn Abd Alkohm, an Arabian author in his *Discourse of the Wonders of Egypt*.

On which were graven letters that no man  
 Of all the doctors in the Caliph's train  
 Could aught decypher. Who, and what was he  
 Thus, after ages, suddenly disclosed,  
 After his sleep of many thousand years?  
 The fabricator, or the royal priest,  
 For whom this Pyramid was raised? I know not,  
 But thou indeed, O Phantom of the Past,  
 Couldst all reveal, if thou wouldst stoop to earth,  
 And from thy glimmering gloom, and cave of cloud,  
 Wouldst straight lay bare the bosom of thy lore.

\*            \*            \*            \*

Beautiful through yon violet veil of clouds,  
 The moon, in queenlike splendour, lifts her head,  
 Silvering the scene with poesie and love,  
 And breathing holy peace into the heart.  
 If spirits ever visit earth, methinks  
 They would select a moonlit hour like this,  
 When all is radiant, still, serene, and sacred,  
 And so most like their own fair spirit-spheres.  
 But do they visit it? The heart receives  
 Almost without denial, what the brain  
 Refuses to accept; and yet the records  
 Of airy visitants from the Land of Shades  
 Are all so many, and have had such witnesses,  
 That he, indeed, must be locked up in doubts  
 Who would deny them. I would rather err  
 With those who hold it for a truth, than take  
 My place beside the scoffers or the sceptics;  
 For I, too, have had dreams, and thoughts, and visions,  
 That are not of the common stock of things,

But savour of another land and lore  
 Than that in which I mingle : whispers soft  
 Have glided through mine ear in forest haunts,  
 And airy strains and songs have steeped my soul  
 In music that belonged not to this earth ;  
 And I have heard the Sea itself put forth  
 Sounds that were not of mortal birth or tone,  
 But had a melody and solemn speech  
 Peculiar to themselves ; and on mine eyes  
 Have glinted in the vesper hour of stars,  
 Ethereal forms, that flashed in beauty's light,  
 But spake not, and yet lived, and moved, and breathed ;  
 And I have *felt* their presence round and through me,  
 With a strange awe, and chilling of the blood,  
 And palpable rippling of the startled heart,  
 That knew not why its pulses beat and beat,  
 With that mysterious motion. Can I bury  
 In deep forgetfulness these mystic memories,  
 Or say they have no meaning ?

Henry tells

A strange, romantic vision which befel  
 A friend of his in Canada.\* She sat  
 One evening in her garden, richly filled  
 With apple, peach, and cherry trees ; the sun  
 Had set, and purple twilight gleamed around,  
 And shed its smile subdued on an oak paling  
 Which fenced the garden ; it was old and broken,  
 Beautified here and there with shining ivy,  
 And sloping on until it circled round

---

\* See *Strange Things among us*, a singularly interesting volume, by H. Spicer, Esq.



A large and fair-branched cherry-tree, the sire  
And flower of all the rest ; and here at noon  
She loved to sit, and shelter from the sun,  
And bury her heart in some old favourite book  
Of fiction. Thus it happed she sate, when quick  
As though a lance of light shot through her soul,  
A sudden impulse made her raise her eyes  
From the book she held, and sudden, then, she saw  
A gentle girl of seventeen summers, come  
With light, but hurried tread, along the paling :  
Her robe was loose and rich ; her golden hair  
Lay, like a fall of sunbeams through a rift,  
Upon her snowy neck and shoulders smooth ;  
And in her hand she held her waving dress,  
Slightly upraised, which gave a passing glimpse  
Of little feet, in red morocco slippers,  
Such as were worn some century ago.  
And so with rapid foot she reached the tree,  
And hastily untwining a blue scarf  
Which hung across her shoulders, on a bough  
She tied one end, and slipping round her neck  
A loop at the other, leaped into the air,  
And swang suspended from the fatal branch.  
The dazed spectator shrieked and fainted ; fast  
As feet could bear them, rushed the household forth,  
And so with water from the well, and all  
The kindly lovingness of kindred hearts,  
They wooed her back to consciousness : she called  
Aloud for help, and bade them run with speed,  
And from the cherry-tree unbind the girl  
Who had thus rashly sought to leap from life

Into the dark oblivion of the dead.  
All heard her words, but deemed her senses gone,  
For no fair girl was on the bough, to which,  
With eye and finger still she turned, and turned,  
As one distraught with grief and sore affright.  
And so they bare her gently in their arms,  
And laid her on her couch to welcome sleep;  
Yet oft and oft she asked, with pitying speech,  
After the poor fair suicide, but in vain ;  
They knew not of her, nor of what she spake,  
But hoped that rest would bring her senses back,  
Or would awaken her from this nervous dream.  
Thus passed a week, and all was well again ;  
But still she vouched the truth of what she saw ;—  
So they enquired among the country folk,  
If any such fair phantom had been seen ?  
But none had heard or witnessed,—till at last  
An agèd negress, ninety years or so,  
Remembered what had happened in her youth :  
A tale—a sorrowful tale of love and death,  
And a young girl betrothed to a French lord,  
Who swore he loved her dearly ; so she trusted,  
And he set sail for France, to win consent  
From haughty sire, and still more haughty dame,  
To bless their nuptials ; so she looked and looked,  
And longed for his return, but yet he came not,  
Nor did he send ; but tidings came at length  
That he had wedded in fair France another,  
And made a mockery of his past vows.  
She spake no word—she shed no tear, but went  
From the old lichen-covered hall alone

Into the garden ; on her sacred grief  
Her gray-haired father bade them not intrude ;  
But when they sought her next, they found her dead—  
Suspended by her silk blue scarf upon  
The cherry-tree ; her small feet almost touched  
The sward—and well the negress treasured up  
The little incident of the scarlet slippers,  
In which those pretty delicate feet were cased.  
And underneath this tree they buried her,  
Without the rites which holy Mother Church  
Religiously bestows on all the wicked,  
Save those who rush unbidden before God ;  
Yet let us hope her spirit is in heaven,  
Though why her Phantom thus was seen that eve,  
Hurrying, with wild footstep, to that spot,  
Can no man guess ; yet seen, indeed, it was,  
If there be truth in woman.

Strange ! that now  
This tale should flash upon me with quick life,  
Out of the chaos past of many years,  
In fair, but spectral vividness and beauty.  
But who can solve the mysteries of our being,  
Or do aught else but echo the old saw,  
That “we are wondrously and fearfully made ?”

Throne of our Lord and Father !—starry-gemmed,  
Stupendous temple, shrined with grandeur round,  
Boundless and far-extending ! for what sin  
Is mortal man chained down to lowly earth,  
When in his swelling spirit he would rise  
And traverse all thy worlds, and view the wonders

Which God profusely scatters? Why does he  
 Whose aspirations are so like a god's,  
 Walk amid mire, when in his soul divine  
 He feels himself a part of the Infinite,  
 With wishes, feelings, thoughts, exulting dreams,  
 As boundless as Infinity itself?  
 How oft this question rushes on my soul—  
 How weightily it presses. All I see  
 Of God reveals benevolence to all;  
 Yet man is not a happy creature: man  
 Alone, among all others, restless ever,  
 Longs for a state which he cannot attain,  
 So long as he is man: in vain he seeks  
 In courts, or camps, or stately halls, or cells  
 Lined with the learning of a thousand minds,  
 To satisfy the want within him; never  
 Can the great chasm be filled: it is as vast,  
 Nay, it is vaster than this sapphire arch  
 Of splendours; and though all the stars themselves  
 Were set within it, in their infinite zones,  
 To guide them as it pleased, it still would sigh  
 For other stars to fill its void immense.

Night, thou art holier, grander far than Day.  
 Then the sun shines, indeed, and all is beauty,  
 O'er plain and mountain, garden, and deep sea;  
 But this is all: 'tis Night alone reveals  
 To man how boundless are the works of God,—  
 How infinite are the worlds He forms and rules,—  
 With what immutable law He guides, preserves,  
 And clothes them in immortal fire and light.

And could we soar beyond those shining Zones,  
 What heights we should attain ! what mighty homes !—  
 Perchance the very Thrones of God himself,  
 Where He sits circled by the paradise gods.  
 There the divine archangels ever sing  
 Amid the choir of stars, to heavenly harps,  
 Whose voice is harmony, all pure and perfect.  
 There where the light outshines the fairest splendour  
 Of moon and star and sun, though all were blent  
 Into one gold and silver shedding whole,  
 Mid flowers celestial, bowers and happy vales,  
 And pastures blooming ever with rose trees,  
 And waters hymning sweetly as his voice,  
 The Heavenly Shepherd to his listening flock  
 Chants melodies sublime, and pours around  
 On each and all the loveliness and light  
 Of everlasting spring with chaplets crowned,  
 And leads them to the Temple where the Spirit  
 Of Beautifulnes abideth to all time.



### A Hymn.

O thou great Being, high enthroned  
 On thunder, star, and cloud,  
 To whom, through every ill my soul  
 In childlike reverence bowed,  
 I've seen thee in the lightning's flash,  
 And in the tempest's wrath,

And o'er the foaming ocean's surge  
Have traced thy fiery path ;  
I've heard thy voice in whirlwinds swift,  
And in the cataract's boom,  
And from the starlit domes of night  
Have watched Thee grandly loom :  
Yet winged with wonder as thou wert,  
Great Spirit, wheresoe'er  
I turned and found thee, still I knew  
My soul was all thy care.

I fed my thoughts on human things,  
I bowed in earthly fanes,  
On mortal idols fixed my heart,  
And walked in gilded chains ;  
Yet even in hours when worlds of joy  
Seemed grasped within my hand,  
I turned to thee, and saw my wealth  
So bright—was dust or sand.  
I trod the schools, and bathed my soul  
In sunshine of the Past,  
And treasures rare of olden lore  
With mighty toil amassed ;  
I paced beneath thy heaven and looked  
Aloft from earth with pride,  
But found that all that led from Thee  
Led only to misguide.

In pleasure's rosy bowers I strayed,  
And banquetted at will,

And drained the diamond cups of joy,  
That charm the while they kill.  
I soiled my star-bright soul with sin,  
And plunged in wild excess ;  
Yet still I turned to Thee, whose smile  
Seemed formed to love and bless.  
In proud ambition's lists I rode,  
And tilted there with kings,  
Yet felt how worthless are the toys  
The crowd's applauding brings.  
The earthly pomp that round me shone,  
The rapturous shout of fame ;—  
I looked aloft—one glance at heaven  
Deposed them all with shame.

Yet while I owned thy goodness rare,  
And even at times would weep  
For wanderings past, my headstrong soul  
Held all thy mercies cheap.  
Blindly and wickedly I walked,  
And Earth preferred to Thee,  
Nor ever at thy pardoning feet  
Bowed down my stubborn knee.  
And now when on my soul I gaze,  
And turn within my view,  
In sadness and remorse I shrink,  
Nor dare the glance renew.  
Hell boils beneath my troubled breast ;  
I tremble and fall down,  
And dare not say, Forgive me, Lord !  
Nor meet a Father's frown.

Lord, I have sinned, nor worthy am  
 To call myself thy child ;  
 The snow-white soul thou gavest me  
 I yield Thee back defiled.  
 The spirit blessed by thy right hand,  
 And formed through heaven to soar,  
 Is stained with sin, and scarcely dares  
 Thy mercy, Lord, implore.  
 Cleanse me in fire ; embathe my soul  
 In suffering keen and long,—  
 Till every print be thence effaced  
 Of human crime and wrong.  
 But Father, Father, hurl me not  
 For ever from thy breast ;  
 But lift once more thine erring child  
 To see Thee—and be blest.



### Hymn.

Yet when, O Lord, o'er earth I look,  
 And all thy mercies see,  
 My fainting soul takes strength and hope,  
 And fondly trusts in Thee.

Thy sunshine clothes the sphere with flowers  
 To glad men's aching eyes ;  
 Thy love beams down on him at night  
 From fond and starry skies.



The golden light of day illumes  
His labouring heart with smiles ;  
The lark's gay carol cheers his toil,  
And weariest thought beguiles.

The forests filled with joyous life,  
The ocean vast, the air,  
Show that thy wide and boundless love  
Is busy every where.

The tiny wren his bliss proclaims  
In chirpings short and sweet ;  
The lark soars upward to thy thrones  
Thy morning smile to greet.

The summer insects sing all day  
Amid their leafy homes ;  
The fishes gambol gladly through  
The ocean's silver foams.

This world of ours—those worlds around,  
Where'er our eyes extend,—  
Proclaim that wondrous love of thine,  
That knows no bound or end.

And oh ! shall Man, thy last and best  
Creation, only be  
Exempt from that embracing love  
That ever flows from Thee ?



*The Poet's Dying Wish.*

Bury me by the sea—the sounding sea,  
Whose blue bright waters I so loved on earth,—  
Beside whose rippling waves at early morn,  
When the white plumèd steeds whose eyes flashed light  
Bore the fair Goddess of the Dawn on high,  
I loved to wander and to muse in silerice,—  
Beside whose purpling billow, when the West  
Was all ablaze with gold, with rosy pictures,  
With scenes more beautiful than Claude e'er saw.  
I lay outstretched with the Apocalypse,  
That map of mysteries sublime and awful,  
And soared with it into ethereal realms ;  
And watched the first fair gleaming of the stars,  
Or the thin crescent moon, when she came forth  
In virgin light and beauty, like a child  
Of God who walked amid the heavenly plains,  
So pure, so mild, so beautiful, so calm.  
Yes—by these waters I would fain repose,  
Far from the noise of towns. To me it were  
No gladness in my dying dream to think  
That I should rest amid the rank black dust  
Of old Westminster, though that dust is formed  
Of the famed dead who lie beneath its towers ;  
Nor would I have those atoms which have made  
Mine earthly tenement to dissolve away  
Amid the damp, the cobwebs, the pent up  
And prison-like cloister of that storied pile ;  
No—let me lie alone, near those great waves,

That are the voice of God,—near those green downs,  
On which the sunlight and the shadow fall  
In beauty intermingled, like the grave  
And lively melodies of some grand song  
By the musician framed,—on which the lark  
Soars high to heaven, and sings his rapturous lay,  
While the free winds that are as free as freedom,  
And therein like my soul, sweep o'er the heath  
Of purpling bud, and thyme, and golden gorse,  
And harebell, and anemonè, and violet,  
Cowslip and primrose, and the sweet blue bell.  
Over my lowly grave with thick short grass,  
Let the thrush wake his luscious note at dawn,  
And the shy blackbird pour his dulcet strain,  
While still and still, and still for ever breaks  
The billow on the distant shore,—in light,  
In darkness, in the soft bright hour of summer,  
And in the winter when the storm is strong.  
Howe'er it breaks, in sweetness or in thunder,  
Methinks it speaks the voice of a living God.  
Bury me in this place ; there let me rest  
In the clear open air without a tomb,  
Without a marble, under the green turf ;  
And scatter a few seeds within the mould,  
To shed their beauty o'er me as I sleep,  
And woo the bird or bee to visit my grave.

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